

Meditation

When you leave us, dear brother,
You shall sing to the night sky.
Your even toned voice, your gold tones,
Will be praising God as you journey to a forever Easter.
How wonderful to break the ties of gravity,
To fly on eagles' pinions.
And I shall look for that new star
Telling me you have arrived home safely.
And we will sing back to you in praise.

Lorrie Ann MacGregor

