

# A Vision of Daisies

I am in a field of daisies.  
An array of white faces  
enclose small suns that light the day  
and send forth sweet scents of God's graces.

This field echoes the glory of God.  
I hear his Spirit whisper in the wind.  
This language rises from dark sod,  
but speaks the vibrant voice of a friend.

How blessed I am on this patch of earth!  
God tells me to preserve and protect  
his creation as a gem of great worth  
to clothe it in a silken gown of respect.

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