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A BLANKET OF SUN

When the sun shines down from up above I feel alive, and full of love.

A blanket of contentment Pulled up snug to my chin, Leave nothing but face To the change in the wind.

And face it I must For it's always the same; Ill winds will blow, That's just part of the game.

But using the sun That is stored in my heart, I can face any sorrow Until it departs.

Knowing that soon The sun will shine, A gain to recharge That blanket of mine.

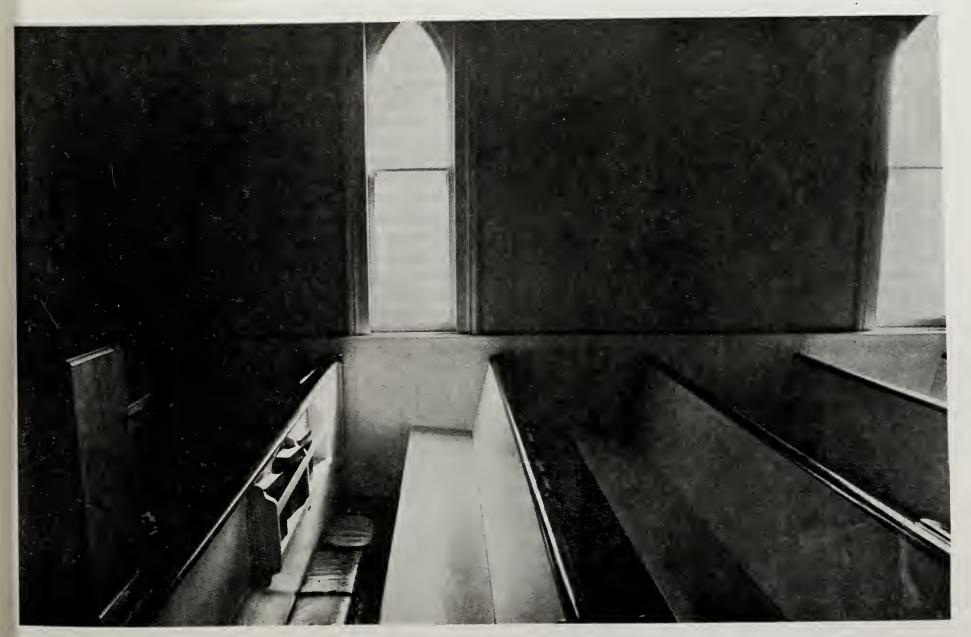
A blanket woven with faith and with hope Giving me always the strength to cope.

- Jane H. Gurney

REGENERATION

A loon calls on a quiet lake, And my soul abides in its rising. I have escaped man's gossip To ask if nature will take me back, Retell its secrets, Restore those true things that I lack, Forgotten when ambition drew me Innocent but knowing all, Divorced from earth's established order. I need once more a stellar track Reflected in the rippled moonlight, Contained within its border, An equilibrium of care That shines upon my footsteps there.

- Marianne Preston-golden



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