

BECOMING

Tho the sere and yellow leaf
May mean weakness, may bring grief
Autumn has its own release
Blessed with mellowness and peace.

Each new season comes and goes
To nature and the human race,
When the end will come - who knows?
Nor does it matter in what place.

As a child in simple trust
Takes the loved one's outstretched hand,
So it is to have a friend
All the journey to the end.

Heaven's in the heart of man;
Love is everyone's to choose
And who seeks to be his best
Never need he fear to lose.

There is power in Man's will
And a splendour in the soul;
He who formed us for His own
Can be trusted with the goal.

Ruth Douglas
Twin Rocks
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