

A Nest Among Thorns

The cactus wren knows how to live
In an arid, hostile land,
With blazing sun, and prickly things,
And rocky desert sand.

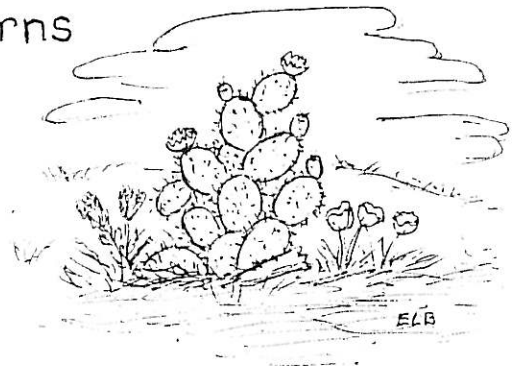
Snuggled among the cactus thorns
Is its feather-lined, roomy nest,
With needles woven around the "door,"
Guarding its passage to rest.

Its own distinctive song is heard
Through much of the desert day,
As it scurries about in search of food,
Alert to foes along the way.

This wren makes use of what it finds,
And boldly moves about.

It surely never ever whines,
Nor flounders off in doubt!

I hope that we can do as well
In our own special "thorny space",
And be content to find the Lord
Our one safe resting place!



Every need is
provided for our
safe "desert
journey."

Those too
concerned with
the desert's
thorns are not
likely to enjoy
its flowers and
fruits!

"The apostles gathered
themselves together unto Jesus...

"And He said unto them,
Come ye yourselves apart into
a desert place, and rest a while."

Mark 6:30,31

"I will say of the Lord,
He is my refuge and my
fortress: my God; in Him
will I trust."

Psalms 91:2

