

# God

Plain white fields and snow of gold.  
To him above my heart was sold.  
A give and give situation at hand.  
He the God and I the man.  
Soft to touch and sweet to smell.  
The devil I will never tell.  
A heaven above, a hell below.  
God's gift am I, head to toe.  
Kept in love, lost to him.  
Another I shall never let in.  
Belonging to one, I have all that I need.  
Slow my life down, no need for the speed.  
Please let me know Lord if I am pleasing to you.  
I never intend to make your heart blue.  
If by chance a bad day arises to me.  
I know that you, with me, will then be.  
You come to me when I need you the most.  
The father, the son, the holy ghost.

By: Natalie A. Thornhill

Dedicated to Sue Weimer.