

SAVING GRACE

WHEN I was a child,
My Mother would say,
“Set worry aside,
And run out and play.

“Today I’ve grown up
And facing stern life,
Battling with problems
Entangled with strife.

Scrimping for clothes,
Struggling for bread,
Seeing but heartaches
And failures ahead.

Low is my spirit,
Dark is my day;
Sense to the rescue;
I’ll run out and play.

By Alice Whitson Norton

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