



A Good Place for a Nap



Teamwork



Click!



Sing Praise!

Vacations are a time to rest and relax—not! I always have a zoo to see, a train to ride, another hundred miles before I stop for supper.

This is not true of my pets. My cat knows the best time for a nap: *now*. And the best place, of course: *here*. He prefers a sunny spot, or a place where he is in the way. That makes the dashboard a prime napping site.

The dog also likes to sleep in the sun. But she is content anywhere, as long as I'm nearby. If I move to another room at home, she drags herself off the sofa and follows me loyally.

Not so Dolphin. He is a good sleeper, and little interferes with his pleasure. After all, the world was made for him to delight in, so he might as well make the most of it!

I just spotted a sign: REST AREA 2 MILES ... *yawn* ... I think I'll pull off there ... and rest.

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from Dolphin: Okay, so we're in Estes Park. Mama seems to think we're here for her to learn to write better, and maybe to sell some manuscripts. She goes off each morning and again after lunch, lugging heavy bags. And she comes back, tired and sore, talking about worship times, and appointments with editors, and workshops. I'm sure I'm happy for her ...

Sallie and I are left in the RV while she's out gallivanting around. And for the very first time, we are in agreement on something! Amazing! This campground has ELK in it! And white-tail deer! Prairie dogs, and birds, and squirrels!

Sallie and I are confident we could work together and catch these beasts, if we could only get out of here! So we're working on a clever plan to accomplish this. We'll keep you posted!

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My dog and I
are being trained
with *clicks*,
consistency,
and treats.
She listens
and obeys my words;
I *click* to teach her,
praise, and guide.

I never hear *God's* voice,
or feel His hand
in guidance as I go.
I don't see lights
or miracles;
He doesn't tell me
what to do ...
and yet, He shows
when I guess right—
connections made,
someone responds.
Then I take heart
and try again.
I think I'm being
clicker-trained!

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I feel Your presence, Lord,
surrounded by creation
(majesty beyond all art):
Eagles proudly soaring,
jays and chipmunks singing,
joy explodes from tongue and
heart: *Then sings my soul, my
Savior, God, to Thee, How great
Thou art! How great Thou art!*

You fill my worship, Lord—
piano, drum, guitar, and voice
combine as praises ring. The
words and harmonies are joined
to lift us up, and kneel at Your
feet, oh King: *Shout to the Lord,
all the earth! Let us sing!
Power and majesty, praise to the
King!*

You're near when I remember
Your loving sacrifice. You died
and rose for me, I know. I chew
the bit of bread and sip the tepid
juice; You hold me everywhere I
go: *Praise God from Whom all
blessings flow! Praise Him all
creatures here below! Amen!*

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