

## INSEPARABLE (Version 1)

'Twixt you and me, Beloved Pal,  
Death's hung a mystic screen,  
Through which they say no human eye  
Hath ever, ever seen.  
And yet I hear your loving voice  
In every wind that blows;  
I see your eyes in morning skies,  
Your face in every rose.  
And when at twilight time I walk  
Within our garden fair,  
I'm not alone - ah, no, Beloved  
I know your Spirit's there.  
I feel your kiss upon my cheek,  
The pressure of your hand,  
But only those who've loved as we  
These things can understand.

Dedicated to the Memory of Beth Slater Whitson

By Alice Whitson Norton

**From:** Consolation – A series of daily devotional messages  
Compiled by Mrs. Charles E. Cowman  
The Oriental Missionary Society  
September, 1932

AND

**From:** Dreamland Girl: An Anthological Biography of Beth Slater Whitson  
By Grace Baxter Thompson  
Bruce Humphries Publishing, Inc.  
Boston – 1958  
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