

**Hey Noah!**  
**How do those**  
**Sandstone**  
**Letters stay in**  
**mid-air like**  
**that?**

**What**  
**sandstone**  
**letters?**



*Why does*  
*Nothing*  
*Exciting ever*  
*Happen in my*  
*Life?*

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# **THE BALLAD OF NOAH**

**(A humorous tribute to a great man)**

**Created and designed**

**By**

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The Lord said "Men have been too bad,  
I've given them every chance.  
Good Noah they will think you're mad,  
Obey Me don't spare them a glance.

Yes, in this desert build a boat,  
The water I'll provide.  
The wicked will laugh, but they won't  
float,  
And you'll be safe inside.

Downpour forty nights and days,  
just you and your family.  
For you have loved me in your ways,  
So I'll save you from the sea.

WHO???  
ME???



He did say  
'Boat'  
Didn't he?

Good Grief!  
Noah is supposed  
to be the brains  
of this outfit!

Yes, he said  
boat, and yes  
book me a  
berth on it!

Loneliness is not for you  
On this boat that we'll call 'Ark'  
For animals with you, two by two,  
Like a floating Safari Park.

Really it's simply a matter of fitting the right talent to the job. For example, my talent is reading.



You've all their food and drink to stow,  
You haven't got very long,  
Said Noah, "Zoology, what do I know"  
Not much but I'll know when I'm wrong.

I'll learn the job the painful way,  
Their bite's far worse than their bark.  
So lots of bandages stowed away,  
for the captain of this Ark.



First I'll break it to my wife, it must be tactfully phrased.  
Surely she, the light of my life will think her husband's crazed.  
Noah told her, and he told his sons just after evening meal.  
They thought it one of his puns so with helpless laughter reeled.  
But when they knew it was no lark they took a scornful stance.  
A ship in the desert, build an Ark? Stick to camel maintenance.  
Camels lads, Noah replied, are tops in sand or mud.  
True I've been glad of many a ride, but they're useless in a flood



By Lamech; his late Dad, who died aged seven seven seven. Noah swore he'd had the news direct from Heaven. A kind of celestial weather forecast. The family ceased their glee. At grand-dad's name the joke was past, and they took Noah seriously. Such a shame wife Patience' only remark. Aged six hundred you're due to retire, and now you have to build an Ark to escape God's watery ire. Still, you'll do it I've faith a lot, with no aid from electric drills. You made that rather wobbly cot a zoo ship is within your skills.

Why do you ask, my fingers crossed? It's cramp there in my hands. If we are to be afloat wind tossed, get boat-building on these sands



So Noah, Japeth, Ham, and Shem started work in their own backyard. Specifications from God to them made planning not quite so hard.

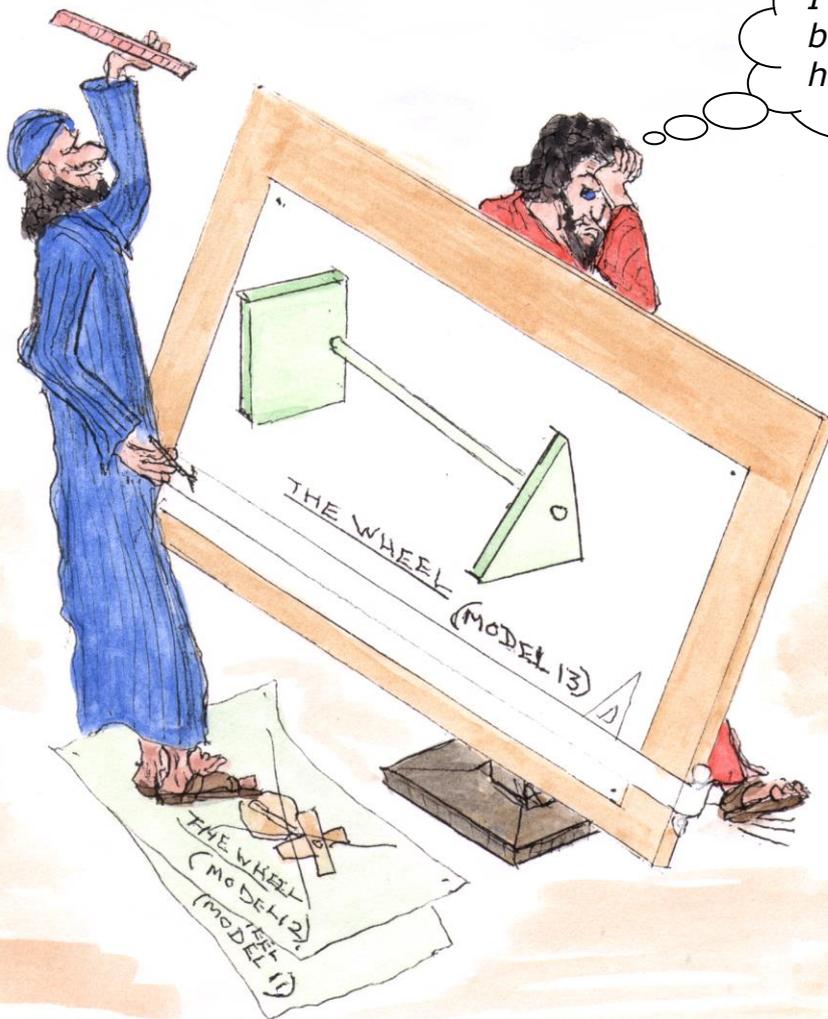
What is a cubit? Japeth queried. Your forearm's length, Noah said. To build this boat will leave us wearied. I prefer, Japeth muttered, my bed.

