

Oh Lord, for the faith of Ten!

A wee baby was born just as his mother went Home.
It was too soon, still she had to go.
The tyke was not alone, there was a sister of two.
Near the equator, sizzling hot days, and nights so cold!
One hot water bottle left, but, oh, so old!
In filling, it burst. Now what is there to do?

A little girl of ten whose parents had gone Home, too.
Spoke out as only a child can do:
“God, send a hot water bottle, and send it today
It’ll be no good tomorrow, as Baby will be dead.
So, send it today. And, God, while You’re at it,
Send Baby a doll so she knows You love her, too.”

Now only a miracle would do!
So far from cities, towns and all.
She asks for a water bottle *and* a doll?
Oh Lord, for the faith of Ten!

Five months ago, half way ‘round the world, a box was made.
With loving care and pride, children placed
Inside: Sweaters for orphans and bandages for Lepers.
Ere the box was sealed, a lady slipped something in.
“God told me, I don’t know why.”
A little girl, so sweet, so shy,
“May I put this in, too?”

On Baby’s first noonday a car stopped before our house.
A box was placed on our steps.
With thrills and trembling fingers, the strings were carefully untied,
The paper was folded neatly for another day.
Sweaters. Bandages. A tin of dried fruit, and,
Glory to God! A new hot water bottle!

“If there’s a hot water bottle,” cried Ten,
“There has to be a dolly, too!”
And there it was,
Placed by a little girl very, very far away.
With reverent hands, Ten picked up the doll, hugging it
To her chest she whispered, “May I take her to
Baby so she knows just how much God loves her, too?”
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“Before they call, I answer.” Isaiah 65:24