

GOING HOME [10-99]

**I've seen the seasons stand their ground,
The flooding rivers stage.
I've seen the mountains blush with fear,
Afore the thunderous rage.
I've seen the shadows run their course,
Across the meadows green.
I've seen the warm sun cast its spell,
With all its magic sheen.
I've seen the morning dew encase,
The primal cove and glen.
I've heard the glad voice of the lark,
The warble of the wren.
I've watched the breeze stir up the trees,
To gay melodic song.
And on that wind, God's gentle hand,
To carry me along.
In sun, in rain, storm-laden days,
They're all the same to me.
No doubt, you'll make no sense of it,
A baffling mystery.
But where the mountains part the sky,
Here joy and peace prevail.
The face of God I see...as He
All earthly cares assail.
And by these temples where I rest,
The Lord takes care of me.
There is not one thing that I lack,
I've true serenity.
And so, you think that I am poor,
And want for sheltered home.
But here in God I trust my fate,
...For I am not alone.**