No bed for you, Japeth my lad. Get some wood from the Gopher tree. Bring it back here to your Dad, and some nails, GO ON! SPEEDILY!!!

I'll get this invention right yet Dad.... Just in case it doesn't rain

John De Brito

I don't believe this is happening

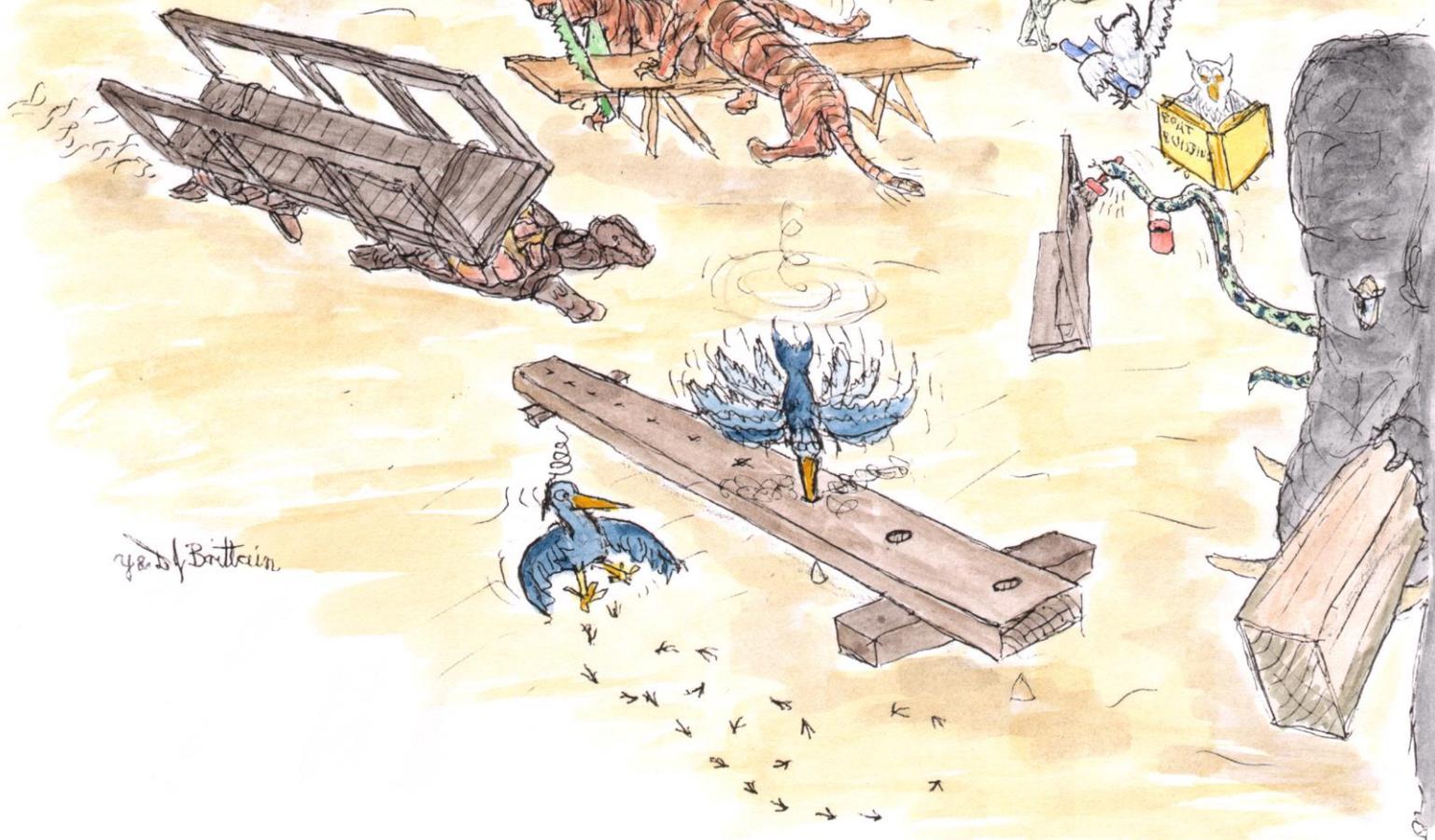


For years and years they chipped and sawed whilst their neighbours stood and laughed, at this desert boat clad in gopher board, a very