



A Thing of Beauty

Wondrous years, my body grows weak,
My expressions of life fade low;
Before my eyes all things look dim . . .
I approach them, my movements slow.

Accepting all of this, I'm sad,
My ending that will surely be;
In God's eyes I am most precious . . .
And He'll surely take care of me.

I question myself come these times:
Did my life here matter at all?
In death I shall make an exit . . .
Going home I shall heed His Call.

To view my own death as beauty,
In Him I place my heartfelt trust.
Fully aware of His Great Might . . .
Wondrous life! Death's beauty a must.

Henry W. Gurley