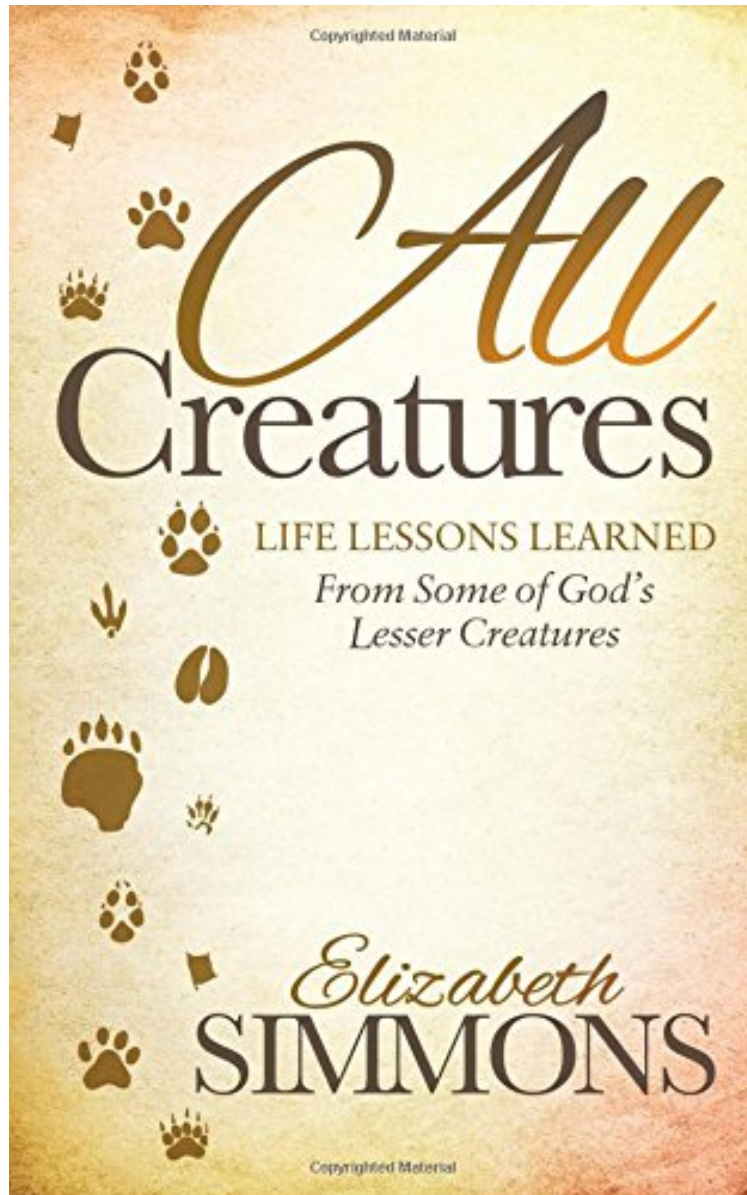


All Creatures: Life Lessons Learned From Some of God's Lesser Creatures (Morgan James Faith)

Elizabeth Simmons

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Elizabeth Simmons : All Creatures: Life Lessons Learned From Some of God's Lesser Creatures (Morgan James Faith) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised All Creatures: Life Lessons Learned From Some of God's Lesser Creatures (Morgan James Faith):

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. INSPIRATIONALBy Darla BrownGetting inspiration from our pets and everyday, ordinary living...who would have thought it. This book is full of great stories of everyday life. It teaches us new ways to look at things. And it gives us much to ponder. Great job on your first published work Elizabeth Simmons. I'm looking forward to many more. May God bless you always. Your dad is smiling down on you from above.0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. We all can learn from "Some of God's Lesser Creatures"By CharoletteThe stories in this book are encouraging. They convey the simple yet profound truth of God's love for us and how He tenderly cares for every part of our lives.0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. You NEED to get this book!By CustomerI love this little book. Very well written and easy to read. It holds your attention as it speaks to your heart. I highly recommend ALL CREATURES.

If you have ever known the unconditional love of an animal, you will undoubtedly relate to the experiences recounted in *All Creatures*. Within these pages you will find a variety of stories that are sure to bring tears of sorrow or joy to your eyes. Sharing life with a pet of any kind can have such a profound effect on your worldview, both globally and personally. Because there is so much to learn during our brief stint on this earth, we are best served when we allow ourselves to be schooled by even the unlikeliest of professors. Is it possible to learn valuable lessons about faith, family, and friendship through daily interactions with animals? "What if our relationship with God was such that we experienced an ache inside, a true yearning to be with him? What if we couldn't wait for the next time we would get to share a moment with him? I don't know about you, but I want my desire for communion with my Father to become an unquenchable thirst. I want to long for it with breathlessly intense eagerness, just as the dogs pant for bowls of cool water after a long day in the heat of a summer sun. I want to be refreshed, not by what the world has to offer, but by what God alone can give." - *All Creatures* Join Simmons as she shares the many jewels of wisdom she has gained during everyday encounters with her own pets over the years. Her unique way of seeing beyond the obvious to the heart of the matter will lead you to wonder if you could learn a thing or two from a beloved pet.

