



Homeward

To take a stroll come eventide,
Allow cares of the day depart,
Reviving is this exercise
That uplifts my soul and my heart.

To pause and view the leaves of gold,
The yellow, the bronze and the green,
Refreshing is this one moment
That uplifts as I view such scene.

To look westward to setting sun,
My face bathed by touches of gold,
Restorative these few seconds
That uplift with His Love untold.

Homeward I go as golden sun
Sinks neath the sky on final run.
I speak soft words, "My day is done".
My homeward thought? "He is The One".

Henry W. Gurley