

A Prayer

A time for hope is at its bleakest.
When the need is most profound.

A time for giving, at its meanest.
That's the time it will astound.

If a single pure note rises
From among the noise below

It will waken other "voices"
And a symphony will grow.

Listen to the music 'round you.
Hear the wind, the land, the sea.

Feel the voice of peace surround you,
Holding fast, so safe you'll be.

May this prayer, a simple note
Be justified to reach above

And touch the heart of Our Dear Father
Waiting, listening from above.

Amen.