

Ribbons In The Margin

by Gramps Curtis #35061

Baby Sue started it all – and that's the truth!

Baby Sue was Granny's little angel, if there ever was one here on Earth. Her long blonde hair had more curls than a screen door spring. With that blue ribbon bow among the curls, it just made her a prize for any photographer's camera. But there's no getting around it, that little angel started it with two little words. And more than that, she could wear you out in a minute, just watching her scamper from one end of the old farm house to the other.

Now Bark was the smartest cat in the county. No, Bark is not the name of a dog, but the laziest cat. A cat always found under the old Southern Comfort wood-burning cook stove, safe from being stepped on by any speedy angel on the move.

Granny slid the last of the washed breakfast plates back onto the shelf with the others, when she heard her little angel granddaughter, bursting with giggles, heading in her direction. Granny wiped her wrinkled hands on her apron and took a deep breath, hoping to shift her brain into high gear for what was coming.

Baby Sue wasn't really a baby anymore, but the nickname stuck to this little angel. Baby Sue stopped next to Granny and gave a hug with one hand. She then held up a smart phone which was just a toy replica of the real thing. Then those two words that started it all, were uttered in a little girl voice, "Where's yers?!" There were serious hugs to follow between Granny and her 2 year old angel, but the question didn't get an answer.

Later that day, Granny told herself that it took better than a year for her to learn to work the treadle sewing machine. Anything else and 'forget it!' Those wrinkled hands clutched hard onto her open Bible and sat down on the back porch swing, moving at a determined pace. Her daughter, Jenny, entered the porch and took a seat next to Granny, paused a moment, then asked a question. "Mom, has my daughter been getting on your nerves again?"

"Honey, I just love Baby Sue to pieces. But my mind can't get used to seeing our little angel walking around with a computer phone in her hand, instead of a rubber dolly, missing half of its clothing. What's this world coming to? It's just changing so fast."

Jenny reached over and put her hand on her mom's open Bible. "Mom, let's have a word of prayer and we'll have a little discussion about angels... the curly haired ones," she said with a soft smile.

For the next hour or so that sunny July afternoon mother and daughter talked about ribbons... blue ribbons in curly hair and blue ribbon commands in God's precious word, the Bible.

The following Saturday, a lot of popping could be heard in the kitchen thanks to the old tried and true wood cook stove filling the air with smells of popcorn that was grown out past the barn, next to the blackberry bushes. Baby Sue helped with the lemon-squeezin for the lemonade. Grandpa showed his expertise in bonfire building with the promise of a great family fellowship to follow.

The popcorn and caramel apples were almost gone, as Granny took her assigned spot on the porch swing with an angel on her lap, and both holding Granny's open Bible. Granny invited Sue to place her toy smart phone on top of the open Bible, in a way the lesson to be told could be clearly seen.

With everyone seated on the back porch, all eyes were on the silver-haired teacher. The lesson began with, "Baby Sue, your computer phone here is a wonderful gift that God, in all His love, has given. And ya know what? He wants you to use yours to tell others about His gifts to us. And yes, I know that computers can help handicapped people to hear about God and how we can please and honor him."

"Now Sue. I don't have a computer phone cuz I'm not smart like you to be able to use one. The other reason is because of blue ribbons." Everyone on the porch listening thought Granny was about to have one of her senior moments. "Honey, the Bible here tells about a blue ribbon that was sewn on the bottom of the preacher's coat to remind everyone about all of God's good gifts. Baby Sue, see the markings around the margins of many of my Bible pages? Well, these markings bring back memories of God's gifts over the years, to my heart and mind. These markings are my 'blue ribbon memories' I love to share with others, just like you." (Numbers 15:38-41)

Do you have any ribbons to be put to use, to God's glory?

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Romans 11:8-24

Digging Heaven's Diamonds

S P A S X A D E N Z F U R H A
P H P C T W S U R A A K G I L
E V I W T S E D N A T S A O B
E D K G D A V I D B N U Y O E
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T X Q U E M R M C A S L F A A
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R E C O M P E N C E N E R C R
F T P B H S E L F S D R J L H
T R L U T V E V I L O A R R Y
N E T T I R W Y I J O N A K F
D E F F A R G W E H G S W Z K
D K Q I F K C F M H D V D C I

(According as it is written, God hath given them the spirit of slumber, eyes that they should not see, and ears that they should not hear;) unto this day. 9 And David saith, Let their table be made a snare, and a trap, and a stumblingblock, and a recompence unto them: 10 Let their eyes be darkened, that they may not see, and bow down their back alway. 11 I say then, Have they stumbled that they should fall? God forbid: but rather through their fall salvation is come unto the Gentiles, for to provoke them to jealousy. 12 Now if the fall of them be the riches of the world, and the diminishing of them the riches of the Gentiles; how much more their fulness? 13 For I speak to you Gentiles, inasmuch as I am the apostle of the Gentiles, I magnify mine office: 14 If by any means I may provoke to emulation them which are my flesh, and might save some of them. 15 For if the casting away of them be the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be, but life from the dead? 16 For if the firstfruit be holy, the lump is also holy: and if the root be holy, so are the branches. 17 And if some of the branches be broken off, and thou, being a wild olive tree, wert grafted in among them, and with them partakest of the root and fatness of the olive tree; 18 Boast not against the branches. But if thou boast, thou bearest not the root, but the root thee. 19 Thou wilt say then, The branches were broken off, that I might be grafted in. 20 Well; because of unbelief they were broken off, and thou standest by faith. Be not highminded, but fear: 21 For if God spared not the natural branches, take heed lest he also spare not thee. 22 Behold therefore the goodness and severity of God: on them which fell, severity; but toward thee, goodness, if thou continue in his goodness: otherwise thou also shalt be cut off. 23 And they also, if they abide not still in unbelief, shall be grafted in: for God is able to graff them in again. 24 For if thou wert cut out of the olive tree which is wild by nature, and wert grafted contrary to nature into a good olive tree: how much more shall these, which be the natural branches, be grafted into their own olive tree? {end}

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Romans 11:8-24

Words are hidden in all directions. Answers and more puzzles are at: