

# GOD & COWBOY JAKE

Jake, the rancher went one day,  
To fix a distant fence.  
The wind was cold and gusty;  
The clouds rolled gray and dense.  
As he pounded the last staples in  
And gathered his tools to go,  
The temperature had fallen;  
The wind and snow began to blow.

When he finally reached his pickup,  
He felt a heavy heart;  
From the sound of that ignition,  
He knew it wouldn't start!  
So Jake did what most of us would do,  
had we been there.  
He humbly bowed his balding head  
And sent aloft a prayer.

As he turned the key for one last time,  
He softly cursed his luck.  
They found him three days later,  
Frozen stiff in that old truck.  
Now Jake had been around in life  
And done his share of roaming.  
But when he saw Heaven,  
he was shocked —  
It looked just like Wyoming!

Of all the saints in Heaven,  
His favorite was St Peter.  
(Now, this line ain't really needed,  
But it helps with rhyme and meter)  
So they set and talked a minute or two,  
Or maybe it was three.  
Nobody was keeping score —  
In Heaven time is free.

'I've always heard,' Jake said to Pete,  
'That God will answer prayer,  
But one time when I asked for help,  
Well, HE just plain wasn't there.  
Does God answer prayers of some,  
and ignore the prayers of others?  
That don't seem exactly square —  
I know all men are brothers.'

'Or does he randomly reply,  
Without good rhyme or reason?  
Maybe, it's the time of day,  
The weather or the season.  
Now I ain't trying to act smart,  
It's just the way I feel.  
And I was wondering,  
could you tell me —  
What the heck's the deal?!

Peter listened patiently,  
And when old Jake was done,  
There were smiles of recognition,  
And he said, 'So, you're the one!!  
That day your truck;  
It wouldn't start,  
And you sent your prayer a flying,  
You gave us all a real bad time,  
With hundreds of us all trying.'

'A thousand angels rushed,  
To check the status of your file,  
But you know, Jake,  
We hadn't heard from you,  
in quite a long while.'  
And though all prayers are answered,  
And God ain't got no quota,  
He didn't recognize your voice,  
And started a truck in Minnesota!

**BETTER KEEP IN TOUCH!**