

THE PARADIGM

*Splash the brook and laugh, my son
Chase the striped ripples now,
Slide with happy feet, the moss
Climb the bended river's brow.
Run through swaying daffodils
Fright the robin from his glade,
Breathe the blue sky deep within
Watch the purple sunset fade.*

*Feel the gloaming's velvet cool
Hear the night bird call, and then
Watch the evening stars appear
Gleaming o'er the forest glen.
See the light on distant hill
Mark the passing of the day
Choose the homeward path before
Darkness overtakes your way.*

*Then before you pray tonight
Sense the blessed paradigm
You, this very day, have seen
Many signs which point to Him.
Life, itself, is like the day
Death, the warm light at the gates
Wide before your Father's house
Where He, who made the world,
Awaits.*

-- Dave Breese