

## Guess He'd Be Jesse

One day God sighed as he sat up on high,  
Got that look in his eye and bet,  
“Find me a man who can make his own plans,  
Who can serve overseas and not fret.”  
Then all the clouds parted as angels departed  
To look in their books for a name  
And in that same moment there came a meek comment  
That roared as hosts echoed the same,  
“Guess he'd be Jesse!”  
“That was too easy,” God chimed  
As he planned the next dare...  
There's a woman down there who's feisty and rare.  
Go find her a perfect mate.  
The seraphim grinned, flapped three wings in the wind,  
Pinched a cherub's behind, who yelled, “Wait!”  
“It's already done; see? We guessed he'd be Jesse.”  
God stroked his white hair and said, “Great.”  
With that fine and good, God went to the woods  
And said, “See all this flimsy pine?”  
“Well what man and spouse can build me a house  
That's not going to break or collapse?”  
Before trumpets blew, that couple built two  
Out of red wood and limestone from scratch.  
And just for good measure, they grew God a treasure:  
A baby boy, much like his dad.  
“Don't tell me, don't tell me,  
I already know.  
He's got to be Jesse's,”  
God chortled at Joe and was glad.  
The story continues, though in other venues,  
Both here and the Other Side.  
Throughout all the ages, as we turn the pages  
One stands out as one of God's pride:  
This one about Jesse and his home and family.  
You guessed it'd be Jesse?  
You're right!

With much love and fondest memories,  
David Brunoehler October 28, 2002