

From the composer...

So what wheel are we spinning?

As I was contemplating what I should compose to honor Sue Lippert, a long-time church organist in Oklahoma, I decided to go on an extended bike ride to help clear my head.

I try to do a couple of significant rides each week as an exercise routine. Sometimes, when I'm in the midst of a long, hard climb, I begin to wonder why I'm doing this to myself and contemplate selling my bike! Then, when I'm tearing down a hill at 40 mph, I feel like an iron man and begin to believe I should sign up for the annual "Attack on Mt. Mitchell" bike ride.

Sometimes in life, we spin effortlessly and life seems easy. At other times, each mile is difficult, with every turn presenting a new challenge to overcome. During those challenging moments, we simply have to put our heads down and keep pedaling—just keeping those wheels spinning as we hold on to hope for the road ahead.

So, what is the *wheel* in this song?

I suppose it is the wheel of our life—our direction, powered by hope and faith. When we struggle with the steepness our road, we can't allow ourselves to stop or give up. We have to draw from our faith and keep on spinning. God will surely give us strength for the road until we receive the rewards of our heavenly home.

Pepper Choplin

Spin the Wheel Toward Heaven

SATB opt. a cappella

Words and Music by
Pepper Choplin

Cool swing ♩ = 112-116 



mp optional accompaniment

5 SA *mp* Spin the wheel,
TB *mp* Spin the wheel, spin the wheel, spin the

8 wheel toward heav - en. Man - y a mile I've al -

10 Spin the wheel,
read - y come. Spin the wheel, spin the wheel, spin the

12 *mf* wheel, my Lord. Few more miles and I

14 Spin the wheel,
will be home. Spin the wheel, spin the wheel, spin the

16

wheel toward heav - en. Man - y a mile I've al -

18

read - y come. Spin the wheel, spin the wheel, spin the

20

wheel, my Lord. Few more miles and I

22 *mf* Few more miles...
 will be home... Some -
mf Just a few more miles. Some -

25
 times my road seems all up - hill, my bod - y gets tired and I've
 times my road seems all up - hill,

28 *cresc.*
 had my fill of life. My faith will make me strong. Through the
cresc.

31

pow - er of hope, I will press on, press on,

f

press on,

33

press on. I will press on. Spin the

press on.

Spin the

35

wheel, wheel, spin the wheel, spin the wheel toward heav - en.