

WINTER



*How cold the snow must be
Yet still the earth it warms,
To shelter now the seeds of spring
'Gainst later, colder storms.*

*How hard our trials seem
When in the grip of pain.
Yet God in grace allows them all
For future, greater gain.*

*Let minds then be renewed,
Let hearts with courage sing.
For seeds by winter's trials fed
Will blossom in the spring.*

*Then summer harvest comes
Whose bounty bids us learn.
That faith amid the snows will bring
An hundred-fold return.*

— Dave Breese