Roosters' Wake-Up Call

For Lola and me, it was a step back in time ... sort of! We recently journeyed to Roaring Creek Farms, nestled in a rural area between the City of Franklin, Tennessee, and the village of Leiper's Fork.

Civilization, it seemed, was far away.

Oh, there were some modern conveniences, such as ...

- Running water for drinking, bathing and laundry.
- Electricity for lights, televisions (although we didn't bother with 'em much) and kitchen equipment, especially that necessary coffee pot.
- Air conditioning, which wasn't so important in the cool of the evening.

But what really commanded our attention – the really important things – were the sights and sounds of ...

- A front-porch swing with a rhythmic motion that could induce a nap.
- Antics of a very young colt, racing around the barnyard.
- The cock-a-doodle-do of roosters heralding a new day.
- Clucking of hens laying eggs for the freshest of breakfast favorites.
- Puffy white clouds creating fanciful formations against a powder-blue sky.
- Mockingbirds early in the morning rehearsing their songs for the day.
- Honey bees buzzing and dancing around flowering plants.
- A small rabbit checking out this strange, new vehicle in a pebble-strewn driveway.
- An afternoon shower producing a percussion sound on the farmhouse roof.
- The stillness, the quietness of day and night.

In all of these situations, God spoke.

Really? God spoke? Yes, He did. And the message in each – heartwarming and inspirational – was one of love.

You see, God created the world and all that is in it. Every good thing is a gift from God, intended for our health, happiness and fortune.



Our problem is – with all the noise and the hectic pace of modern living – we don't hear the voice of God. We don't find or make those quiet times when we can hear Him speak.

We should. Roaring Creek Farms taught us that.

Be still, and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the nations, I will be exalted in the earth (Psalm 46:10 NIV).

- Beecher Hunter

