

Bent Branch

**There once was a man who walked straight and tall
His back firm like a rod.
He gave his heart to serve his country.
He gave his soul to honor his God.**

**But time took it's toll and bowed his back,
He could no longer stand straight.
Time unmercifully disabled him,
And then all he could do was wait.**

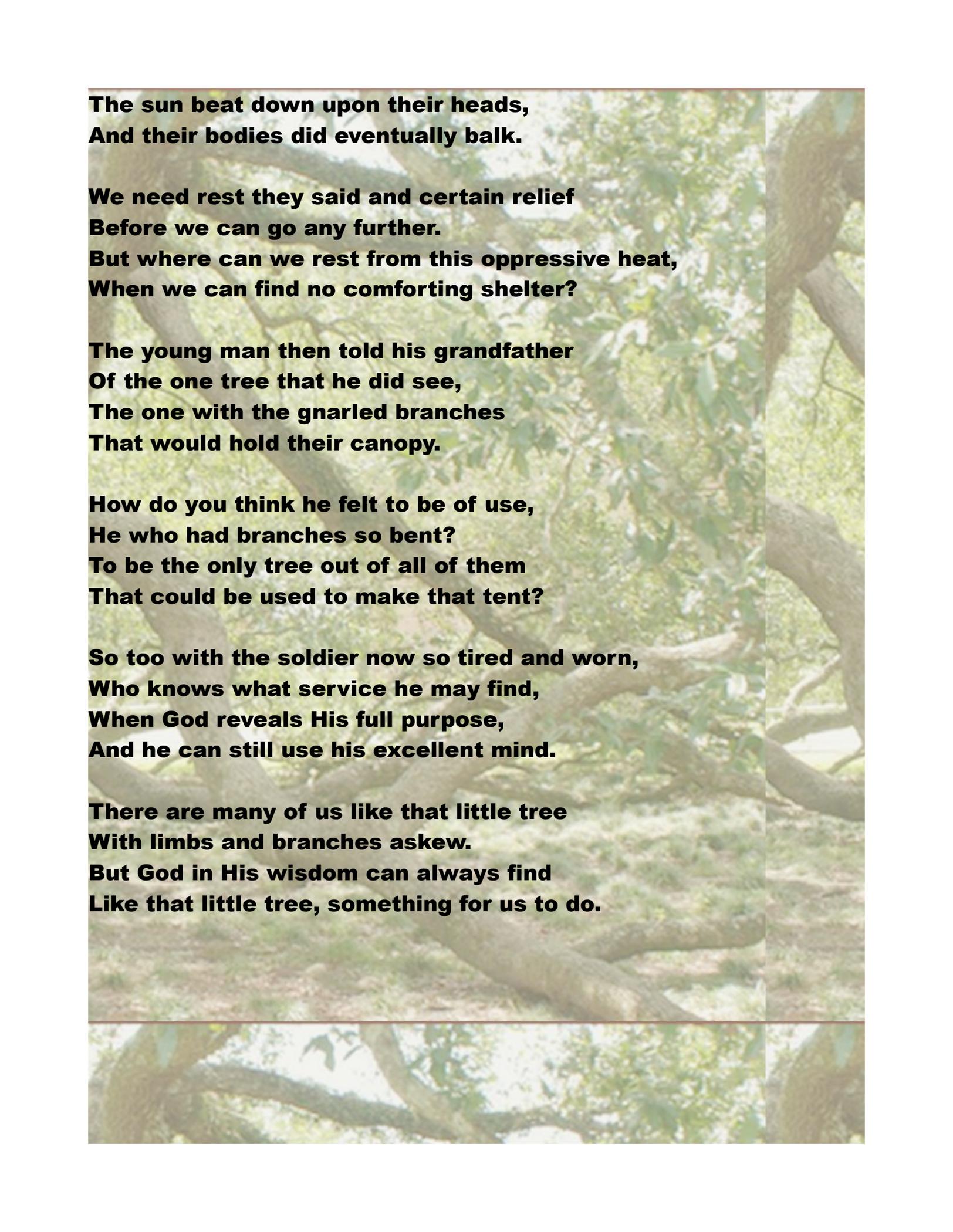
**He felt helpless and hopeless,
His body failed him to serve,
He was so racked with pain and fatigue,
Which then affected his every nerve.**

**A phone call came that helped him see,
That all was not a loss.
He had been asked by our loving God
To carry his own personal cross.**

**A story told by someone who loved him
About a certain row of trees.
They had limbs so tall and beautiful
They could praise God when they pleased.**

**But one little tree felt so left out
His limbs were scrawny and bent.
He too felt helpless and hopeless
So to him, a message God sent.**

**Along the path the stately trees stood
An old man and his grandson did walk.**



**The sun beat down upon their heads,
And their bodies did eventually balk.**

**We need rest they said and certain relief
Before we can go any further.
But where can we rest from this oppressive heat,
When we can find no comforting shelter?**

**The young man then told his grandfather
Of the one tree that he did see,
The one with the gnarled branches
That would hold their canopy.**

**How do you think he felt to be of use,
He who had branches so bent?
To be the only tree out of all of them
That could be used to make that tent?**

**So too with the soldier now so tired and worn,
Who knows what service he may find,
When God reveals His full purpose,
And he can still use his excellent mind.**

**There are many of us like that little tree
With limbs and branches askew.
But God in His wisdom can always find
Like that little tree, something for us to do.**