

IS KIND



KIND:
To show oneself useful,
pleasant, and good; to act
virtuously, benevolently

1:16

I thank Thee, **my Father**, for your **tender** mercy,
which hath quickened us **together with Christ**.

Your life-giving **CHARITY**, love in action and sure, reveals your rich
abundant **Kindness**; through the **exceeding grace** of your Son,
our **High Priest after Melchisedec**.

With the **Holy Spirit**, you are kind unto the unthankful and to the
evil; sending rain upon the just and the unjust; oh how You level

Your favor upon us, that we show **compassion**; in your arms of
knowledge and words that bring healing.

In your **MIDNIGHT**, may we go to the lost, for we were once lost; to
the destitute, for **we were** once broken and **without hope**.

Send us to the highways and byways; to the **widow** and the
fatherless; to **those who weep** in the valley of nowhere.

That we may bless those to whom we are sent, even as your
kindness and mercy have blessed us, O God of **Our SALVATION**!

Who is crying?

On a rugged path in a tall bamboo forest, a brother and sister are hiking. He is a well-known business leader, she is a struggling mother, whose husband has left her. She is crying suddenly she stops. "Did you hear that?" "Hear what?" asks the distressed brother. "Over there, a cry," she points, listening intently. "It was the wind, sis," she pushes back the bamboo, and his small clearing the sees rustling under the fallen leaves. Then two cries. "Brother, over here," she whispers. As she scrapes the first lover, her mouth gases. "There are two babies here!" Then she stutters, "Thirteen, there are three." The babies are wrapped in dirty, white blankets. She checks them; three girls, triplets.

"We've got to take them in take to the authorities," I take them," she exclaims.
"Susan, you're barely making it with your two old children."
"What? And separate them... no! I need this. And they will have a name. God will help me!"
"Listen, sis. You just mortgaged the family home. Your husband's gone.
You don't have it to add three. Don't do this."
"It's not a it."
"Take one. Someone else will hear the other two! Think about it, sis, you have."

WHICH HAD CHARITY?



Tuesday
6:45 PM

In the quiet night, I wonder, holding the child in my arms, my daughter,
I smile from deep within. "You are mine, forever my arms shall hold you, cry not, I am yours."
"Helping my darling, peace."

In this, my heart rejoices that the Lord hath enlarged my humble home.
Abandoned twice, yet now I see the kindness of Kindness (John 13:1)
Forever, I am blessed by his kind de shunning (benevolent goodness)

I magnify Your name, Zhè (Jude) and Shàngdì (God), for my reproach has vanished, my heart is restored.
Where once there was want, cishan shìyè (charity) now reigns, my soul is filled.
Thank you, Zhè, for each sweet face, in their smiles, I've found my place.

Blessed are the *Children* who cry out to You.



The Mother and Children Prayed

Shouts rang out
In Taiwan last night,
"We really overdid
Blurred twenty-one dead."

A mother with three daughters
And two boys
Rushes through the crowded streets,
Change with fever, fighting, running fast,
Panic, I like Alley
She takes her little girls
This is terrible world!

In her shorts,
Behind her bigger brother,
Who's quieter than a mouse

"Children and brother,
we've got to go to the Father,
to get us out of here,
Whatever happens,
We will not fear!"

"Father, get me and the children to Hawaii, I pray,
Remember what happened today,
We beg you, we humble ourselves, we say
Get us far away!"

Next morning they got a letter
The American Embassy wrote:
"Your uncle has met with us and we see
Here are your wishes,
You're going to be free."

They cried, and cried
Mother and children cried
Mother looked at her brother and sister,
"I love you last night!" They cried.

They cried, and cried
"I love you last night!" They cried.

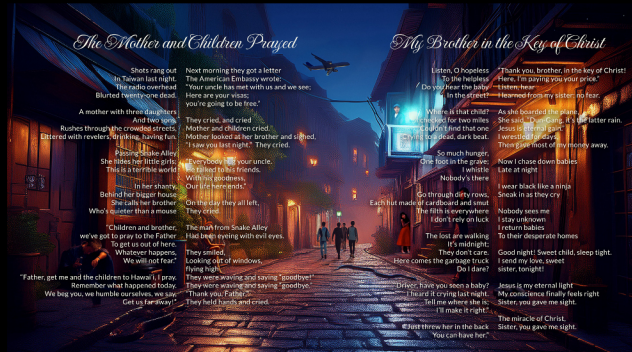
The man from Snake Alley
Had been living with evil eyes.
They cried,
Looking out of windows,
Flying high.

