

FLOWERS AND SOIL OF GOD'S CREATION

As I ponder the beauty before me,
I can feel the wind as it touches my
Face, as if God has just awakened
My soul, and to sense his presence
Thinking he has just passed before
Me.



My God shows me the beauty of the
Flowers and the trees, as the gentle wind
Bends them and does no harm. The
Flow of the breeze as a humming bird
Struggles to remain still as it aggressively
Flaps its wings.

The stillness of God in His beauty of
Creation, and with the motion of the
Wind gives pause to His presence.
Do I see God as He passes by, and
Do my senses acknowledge His
Touch?

From the soil comes the flower
That grew from a seed, that was
Nourished from the rain that God
Had provided its life. Dare I
I question the gift of water that
Came from the sky?

Thank you, my Lord, as I see and feel
The beauty of your creation; the whisper
Of the wind and the breeze that tells me
You are here; the flower that grew from
The soil and the rain that stimulated its
Growth. To that I say, AMEN!

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