



Things I Love

The glimmer of soft morning light
In eastern skies comes into sight
To chase away the grip of night . . .
It is a scene I love.

At highest noon sun's melting gold
Creates a heat degrees untold
An awesome sight that I behold . . .
It is a scene I love.

At eventide in muted phase
Bright sunlight fades to softened rays
Escaping in its secret ways . . .
It is a scene I love.

Then moonlight in its plated glow
Brings on its special star-filled show
With silvered light on earth below . . .
It is a scene I love.

In all these things that I know of
These scenes I view so high above
I know one thing: God shares His Love
With gifts he gives to me.

Henry W. Gurley