They were waving and saying "Goodbye!"
They were waving and saying "Goodbye!"
Thank you, Father,
They had tears and cried.

The last are walking
It's midnight,
This don't care,
Here comes the garbage truck
Get them!

"I heard from you once a baby!
I heard it crying last night,
I tell you where the is,
I'll make it right!"

Alone throw her in the back
"You can have her!"



THE
Good Shepherd
SAID:

But love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend,
hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be
great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest:
for he is KIND unto the unthankful and to the evil.

I will be thou clean, Luke 11:13

Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith hath made
thee whole; go in peace.

This day is salvation come to this house.

That ye may be the children of your Father which is
in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil
and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and
on the unjust.



THE KINDNESS
of *Charity*

I thank Thee, my Father, for love that runs deep,
In the shadows of sorrow, Your promises keep,
Reaching the lost and the broken, fulfilling every dream,
With hands wide open, we'll carry the light,
In the kindness of charity, we'll stand and unite.

CHORUS
Oh, the kindness of charity, flowing like a stream,
Reaching the lost and the broken, fulfilling every dream,
With hands wide open, we'll carry the light,
In the kindness of charity, we'll stand and unite.

Through valleys of heartache, we rise from despair,
For once we were lost, now we're found in Your care,
To the widows and orphans, we'll answer the call,
With love at our beacon, we'll shelter them all.

CHORUS
In the bamboo forest where whisperers collide,
A sister finds where the helpless reside,
With courage unwavering, she opens her heart,
Embracing the triplets, a brand new start.

Abandoned no longer, her home's now a place,
Where love conquers fear, and hope takes its space,
With each little face, her sorrow departs,
In the kindness of charity, she's mending her heart.

CHORUS
So tell us, remember, as we walk this way,
To love one another, each and every day,
For the Father above shows kindness to all,
In the kindness of charity, we hear the call.





KIND:

To show oneself useful,
pleasant, and good; to act
virtuously, benevolently

I thank Thee, **my Father**, for your **tender** mercy,
which hath quickened us **together with Christ**.

Your life-giving **CHARITY**, love in action and sure,
reveals your rich **abundant Kindness**;

Through the **exceeding grace** of your Son,
our High Priest after Melchisedec.

With the Holy Spirit, you are **kind** unto the unthankful and to the
evil: **sending rain** upon the just and the unjust: **oh how You love!**

Your favor upon us, that we show **compassion**: *in your arms of
knowledge and words that bring healing.*

In your **WISDOM**, may we **go to the lost**, for we were once lost; to
the destitute, for **we were once** broken and **without hope**.

Send us to the highways and byways; **to the widow** and the
fatherless; **to those who weep** in the valley of nowhere.

That we may bless those to whom **we are sent**, even as your
kindness and **mercy** have blessed us, **O God of Our SALVATION!**



Who is crying?

On a rugged path in a tall bamboo forest, a brother and sister are hiking. He is a well-known business leader, she is a struggling mother, whose husband has left her. She is crying. Suddenly she stops, "Did you hear that?" "Hear what?" asks the distracted brother. "Over there, a cry," she points, listening intently. "It was the wind, Sis." She pushes back the bamboo, and in a small clearing she sees rustling under the fallen leaves. Then two cries. "Brother, over here," she whispers. As she scrapes the final layer, her mouth gasps, "There are two babies here!" Then she stutters, "Thhhree. There are three." The babies are wrapped in dirty, white blankets. She checks them: three girls. Triplets.

"We've got to take them. I'll talk to the authorities, I'll raise them," she exclaims.

"Susan, you're barely making it with your two still at home."

"What? And separate them...no! I need this. And they will have a home. God will help me!"

"Listen, Sis. You just mortgaged the family home. Your husband's gone.

You don't have it to add three. Don't do this."

"I'll make it."

"Take one. Someone else will hear the other two! Think about the ones you have."

WHICH HAD CHARITY?