unusual craft. Our heroes just ignored the jeers their faith in God is real. One wag sneers, "Won't move my dears unless you invent the wheel"

Ark's nearly finished, and now we are free to build a desert zoo, stalking to fill the menagerie while Lord we wait for you.

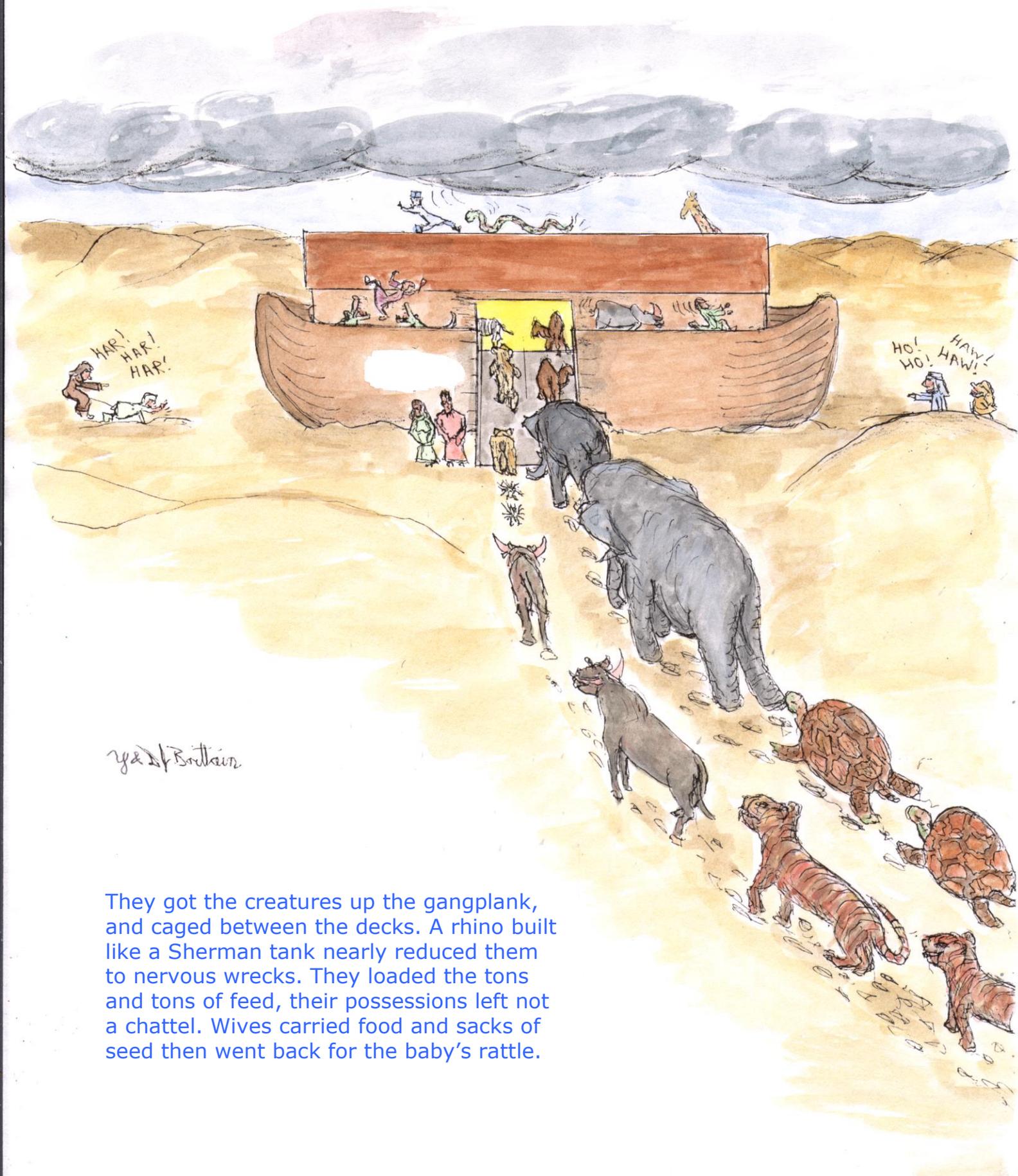
It's like this Dad! They held a meeting and decided to improve their survival odds by caging us while **they** build the Ark.

