

FAITH

God speaks to me in simple things:
A rose unfolding in the sun,
Soft clouds aglow with lambent light
Across the west when day is done.

A tree in soft snow wrapped about;
A Gray dove's plaintive call;
The beauty of a rainbowed world
The greets me in the scented fall.

The glowing of the evening star
Through countless miles and miles of space;
The dewdrops sparkling in the grass
And on a pansy's painted face.

God speaks to me in simple things,
And I, His child, devoid of fear,
Believe beyond the slightest doubt
His blessed voice I often hear.

By Alice Whitson Norton

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