



Beginnings

A mistiness at early morn,
A crystal dew upon the ground;
A soft, soft glow in eastern skies
And all about beginning's sound.

A cricket chirp quite hesitant
As though it wonders if the day
Has really dawned as it appears
Though eastern light now makes its way.

A robin's call from nearby tree,
Its trilling notes embrace the light;
And slowly now the forest beasts
Come forth from darkness into sight.
And now all dwellings come to life,
In golden light their windows glow;
Now mankind faces one more day:
Sunrise's kiss and sunset's show.

And He is there as everything
Breathes in the life He's given them;
A new beginning granted and
Another blessing sent by Him.

Henry W. Gurley