

In his heart, a man plans his course,
but the Lord determines his steps.

Proverbs 16:9

PIECES OF A RAINBOW

One day God came to me asking if I could write a poem about "Pieces of a Rainbow", what they are and how the pieces are given away.

At first, I didn't understand what he meant. So I asked for his help and he told me what he wanted the words to say.

He reminded me of the covenant he made with Noah, that he never again would cover the earth with a flood.

As a symbol of his promise, he placed a beautiful rainbow in the sky, after the rain stopped falling, out of the darkened clouds above.

The words "Pieces of a Rainbow" soon were in my thoughts night and day.

I knew I would need to put them on paper, before God's daily reminders would go away.

I recalled how good I felt seeing a multi-colored rainbow stretching across the blue sky after a summer storm.

I looked within myself and thought, perhaps, I could give someone else the same feeling with deeds that I could perform.

God told me, Everyone one has been given "Pieces of a Rainbow" to help other people out.

It is a way for a person to demonstrate by example, what God's grace is all about.

I soon learned giving someone a "Piece of a Rainbow" is holding an elderly man's hand, as he sat in his chair and cried.

As his body shook from Parkinson's disease he told me how much he missed his wife, who had gotten sick since my last visit and died.

Giving out a "Piece of a Rainbow" can be as simple as helping someone who is having trouble opening a door.

Or a grocery bag just broke and I can help the person pick up the items scattered across the floor.

God has shown me a friend can be laden with problems, and needs someone in their life that cares.

To provide a shoulder to cry on or an ear to listen, because at that moment in time my friend needs me there.

I have learned how good I feel when I take time to show a child, she or he is important and to encourage them to have the want to laugh and smile.

And it was when an elderly woman grasped my hand tightly. Then after a few minutes she said, "I should let go, maybe some one else wants to hold your hand for a while".

Since I started writing this poem, each night I have asked God to help me find and write words that will reach deep into human hearts.

To be able to explain to them how God gave me a new life and by giving someone in need a "Piece of a Rainbow" maybe, just maybe, I can give their life a new beginning, a new start.

There have been times I thought I was comforting someone who was hurting, carrying a heavy load.

As tears fell from my eyes onto my shirt the tables were turned and to my surprise I soon discovered I had been given "A Piece of a Rainbow".

It happened when I was spending time with a friend who was rapidly losing his battle with Lou Gehrig disease and he told me after we prayed.

"I'm not mad at God for me being sick and the suffering I've gone through. He has blessed me time and again Gene and soon his angels will arrive to take me away".

I had watched my friend in 3 months go from being able to perform normal human functions to contorting and grimacing in pain.

But he wasn't angry with God. He didn't feel sorry for himself. A couple days before he left me he said, "Gene, I can't do it anymore, could you change the channel to the Twins Game"?

God has shown me there are so many little things that can be done to help someone who is troubled and not having a very good day.

To take time to give out a "Piece of a Rainbow" is all it might take to stop that person from going down the wrong path and losing their way.

After recovering from surgery last spring at a nursing home I wanted to do something for the people, I had gotten to know and left behind.

I haven't been able to find the words fully describing how good I felt inside when for once in my life, I just wanted to my best for someone else and I didn't worry about my cost or my time.

To help a friend or a stranger whose life is facing conflict God has endowed each of us with a variety of tools and abilities to give aid by different means.

That's because some of us like the colors pink, red, orange and yellow. While others like blue, maroon, purple and green.

One afternoon at the grocery store, an elderly mother with her daughter who I could see were not as fortunate as I, stood ahead of me in a checkout line.

The mother asked, "Do we get two free bottles of ketchup because our bill is over fifty dollars"? The young teller replied, "No only one", so I said, "Here take mine".

She sat in the middle of the room, a little grumpy,
and spoke about how she loved music and used to glide
across the floor. Looking down she said, "I never
again will be able to that, or will I have the chance.

I played a polka on my iPod and the smile I received
from this 91 year old woman melted my heart as I moved
her in her wheelchair back and forth to the beat and
thanked her for giving me this dance".

It was late one evening when God said to me,
"You can put your pen down now. You have learned
what the words "Pieces of a Rainbow" mean and
I have nothing more for you to write".

"I do though have one more piece to give you.
My son Jesus, your friend, will watch over you
as you sleep. We will talk some more at another
time. Have a good rest, good night".

A "Piece of a Rainbow" given to someone in need
tells them someone does care.

An entire rainbow covering the world doesn't give
Satan a chance because God's love is for all people
everywhere.

As I arranged these words in lines and
verses, many times I became overwhelmed
with emotions before I could bring this poem
to its end.

I have come to realized how much God has
changed me. A few days later, he came to me
and said, "By the way Gene, thank you for being
my pen.

Proverbs 22-9

A generous man will himself be blessed,
for he shares his food with the poor.



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