

POEMS OF THE MONTH

He Knows the Pastures

— Simon Zachariah

One dark night my Shepherd woke me up,
He led the whole flock down a narrow road.
We walked, half-drowsy, yet trusting His lead,
Until we reached a hillside bathed in light,
Where the grass was green, the water cool,
And He climbed the slope to pray, as always.

One day He drove us from our water hole,
Guiding us swiftly toward another place.
We grumbled, not wanting to leave the calm,
But soon we found a rushing, crystal stream.
By evening, returning along our path,
We saw our old water hole—dry and cracked.

Yesterday He parted us one by one.
We didn't know what this could mean.
First our father went, then our dear mother,
Then uncles, aunts—gone from our sight.
We mourned and bleated the whole day through,
Till we saw them again—sheared, clean, and free.

We love our Shepherd, for He loves us.
He calls us by name and carries the young.
He never closes His eyes in slumber.
When we stray, He seeks until He finds us.
Through rain and sunshine, He leads the way—
We simply follow. He knows the pastures.

ഭവനത്തിലെ വിളക്ക്

—സൈമൺ സാബറിയ

“ജോണി.. അത് നീയാണോ?” പിതാവ് ചോദിച്ചു.
റാത്തൽ വിളക്കിൻ വെളിച്ചം എൻ അടുത്തെത്തി,
അപ്പോൾ എൻ അപ്പൻ എന്നെ വാരിപ്പണർന്നു.
എനിക്കറിയാം ആ വിളക്ക് അണയില്ലയെന്നു.
അതാണൊരപ്പന്റെ വാത്സല്യം എൻ കൂട്ടരേ!

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Channels of Glory Newsletter
Semptember, 2025



Channels of Glory Inc.
404 Laurelwood Drive, Bloomington,
IN. 47401 USA

Ph. 812-333-3159
Email: administrator@channelsofglory.org

Visit us on the web:
<https://channelsofglory.org/>

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A Newsletter

Vol. 20 No. 2. 2025



*"Look, the winter is past, and the rains are over
and gone".*

NEWS FROM THE CHANNELS



Channels of Glory – **Letter from Dr. Simon Zachariah**

Dear Friends,

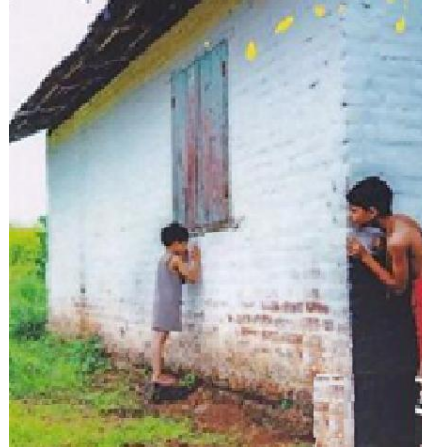
First, let me apologize for the mistake in sending the last Newsletter. Some of you received two copies, while others did not receive any. As a reminder, all our past newsletters are available on our website: <https://channelsofglory.org/>.

In this Newsletter, God prompted me to reflect on two important words: “search” and “wait.” These words naturally lead to two others: “find” and “meet.” When someone searches, they eventually find. When someone waits for another, they eventually meet. Yet, both searching and waiting are not easy tasks.

When I was a small boy, the happiest moments were when I found one of my lost toys. Looking back now, it feels a bit silly.

But the joy was real—because I truly missed those toys.

I once heard a story of a mother and her four-year-old daughter playing hide-and-seek. The daughter went to the front porch and hid. Her mother pretended to search and, at last, found her with exaggerated excitement. The child loved the game. But later, the mother became busy and stopped searching. After a long time, the daughter came inside, crying. When her mother asked why, the little girl replied: *“Why didn’t you come and look for me? You must always come after me!”*



That story reminds us parents of our responsibility. Our children may stumble or wander away, but it is our duty to go after them. My wife once wisely said: *“Denial of love is the greatest punishment for a child.”* The second word, waiting, is equally challenging. One of my uncles was a highly respected civil engineer. Even after retirement, construction companies sought his expertise and would offer him private transport with a chauffeur. But his wife often declined, saying: *“Waiting is a waste of*

time—just standing and peeking through the window!” She was right—waiting feels hard.

I remember when my eldest brother used to come home every weekend. My younger brother and I would wait eagerly every Friday evening. One time, we spotted a man who looked like him, and we ran to greet him. Only when I reached closer did I realize it wasn’t him. That’s the nature of waiting—expectant, hopeful, but sometimes mistaken.

Why am I talking about searching and waiting? Because they are key to making the best choices in life. Sometimes, even children display wisdom in these areas.

For example: A mother once went shopping with her young daughter. The shopkeeper happened to be an old classmate. After a warm chat, the shopkeeper offered the girl a jar of candies and said, *“Go ahead, take a handful!”* But the child hesitated and did not take any, despite her mother and the shopkeeper urging her. Finally, the shopkeeper reached in, grabbed a handful, and gave it to the girl. Later, the mother asked why she hadn’t taken any herself. With a bright smile, the child answered: *“Didn’t you know his hands are bigger than mine?”*

What a lesson! It is always good to remember that God’s hands are bigger than ours, and His timing is always better than ours. Searching and waiting are never wasted or boring. In God’s time, they lead us to the best and most fitting blessings.

May our Almighty God give us the grace to search faithfully, wait patiently, and trust His perfect choices.