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TAIWAN, 03:16

In the quiet night, I awake, hearing the cries of my three new daughters.
I smile from deep within: "You are mine, forever my arms shall hold you; cry not, I am yours."
"Héping, my darlings, peace"

In this, my heart rejoiceth: that the Lord hath enlarged my humble home.
Abandoned twice, yet now I see: the kindness of Yēhéhuá (Jehovah).
Forever, I am blessed by his réncí de shànláng (benevolent goodness)

I magnify Your name, Zhǔ (Lord) and Shàngǎi (God), for my reproach has vanished, my heart is restored.
Where once there was want, císhàn shìyè (charity) now reigns, my soul is filled.
Thank you, Zhǔ, for each sweet face, In their smiles, I've found my place.

Blessed are the Children who cry out to You.

The Mother and Children Prayed

Shots rang out
In Taiwan last night.
The radio overhead
Blurted twenty-one dead.

A mother with three daughters
And two sons,
Rushes through the crowded streets,
Littered with revelers, drinking, having fun.

Passing Snake Alley
She hides her little girls;
This is a terrible world

In her shanty,
Behind her bigger house
She calls her brother
Who's quieter than a mouse

"Children and brother,
we've got to pray to the Father
To get us out of here.
Whatever happens,
We will not fear."

"Father, get me and the children to Hawai'i, I pray.
Remember what happened today.
We beg you, we humble ourselves, we say,
Get us far away!"

Next morning they got a letter
The American Embassy wrote:
"Your uncle has met with us and we see;
Here are your visas;
you're going to be free."

They cried, and cried
Mother and children cried.
Mother looked at her brother and sighed,
"I saw you last night." They cried.

"Everybody hug your uncle.
He talked to his friends.
With his goodness,
Our life here ends."

On the day they all left,
They cried.

The man from Snake Alley
Had been eyeing with evil eyes.

They smiled,
Looking out of windows,
flying high
They were waving and saying "goodbye!"
They were waving and saying "goodbye."
"Thank you, Father."
They held hands and cried.

My Brother in the Key of Christ

Listen, O hopeless
To the helpless
Do you hear the baby
In the street?

Where is that child?
I checked for two miles
Couldn't find that one
Crying to a dead, dark beat.

So much hunger,
One foot in the grave;
I whistle
Nobody's there

Go through dirty rows,
Each hut made of cardboard and smut
The filth is everywhere
I don't rely on luck

The lost are walking
It's midnight;
They don't care.
Here comes the garbage truck
Do I dare?

Driver, have you seen a baby?
I heard it crying last night.
Tell me where she is;
I'll make it right."

"Just threw her in the back
You can have her."

"Thank you, brother, in the key of Christ!
Here, I'm paying you your price."
Listen, hear
I learned from my sister: no fear.

As she boarded the plane,
She said, "Dun-Gang, it's the latter rain.
Jesus is eternal gain."
I wrestled for days,
Then gave most of my money away.

Now I chase down babies
Late at night

I wear black like a ninja
Sneak in as they cry

Nobody sees me
I stay unknown
I return babies
To their desperate homes

Good night! Sweet child, sleep tight.
I send my love, sweet
sister, tonight!

Jesus is my eternal light
My conscience finally feels right
Sister, you gave me sight.

The miracle of Christ,
Sister, you gave me sight.

THE

Good Shepherd

SAID:

But love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest: for he is KIND unto the unthankful and to the evil.

Luke 6:35

I will: be thou clean. Luke 5:13

Daughter, be of good comfort: thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace. Luke 8:48

This day is salvation come to this house. Luke 19:5

That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. Matt 5:45



Charity
IS KIND



THE KINDNESS *of Charity*

I thank Thee, my Father, for love that runs deep,
In the shadows of sorrow, Your promises keep.
You breathed life into hearts, with grace to impart,
In the warmth of Your kindness, we're never apart.

CHORUS

Oh, the kindness of charity, flowing like a stream,
Reaching the lost and the broken, fulfilling every dream.
With hands wide open, we'll carry the light,
In the kindness of charity, we'll stand and unite.

Through valleys of heartache, we rise from despair,
For once we were lost, now we're found in Your care.
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A sister finds hope where the helpless reside.
With courage unyielding, she opens her heart,
Embracing the triplets, a brand new start.

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