
The Midnight Symphony
by Katie Swank
A tale of courage, friendship, and joyful song.


Beside the still and glassy pond, beneath the starry sky
A lonely cat with coat of ink, and frog came hopping by.
‘Hi cat,’ said frog, ‘what cha doin’? You’re lookin’ kinda sad.’
She said, ‘I’m just here wishin’ for somethin’ to make me glad.’


They both sat waitin' for a spark to break the heavy night,
When suddenly the moon burst forth in dazzling, brilliant light.
The frog leaped high onto a stone and let a chorus ring,
'Why sit in sorrow in the dark when we have hearts to sing?'


The black cat stretched her slender paws and struck a rhythm true,
And said, 'If we don't start the song, then tell me, friend, please do?
Who will bring our friends together? It must be me and you!'
Who will gather our friends together?
Oh, it must be me and you!'


With one big bounce and one sleek pounce, they found a little clearing.
They didn't wait for a perfect time, they simply started cheering.
They danced a jig, they spun around, they moved with pure delight,
And shook the slumber from the trees, awakening the night.


The old barn doors began to creak, the horses stamped their feet.
The heavy cows sauntered over to join the rhythmic beat.
The golden hens began to cluck, the roosters joined the band,
As inspiration spread like fire across the sleepy land.


The folks from inside the house heard the happy commotion
And called the neighbors out to join the dancing motion.
They all began to sing to Jesus through the night
And thanked Him for the moments where they gathered in delight.
For this is what is good, He says that this is right,
To rejoice and sing and worship Him—oh, what a joyful sight!


What started as a lonely sigh beside a silent shore,
Became a grand, triumphant dance upon the barnyard floor.
For purpose isn't something found by waiting on a chance--
It starts when friendly, brave souls rise, and dare to lead the dance.
The End.