

Little Things Mean a Lot

My husband, being relatively new in town, met with a local banker on a business call. As they sat across the desk from one another, getting acquainted, my husband felt an unusual lump near the cuff of his shirt sleeve.

Trying hard to continue with what he believed to be an impressive presentation, he finally could not ignore the bothersome lump any longer.

He tugged underneath the cuff with his fingers, and out came a lost sock that had apparently clung to his shirt through the laundry cycle.

When I heard his story, I was inspired to write the following poem, entitled "One Lost Sock":

Dear Lord, I lift my prayers this day / And search Your Word
to find my way. / For You have said You help us all / In all
our problems, big or small. / And so, dear Lord, accept my
quandary, / What unseen force attacks my laundry?

What sinister and evil gnome, / Lurks and hides within the
foam, / Plotting with his evil schemes, / To steal one's socks
and crush man's dreams. / How many times, dear Lord, we find /
A single sock was left behind!

Could You but send, at Your command, / Your laundry angels to
our land, / To minister and find our socks, / What joy and
gladness You'd unlock. / Oh, Mighty Shepherd of the flock, /
Please help me find my one lost sock!

I yearn, dear Lord, to find its mate, / To reunite these two
this date. / For even in Your Word it's known / It is not good
to dwell alone!