



My Rainbow Is Real

It sings in bold, majestic colors

Grateful Green. . . Radiant Red. . . Prosperous Purple it's true

Glorious Gold. . . Berry Black. . . and, of course, Bountiful Blue

See, my rainbow is real
It's vision dances on high
My success and faith are a testimony
For not every rainbow is found in the sky.

How would we live if we could start from the end?
Would we open our hearts to appreciate the richness
in life's lessons that mean more than material wealth?
Would we open our books to only the chapters we needed
or realize that our completeness is nothing in and of itself?

Tolerance ... Patience ... Understanding

Oh, if we could only see how important each person and situation will be to our success

We could laugh and enjoy the knuckleheads, jerks, liars and cheats Knowing that they, too, are living out their destiny.

Knowing that we, too, are important to their rainbow. . .

Fortunately, my God does not require that I start at the end For He has blessed me with each morning's vision that I might flourish among His creation.

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