About the AuthorElizabeth Simmons is a north Texas native, currently residing in rural Valley View. Growing up as the daughter of a Baptist minister greatly influenced her interpretation of life. Her desire to discern God's presence in even the smallest details of life enables her to find hidden gems of truth in just about every situation.Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.For we walk by faith, not by sight. 2 Corinthians 5:7 (NKJV) A few years ago, I heard a song by native Texas country artist Sunny Sweeney that touched me in the deepest part of my soul. It was filled with such genuine and insightful lyrics. I knew the first verse alone could be the theme song for how I felt about life. Let me share just a few lines with you: "If I could make my living going fishing, then I would make my living with a line and pole, put food on the table, pay the money to the landlord, buy some working clothes 'cause I ain't making money going fishing like I'm paid in a factory." It's pure poetry, I'm tellin' ya.That's right, folks, I love to fish. As a matter of fact, our entire family enjoys fishing together. I recall being creekside with Ken one weekday, both our lines in the water and a couple of decent-sized crappie on the stringer. Our picture-perfect moment was interrupted by a ringing cell phone. Our daughter, Kimberly?then a senior in high school and dependent on us for transportation?called to say she had been released early and needed a ride home from school. Without divulging my current location, I asked if there was any way she could hitch a ride with someone. She said she had already tried and could find no one to help her out. I reluctantly left my husband in charge of our gear and drove to the school. When I explained that she had interrupted my outing and that's why I needed her to get a ride elsewhere, she was momentarily appalled. But she quickly recovered and said, "Well, let's make sandwiches and get back down there!" Now that's what I'm talking about!Seriously, though, for me, one of the simplest pleasures in this life is getting up at dawn, heading down to the creek, and spending the morning with a line or two in the water. Sometimes we fish; other times we catch fish; and every now and then we just enjoy the peace and quiet that a hidden creek affords. Occasionally, when the kids have made other plans, Ken and I will steal away for some evening bank fishing. On one of our getaways, we requested the company of royalty. Calamity Jane, an "overly healthy" black chow mix, enjoyed a position of tenure in the family and was affectionately referred to as "the Queen." Ken adopted her from a shelter when she was just over a year and a half. She had been injured in a car accident and was recuperating from hip surgery when he rescued her. He remembers walking in and being met by a host of healthy dogs, barking and jumping, vying for his attention, when his gaze fell on Calamity. Curled into a tight ball in the corner with her bum leg bandaged, she looked up at him with soulful eyes, and he said, "How 'bout that one?" We also invited Calamity's dear friend, Mocha, to join us that evening. A sweet, middle-aged chocolate lab, Mocha came to us through a coworker who couldn't tolerate her digging anymore but did not want to surrender her to a shelter. She quickly became known as our "Princess" and was never seen too far from Calamity's side.Off the four of us went to one of our favorite catfish holes. We packed in all the essentials: rods, tackle box, folding chairs, snacks, drinks, and dogs. It was a perfect evening; the temperature was just right, and a nice breeze was blowing. The dogs were enjoying themselves very much as well. We didn't catch anything at all, but we did relish our evening out. When it was time to leave, we returned the chairs to their sleeves, made sure all our trash was picked up, divided everything up, and turned to make our way back to the

truck. One problem: it was pitch black, and we had failed to bring a flashlight. Or a phone. Or anything else that might serve to illuminate our path back to civilization. We tried to make our way very carefully through the uneven and rocky terrain, but we had no way of seeing where the best footholds were. Have no fear! Calamity and Mocha could tell we were struggling and swiftly came to the rescue. We knew they could easily find their way to the truck with their keen senses of sight and smell. So rather than relying on our poor vision to lead us out, we faithfully followed in the footsteps of the Queen and our Princess, stepping where they stepped, pausing where they paused, and eventually setting foot on solid ground right beside our trusty Dodge. In our time of darkness and uncertainty, when we could not find our way by sight, we had no choice but to place our faith in those devoted animals who had accompanied us on our trip. According to Merriam-Webster's Dictionary, faith is a firm belief in something for which there is no proof. We had no proof that the dogs could get us safely home, but we knew their track record and were happy to place our faith in them. How lucky we were to have them with us when we needed them. It would have been much more difficult for us to find our way if we'd been alone. There are times in life when we have to forego the proof and just step out to walk by faith, not by sight. Fortunately, we are never alone in this life. Our guide is always with us to show the way. But we must learn to walk by faith in him, stepping where he steps, pausing where he pauses, and believing without proof that he will direct us to the place where we can safely set our feet on solid ground.