



The Details of His Love

The smallest things, the details of
The love He has for each of us;
The care He takes, each loving touch,
Seemingly done without much fuss.

A gentle breeze on springtime day . . .
A rose's bloom covered in dew . . .
The sound as rippling brook flows by . . .
So many more; these are but few.

Comes the summer in blazing heat,
The sun in liquid melting gold;
Nearby a shade tree welcomes me,
As I watch the noontide unfold.

But Autumn and Winter define
Renewal, then a world of white;
Details of His Love are present
And in them I find great delight.

Greater than these, these smallest things,
Is the love he evinced that day;
The love He showed in sacrifice
As He walked up Golgotha's Way.

Henry W. Gurley