

NOW

Not for tomorrow will I wait,
 To do a little deed
Of kindness is the Master's name—
 Today I'll plant a seed,
The I perhaps will live to see
Smile back in bud and bloom for me

Not for tomorrow will I wait,
 To sing a cheerful song
Of love and peace and happiness,
 Devoid of fear and wrong.
For what I do and say right now
Will all come back, some day, somehow.

By Alice L. Whitson

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