



## Monday Matters

July 14, 2014

### My Father Cares

When I was a little girl I was fascinated by the hymnbook at church. I loved to sing from it and when all the singing was over and the sermon began, I still sat and read the hymnbook. I loved the words and I loved the musical notations, probably because we had an old piano at home and I was beginning to learn to play. I thought it was interesting how the hymns were structured...a verse and chorus. We would get to sing each verse and sing the chorus over each time a verse was sung. Once that was explained to me, I could follow along well.

I remember singing next to my father. He had a beautiful voice and at one time sang in the Men's Glee Club in our hometown. His voice was always on pitch and seemed to rise above the voices around us. I could tell he loved to sing and easily let the notes flow with lots of passion. Later in years, when I became a teenager and didn't sit with Dad anymore, I could still pick his prominent voice out in the congregation.



As the years went by hymnbooks were no longer used. Chorus sheets were passed out when entering church. Often these chorus sheets did not have the musical notes with them. I had learned to read music and depended on them especially when singing a new song. Having no notes to follow was perplexing at first. Everyone sang, however, and learned the choruses easily. I learned as well.

There is a chorus I love. It came out about the time the "chorus" movement began. It is entitled "He Owns the Cattle on a Thousand Hills."

He owns the cattle on a thousand hills,  
The wealth in every mine;  
He owns the rivers and the rocks and rills,  
The sun and stars that shine.  
Wonderful riches, more than tongue can tell-  
He is my Father so they're mine as well;  
He owns the cattle on a thousand hills-  
I know that He will care for me.



Across the road from our country home is a long rolling hill that climbs out of our little valley. It's not an obtrusive hill, it just rolls on and on. Often in the morning that hill is full of cattle. When I look out the window and see all the cows, that chorus always comes to my mind. So, when laboring over the frustrations of life, be reminded of this uplifting chorus. These are reassuring words...He owns it all, have confidence He created you and "owns" you...you are His. He will care for you.

**"For every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills."  
Psalm Chapter 50 Verse 10**



Ron Nelson, CCA - Email - [MondayMatters.us@gmail.com](mailto:MondayMatters.us@gmail.com)

Linda J. Nelson - Email - [ArtByLJNelson@bellsouth.net](mailto:ArtByLJNelson@bellsouth.net)

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