

First Day of Spring

There bides a special essence to The hint of the first springtime day. Perhaps the newness all about Tells me winter has gone away.

But comes a vista, green on green, With clouds of white and blue on blue. And fresh, fresh air as zephyr's breeze, Foremost Your Presence coming through.

And once it's here I am revived.
My heart, my soul uplifted, and
The world around me roils to life.
Foremost, indeed, You're in command.

And I feel blessed by everything. With Your Sure Touch, You've granted spring.

Henry W. Gurley