



## **It's Here!**

A touch of Autumn in the air,  
Emboldened, golden in its flair;  
A dusty glow upon the lea,  
Soft, soft my world . . . Serenity.

The sun caresses browning fields  
That once produced prodigious yields;  
And stalks of corn now dry, bend low,  
Awaiting Winter's chilling blow.

Now come the winds, dusty and dry,  
Leaves swirl about, some low, some high;  
As I take in the changes now  
I sense God's Hand in this somehow.

Rebirth, renewal . . . They are here,  
As Autumn's legions now appear;  
The beauty of change, all in all?  
Some call it Autumn; I say Fall.

**Henry W. Gurley**