Who's arguing?  
Not Me!



yoody Brittain

Two by two from far terrain, most intensive labours, caged and fed  
Upon the plain, the noise annoyed their neighbours. Then the word  
came, "Get aboard, the time has come at last. Punishment from  
The Lord, the chosen ones batten down fast.



*ye & of Britain*

They got the creatures up the gangplank, and caged between the decks. A rhino built like a Sherman tank nearly reduced them to nervous wrecks. They loaded the tons and tons of feed, their possessions left not a chattel. Wives carried food and sacks of seed then went back for the baby's rattle.



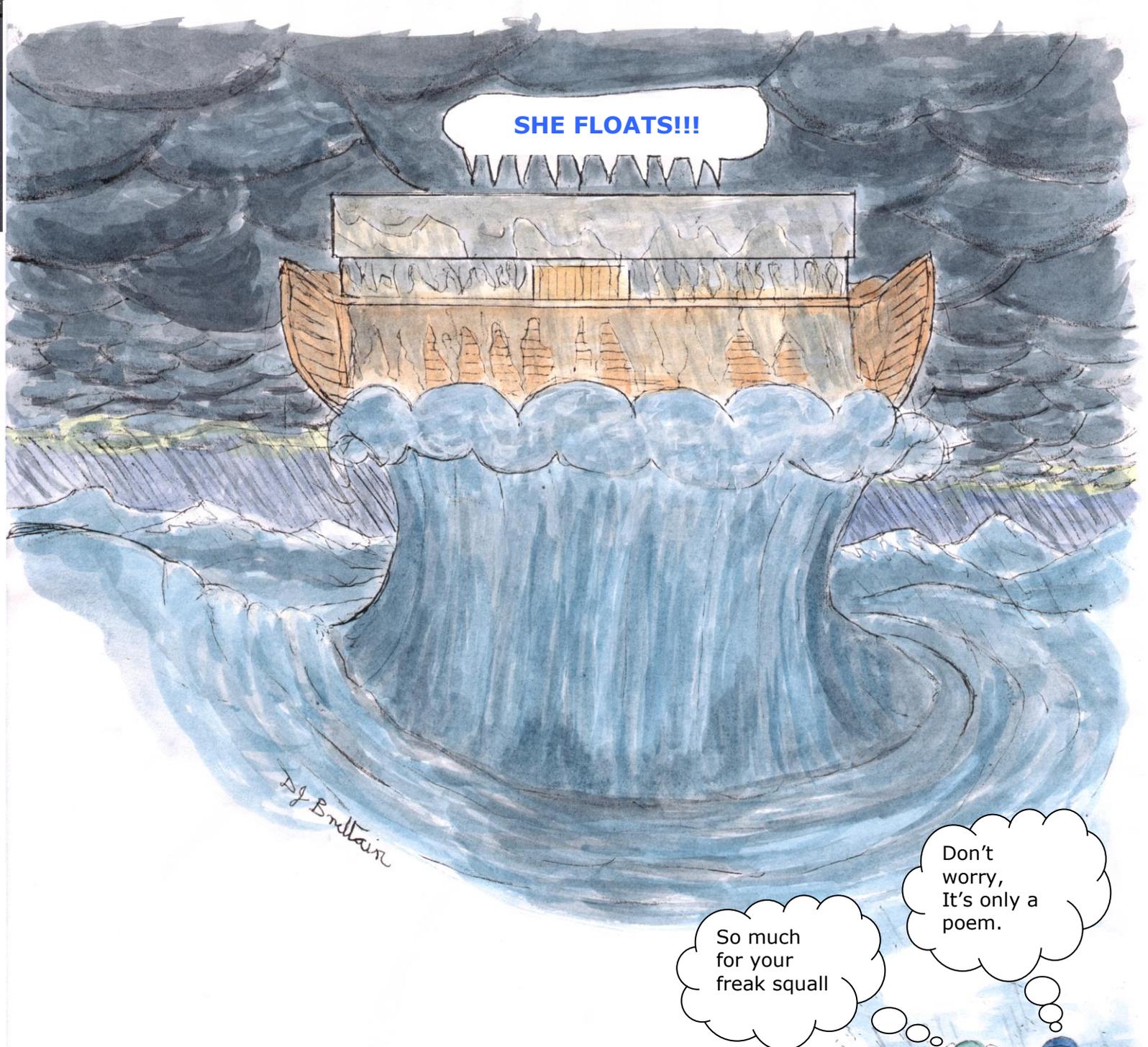
Raucous laughs of the crowd around, the animals couldn't match. A silence fell at rain's pattering sound as Noah sealed the hatch.

Thunderous black clouds hid the sunlight, lightning split the sky, filling all hearts and minds with numb fright. The crowd gave a nervous sigh.



Oh, the wailing, oh the crying, and the gnashing of the teeth.  
Oh, the screaming fear of dying, "Have mercy on us beneath"  
Sounds of souls lost and tormented, sounds like those in Hell.  
Fear of being late-lamented...While outside the crowd was  
worried as well.

Feet on sands soon water treading, trying to keep afloat.  
Heads thrashed by torrents the sky was shedding, faint  
screams not heard in the boat. The rain fell harder, whipping  
pace, blurring, not clearly defined. Fewer heads now on the  
surface, all to the depths consigned.



**SHE FLOATS!!!**

So much  
for your  
freak squall

Don't  
worry,  
It's only a  
poem.

A hollow bump, a violent sway, "Hold on with both of your hands. Thanks to God we're on our way, she's lifted from the sands.

Check the seams lads, and look for leaks, we must stay dry to live. Control those woodpeckers' pecking beaks, or they'll convert us to a sieve.

