



## SPIRITUAL LIFE AND MESSAGE FOR APRIL 2019

G. Bernice Richardson, Secretary

### Opening Song: "Fill My Cup Lord"

Like the woman at the well I was seeking  
For things that could not satisfy;  
And then I heard my Savior speaking:  
"Draw from My well that never shall run dry."

### Chorus:

Fill my cup, Lord, I lift it up, Lord!  
Come and quench this thirsting of my soul;  
Bread of heaven, feed me till I want no more.  
Fill my cup, fill it up and make me whole!

### Prayer: (As led by the Holy Spirit)

Scripture: 23<sup>rd</sup> Psalms

### Meditation: "Drinking from the Saucer"

"I'm drinking from the saucer 'Cause my cup has overflowed." Those two lines are from a poem by John Paul Moore that is often used by our Council President, Dr. Princess Rogers Pegues, with liberties when she gives her reports. The poem caused me to do a lot of thinking. I'm almost positive that Mr. Moore had a line from the 23<sup>rd</sup> Psalms in mind as he penned these verses. That line is this: "My cup runneth over."

Often I use the 23<sup>rd</sup> Psalms as a prayer by changing a few words, such as: "Thou art my shepherd; I shall not want; Thou makest me to lie down in green pastures;" etc. The reason I do this is because I feel like the Psalmist has covered all the ground pertaining to the blessings God has bestowed upon me and says it by far better than I could. So I come to the climax, "My cup runneth over," and that satisfied me until I read the poem. Have my blessings ceased with the running over of my cup?

No, I have just ceased counting. The song says "Count your many blessings, name them one by one." So now I have counted and concluded my counting. No, I'm now drinking from the saucer some of the blessings that I did not count. An old pop song of years gone by also comes to my mind, "When you're worried and you can't sleep, count your blessings instead of sheep and you'll fall asleep counting your blessings." Drinking from my saucer, cause my cup overflows.

### Closing:

I've never made a fortune.  
And, I'll never make one now.  
But it really doesn't matter,  
'Cause I'm happy anyhow.

As I go along my journey,  
I'm reaping better than I've sowed.  
I'm drinking from the saucer,  
'Cause my cup has overflowed.

I don't have a lot of riches,  
And sometimes the going's tough,  
But with kin and friends to love me,  
I think I'm rich enough.

I thank God for the blessings,  
That His mercy has bestowed.  
I'm drinking from the saucer,  
'Cause my cup has overflowed.

He gives me strength and courage,  
When the way grows steep and rough.  
I'll not ask for other blessings for,  
I'm already blessed enough.

May we never be too busy,  
To help bear another's load.  
Then we'll all be drinking from the saucer,  
When our cups have overflowed.