



Before My Eyes

To see the beauty in all trees
I only have to look about.
And there it is, before my eyes.
What I am seeing leaves no doubt.

Some stately as they touch the sky
Accepting the sunlight's warm light,
While others in their ancient pose
Portray their beauty through their might.

To walk upon a tree-lined path
From forest's edge to shady place . . .
That which I see is real beauty,
A true depiction of God's Grace.

And as they reach unto the sky,
A beauty there . . . I can't deny.

Henry W. Gurley