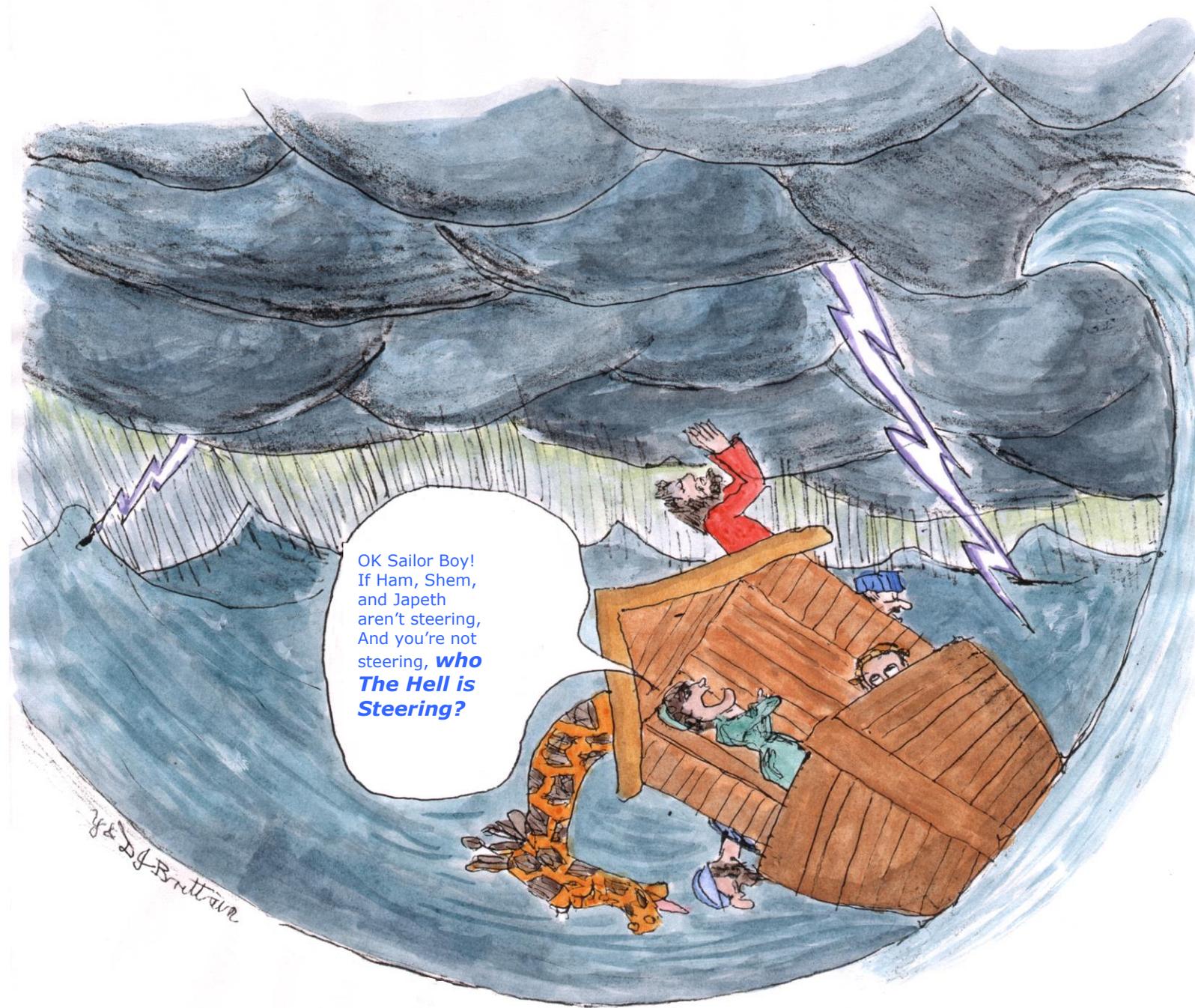
Calmly reassure the creatures, to put their minds at rest. A look of confidence on your features, you'll find will work the best.



For if they panic we're in trouble, should the elephants take a scare. They'd reduce this Ark to rubble, with no chances of repair.

Uncross your fingers darling wife, worry you need not, a wobbling Ark is part of life, but it's stronger than our cot.

The flood had got them in its grip, and they were in God's hands. All Terrestrial life was in this ship above the deluged lands.



OK Sailor Boy!  
If Ham, Shem,  
and Japeth  
aren't steering,  
And you're not  
steering, **who  
The Hell is  
Steering?**

Storms, Tornadoes, and Hurricanes, sucking whirlpools  
and tidal waves, blackened skies and awful rains,  
floating wreckage, and many close shaves



"#~\*%#@?<@%&\*!!!!  
**NOTHING!!! AND NEXT  
TIME KINDLY SEND A  
\*#~\$%^<@\* DUCK!!!!**

Noah sent a raven flying, its job a landing place to seek. Raven returned, no land spying, later a dove a living sprig in its beak.

