

# the Scoop on Prayer

“I want a hippopotamus,”  
The little beggar pled.  
“I won’t be happy ‘til I have  
One sleeping by my bed.”  
“A hippo is a water thing,”  
*His patient Dad explained.*  
“It wouldn’t be happy living here,  
*Except on days it rained.*”

“Then how about an elephant?  
They’re suitable for land,  
And I could ride it everywhere.  
I think it would be grand!”  
“They’re awfully big,” *the father said.*  
“Uh--You know what I mean;  
*Just think how much you’d have to scoop  
To keep your bedroom clean.*”

“I guess a horse is what I want;  
It wouldn’t be quite so hard,  
‘Cause when I wasn’t riding it,  
I’d leave it in the yard.”  
“We live in town,” *his Dad replied.*  
“Such things are not allowed.  
*Besides, I think a bicycle  
Would make you just as proud.*”

“Ah, yes, a bike is what I need;  
It wouldn’t be such a chore.  
Please, Daddy, please get me a bike,  
And I’ll not ask for more.”  
*So Daddy bought his little boy  
A brand new shiny bike,  
But first he had to show the kid  
What he would really like.*

Our heavenly Father bids us pray,  
And tell Him our desires.  
He gladly hears the lofty goals  
To which each soul aspires;  
*But as we pray He molds our thoughts  
And alters our requests,  
Until His will becomes our own,  
So we receive what’s best.*

*Bud Morris*

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