



His Gift of Day

Soft sunbeams span across the sky;
A new day God has given me
Backdropped against a scenic blue,
A miracle for me to see.

He brings His Palette, colors rare,
Known only to angelic aides;
Each ray of light in its own hue,
In tinted blush that never fades.

Day after day the sky is His;
The morning's task brings evening's set.
A thrill to me, this wondrous art,
I've never tired of it . . . Not yet.

One day the sun will not be there;
No more the days and nights will be.
But I'll be safely in His Arms
In Heaven . . . Sunrises I'll see.

Henry W. Gurley