



All Around Me

His Wondrous Beauty around me
As far as my eyes can see;
From singing birds in nearby tree . . .
To the buzzing of bee.

To wildflowers, their colors bold,
To bright sun's own warming gold;
To icy grips of winter's cold . . .
Beautiful sights I behold.

To the far reach of blue, blue skies,
To new day with its surprise;
To vast space where the unknown lies . . .
All these proffered to my eyes.

All around me where I may go,
He is there in flakes of snow
That fall to earth softly, so slow . . .
God's Beauty . . . This much I know.

Henry W. Gurley