

Forget the former things; do not dwell on the past. See, I am doing a new thing! Now it springs up; do you not perceive it? I am making a way in the wilderness and streams in the wasteland. Isaiah 43:18-19



The Doorstep of January

We stand at the doorstep of January
Facing the days of the months-to-be.
Days that are cold as the falling snow,
Days that are wild as the winds that blow,
Days that are shiny as ice-clad boughs
Days that are moist as rain-filled clouds,
Days that are bright as the twinkling stars,
Days that are loving as friends and flowers.
We stand at the doorstep of January,
Trusting the God of the months-to-be.

Loise Pinkerton Fritz