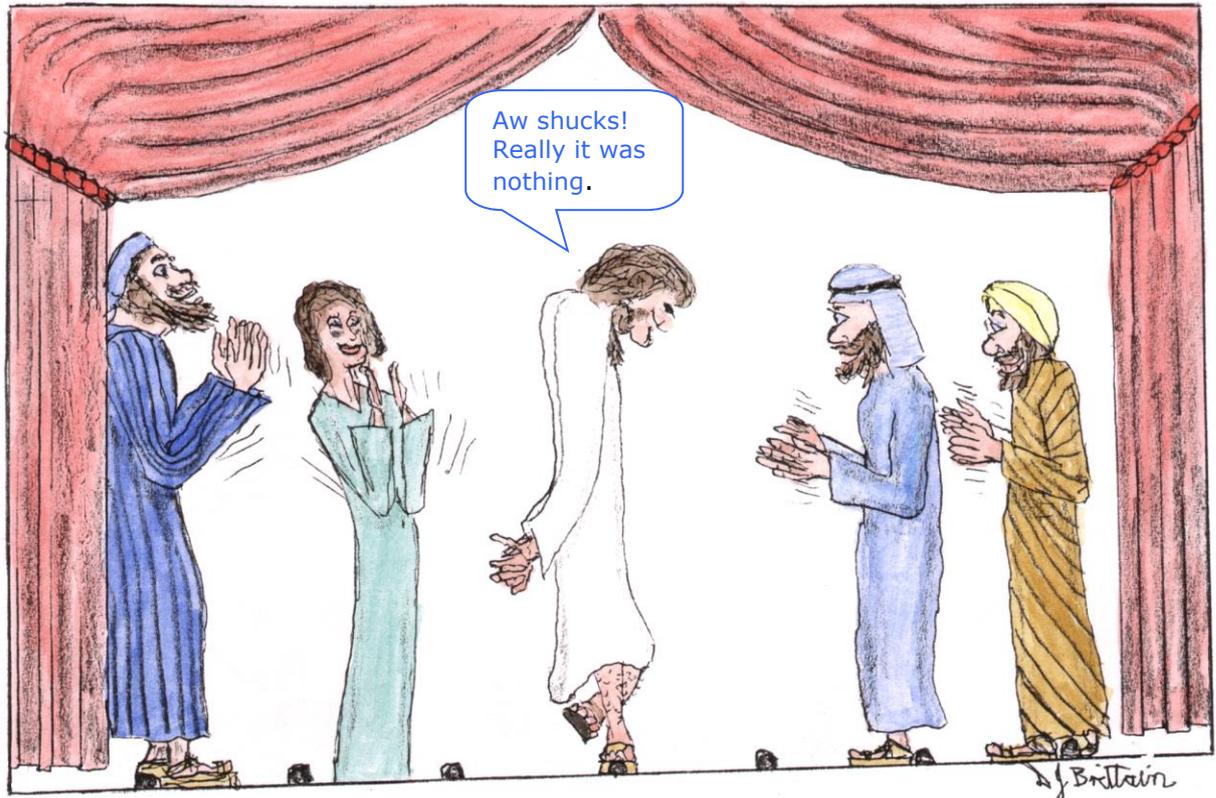


They drifted safely through the tempest, six weeks rain that drowned a world. They cared for their animals, from high to lowest. It stopped raining and the clouds unfurled. On an ocean uncannily smooth as glass all around Earth's sphere. Not pierced by lands or things that move, it made mountains disappear. Ark still drifting, water draining, where it drained to no one knows. "Sign of promise" God explaining, "No more floods, see my rainbow" Overhead an arc of beauty, down below an Ark alive. Noah you have done your duty, and soon to safety you'll arrive.



Now the sea is going down, highlands wet and steaming. Mountain peaks with seaweed gown. No lads you're not dreaming.

Oh my family prepare to land. My Dear put on your hat. The sea has left us here to strand. It's called Mount Ararat. The trouble is over, all take heart, and it's downhill to the plain. The beasts and birds can now depart. and we can start again.



Noah:  
Psychic Medium  
Master:  
Lumberjack  
Haulage expert  
Designer/Engineer  
Shipwright  
Carpenter  
Animal Trapper  
Veterinarian  
Animal Dietician  
Bird Expert  
Reptile Expert  
Sea Captain  
Navigator  
Purser  
Psychologist  
Left-handed Cancerian

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Ascension Support Team website**

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**Written by David and Yvonne Brittain**

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