

From The Hilltop

Nature's grandeur was created by God, for all of us to
see,
But it was an architect's vision at Hagedorn, that
chose this view for me,
And for all those others, who stand here silently,
longing to be free,
As we gaze out this window, at the wondrous scenes
of splendor from Thee.

Within my boundaries of closed, sealed windows, and
behind doors with lock and key,
I'm confined with others, whose troubled futures are
not easy to foresee.
But my spirits rise as I look out this window, at
Spruce Run's beautiful shores,
Lying tucked in a valley, where I follow each bird's
flight, as it slowly rises and soars.

From high above on the hilltop, looking down on a
lush velvet-like lawn,
I watch a heard of deer meandering, until time for
play with each and every fawn.
Later, I spot a splendid young buck, with antlers that
are quite impressive.
As I closely observe this magnificent male, I note that
he's not at all aggressive.

As far as the eye can see, the grass and trees flow in a
sea of emerald green.
While up on high, an azure sky embraces clouds, all
white and newly pristine.
Then in fall, when trees shed their green, and the air
turns crisp and clean,
They display their foliage in stunning color, that's
both beautiful and quiet serene.

Within these halls there's little space to call your
own, when spent in communal living.
Yet, as we live together, and learn to share, we
become, much more forgiving.
Then, our world is transformed by our loving pastors,
who never fail to keep on giving,
Their words of comfort and prayer, that convince us
our lives are worth reliving.

We thank these emissaries, who brighten our halls,
with continual hope and joy.
They bring their words of faith, and songs with music,
that all of us so enjoy.
They are our pastors, chaplains, and volunteers,
whom God has seen fit to send,
To make our spirits soar, and add God to our lives, as
minds grow calm and mend.

We gather here in West Hall, where we meet to praise
the Lord.
Shored by our steadfast faith, we more easily face
those troubled waters that all of us must ford.
Then we prepare for the day that is sure to come,
when at last we leave our ward.
In gratitude, we look heavenward, and give thanks to
the compassion of the God we've so adored.

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