



My Jesus Story

In Bible study, we were talking about our second-favorite Jesus story (first being Easter, of course).

I chose the healing of Jairus's daughter. By the time He got there, she was dead. That didn't stop Jesus, though! He took her by the hand, the Bible says, and told her, "Child, arise." And she did!

That's about all the Bible tells us. But (if I'm that child, anyway), I think He took her hand and pulled her to Him, taking her on His lap, stroking her hair, holding her close.

I'm sure she never forgot that safety in Jesus' arms. Never!

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Easter Dawn

The disciples were beyond words, beyond feelings, even. They had seen their Friend ... their Master ... their Messiah and Lord ... brutally murdered. They had no hope, no future. They hid; they lied; they gave up.

Dull rain dribbled down the sky's sullen face. A dank, clammy wind pushed at clots of green-gray cloud. Clinging fog decapitated the trees across the street. I was clinically depressed. I had no expectation I would ever have energy for life again. I pressed my head into the pillow and pretended I was not there.

"He's alive!" Mary Magdalene told the disciples. "He's alive!" And they lifted their heads ... and their hearts ... and believed.

The breeze, carrying a hint of forsythia, coaxed me outdoors. Fresh green softened the winter-dead grass. Somewhere a bird was singing. I lifted my eyes to the hills and was filled with wonder.

Dark to light. Sorrow to joy. Fear to hope. Christ is risen! He is risen indeed! Hallelujah!

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Dinosaurs

Job 41:12-21

I wish I had a dino!
I *wish* I had a dino!
I wish I had a dino,
a prehistoric beast!
I wish I had a dino,
much stronger than a rhino.
I'd ride my friendly dino
from northwest to southeast!

I wish I had a dino!
But not one that could fly ... no,
A friendly, riding dino!
They're part of life's great plan.
I've love to see a dino ...
I'd love to pat a dino ...
In Eden there were dinos,
when God created man.

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Dragons

Job 40:15-19

I wish I had a dragon!
I *wish* I had a dragon!
I wish I had a dragon,
with fire in her breath!
A friendly, scaly dragon
with spiky tail waggin';
I'd always be a-braggin' ...
I think I'd call her Beth.

I wish I had a dragon,
a fire-breathing dragon!
I wish I had a dragon,
to cuddle warmly with.
And Job says God made dragons,
sharp teeth and tails draggin' ...
Since God created dragons,
then dragons aren't a myth!

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My Name in Lights

Psalm 147:4; John 10:3

I wish that I was famous;
I wish the world knew me;
I wish that everybody
recognized my name!
I wish I was important,
my shadow never shortened;
I wish I'd do good actions
and earn a little fame.

But God, the great Creator,
knows each one: smaller,
greater ...
knows all that He created
and calls the stars by name,
Mosquitoes, beetles, leopards.
He tells us He's our Shepherd;
He formed us, and He loves us,
and knows us each by name.

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Flowers of the Field

Matthew 6:28-29

Consider now the lily—
the stately, lovely lily—
a beautifully dressed lily,
resting in His hand.
No toil for the lily,
on plains or fields hilly;
consider now the lily,
robed by God's command.

Consider now the lily
of Jesus' gentle story:
the delicate, quaint lily
growing in the field.
Remember now the lily
(no coat for when it's chilly)—
He'll clothe us like the lily
when to Him we yield.

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Stones

Luke 19:40

I wish the stones would cry out—
He *said* that they would cry out,
if we don't stop and cry out
in that Palm Sunday mob.
The children all would cry out ...
“Hosannas” loudly fly out ...
If we do not all cry out,
the stones will take that job.

I wish the stones would cry out:
the gravel, pebbles try out;
their message never die out;
their praises skyward fling!
In radio we spy out
the crystals that now cry out;
that's one way rocks can cry out
to their Redeemer King!

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Plants

Psalm 65:12-13

Psalm 96:11-12

I wish the trees were singing—
in Middle Earth they're singing—
yes, all creation singing
according to God's laws.
To their Creator clinging,
with great excitement springing,
The leaves and thunder ringing
with genuine applause.

I wish the trees were singing,
with buzzing bees (not stinging),
I'd love to hear them singing
with joy in one accord.
The corn's hosannas ringing ...
the waves with glory swinging ...
and all creation bringing
their praises to the Lord!

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Old Age and Death

The leaves mourn.

“Once we were young, supple and strong, beautiful workers helping our tree. But now we are deteriorating, discolored, fragile and useless. Weep and wail, grieve our loss, this terrible tragedy!”

Yet thousands of tourists swarm to see the autumn color in its majestic glory.

Someday, when that time comes, will I be a vibrant leaf, bringing pleasure to others and to my Creator?

“Even to your old age and gray hairs I am He, I am He Who will sustain you. I have made you, and I will carry you; I will sustain you, and I will rescue you.”
Isaiah 46:4

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Western Sunrise

I love watching the sun rising as I drive southwest through the Colorado foothills.

No, I’m not confused. The actual sun is to my left and behind me, causing problems for eastbound commuters, according to the traffic reporter. What I’m seeing is the rosy-gold reflection on the sheer rock face of the foothills. That glory cannot be hidden or diminished, even when I turn my back to the sun.

God didn’t need to make the world beautiful. More to the point, He didn’t need to make us notice the beauty—the colors, the forms, the variety in creation.

Beauty serves no utilitarian purpose, has no evolutionary function. But—oh!—I’m glad the world is full of it!

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Spring

The roads are clear ahead of me, though slush—dirty and sullen—clings defiantly to the edges. Stalks of dead, brown grass poke hopelessly through the snow across the fields.

Sometimes my life, too feels frozen, dead, with no hope of change.

A flash of brilliant color pierces the brown-and-white scene: the promise of spring’s return, new life, fresh hope, a chance to begin again.

And I pick up the shards of my plans, fill my lungs with the breath of new growth, and start over.

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My Protector

I don’t even pretend that Dolphin wants to help in the RV. He simply expects food, water, occasional walks, and a friendly tone of voice.

In exchange, he provides protection from marauding predators. When we are stopped, he moves from window to window, alert for vicious bunnies and squirrels, warning off terrorist robins.

On the highway, he lives in his fantasy world, hoping for rain. When it rains, the magic birds come out, flapping their wings outside the windshield. He runs back and forth on the dashboard, leaping high to swipe with his paws at the moving wipers.

Someday, he is sure, he will catch them. In the interim, he waits, patiently. © 2006 Elsi Dodge



Renaissance Cat

I am a wild tiger, driven by instinct. I lurk in ambush, seeking bears or pterodactyls.

This is not easy on a leash. I don't know why Elsi won't just let me out. After all, I'd come back when I got hungry. But no, I always have to be in my harness and on lead.

Then, when we get out there, we don't do fun stuff. I can't climb trees or burrow under bushes. But I can stalk rhinoceros (for some reason Elsi calls them "ants"; isn't that silly?) and pounce on recently landed spaceships (she calls them "thistles").

I am a wild beast, prowling through the jungle, free and proud of my instinct-driven life. Interfere at your peril.

Oh, did I mention I also enjoy typing on the computer and sending email? And I'm planning to learn to drive ... then I'll really be free!