

The Gift

By Bevy Klimp-Starcher



**It was just a bunch of buildings –
Standing out there in the wood.
Made of blocks – they looked so stark and gray,
Not doing one much good.**

**The surrounding acreage lush with trees,
Grasses, wildflowers, bright, blue sky –
A place of omnipresent beauty,
With birds chirping, squirrels scampering by.**

**Once these buildings had been a boys camp.
But for years they stood lonely and still –
Entranced amidst the forest,
Beckoning God to have his will.**

**Nature eventually took over.
Mice and raccoons went in and out.
Birds flew freely through broken windows –
Leavings and droppings strewn about.**

**Raccoons were there and mice and bats –
And muskrats from Wild Horse Creek.
Doors left ajar, leaves blew right in –
Roofs caved in with each leak.**

**The Salems, Big John and Judy,
Had a vision for those walls.
Could the camp be once again restored –
Kid's voices in the halls?**

**I remember walking through the place,
After it became their own.
Traversing miles of gouged dirt road –
The van let out a groan.**

**Broken sinks, toilets overturned,
Bare walls – no kitchen fare.
Just desolate block and falling roofs,
It didn't smell pretty in there.**



**But people out Lamasco way,
Texas proud and oh so good –
Really live the words, “neighbor” and “friend” –
Like we wish the whole world would.**

**Oh the cleaning wasn’t easy,
Glass, leaves, piles upon the floor.
Good Samaritans armed with rakes, brooms, tools –
No one could ask for more.**

**At first it was a handful!
Teens and parents all pitched in,
Asking nothing for themselves –
Working spirit from within.**

**Woods effervesced with beauty,
God’s grace touched every tree.
Lush vegetation echoed, ‘Yes!
This is a sight to see.’”**

**More and more they came to help –
Roofs repaired, patched one by one.
Then all would pause and give God thanks –
When the hard day’s work was done.**

**Donations began pouring in –
A sink, a stove, a chair,
And before long a church was born –
God’s love was everywhere.**

**John was the Pastor and leader.
Judy, a counselor and everyone’s friend.
Ramona and her daughter led the kitchen patrol,
Camaraderie and cooperation – the blend.**

**Oh how the music filled the walls.
Mike’s guitar and booming voice –
Beckoned those for miles around.
John’s sermons offered choice.**



**Betty made the first window –
Our emblem glistened in stained glass.
Raymond and crew ran electric.
We had heat and lights – at last!**

**We numbered in the twenties, then –
Small membership, but big heart.
And that's how Wild Horse Creek Cowboy Church –
In God's country, got its start.**

**Christmas has a special meaning.
It's a time to praise and give –
God's message entranced within these walls –
And the gift is how to live.**

