



Trap-door spider stays below.
 What she has missed she'll
 never know!

One spider makes a hole in earth,
 Its door of mud on silken hinge.
 Another spins a silk balloon
 To ride upon the desert winds.
 Then from the tallest plant around,
 It takes off on its airy flight,
 Lifted away over towns and seas,
 Till it reaches a place that's right!

Some people are the earth-bound sort,
 And things that perish, they hold fast,
 While others choose to be set free
 To reach for better things --
 That last!

The winds of trial just make them
 soar
 To heights they could not know
 before!

"Set your affection on things above,
 not on things on the earth."

Colossians 3:2

"For where your treasure is, there
 will your heart be also."

Matthew 6:21