



This Day Remembered

The eastern skies touched with soft gold
And then a rose and blue appear;
This daily sight I now behold,
Day after day, year after year.

Without conviction I must say
I've accepted as status quo;
I have awakened one more day
Ignoring beauty's ebb and flow.

Shame heaped on me, a due reward,
God's Wondrous Gift I have ignored;
Easy acceptance I've made hard,
And oh, the wondrous gifts He's stored.

The western skies in blazing gold
And then a bright, bright red appears;
This daily sight I now behold,
Days upon days, years upon years.

No more these views mere status quo,
Each one a rare, marvelous sight;
With God's Sure Touch, His Ebb and Flow
Makes manifest His Wondrous Might.

One day remembered, then it's gone
Beyond the scope of time and space;
Perhaps a gift of bright new sun
Both regifted by His Pure Grace.

Henry W. Gurley