

SINGING

He sang for the neighbourhood, Father.

He was an opera singer,
Wanting to bring cheer to his neighbours,
Isolated for their safety.
So he stood on the back of a truck,
There in the street,
And accompanied by a musician,
 he sang.
Residents stood outside to applaud.
Then he moved on to another location.

Thinking creatively,
He used the talent he had,
And in so doing brought joy,
Surprising everyone,
With his gift
And his generosity.

Do I do that enough, Father?
Do I creatively seek ways
To use the gifts I have,
To bring joy,
To share your love?

Love is patient and kind; it is not jealous or conceited or proud; love is not ill-mannered or selfish or irritable; love does not keep a record of wrongs; love is not happy with evil, but is happy with the truth. Love never gives up; and its faith, hope, and patience never fail. (1 Corinthians 13: 4–7, TLB)