



I Stand In Awe

I stand in awe of what I see;
Vista's perfection; can it be?
The rolling hills, the mountains high,
The rocks and rills, deep azure sky.

A babbling brook, a forest green,
A shady nook, meadows pristine;
An ocean's wave of frothy foam,
A hidden cave close to my home.

A tiny kitten's sleep-filled eyes,
Its soft, soft purring no surprise;
A busy wren in twig-made nest,
Its songs a-twitter, oh the best.

So many things he gives to me,
And I am happy as can be.
But His great Love indeed stands out . . .
Of that I am in awe . . . No doubt.

Henry W. Gurley