



Spring

*We feel your presence ever near
As the seasons change each year
Good bye to the April showers
The buds are bursting forth
Making way for the beautiful flowers
As we embark on another spring
Everything old becomes refreshed and new
The birds have a song to sing
Yellow daffodils and crocus blue
Wild daisies, they all
Remind me of you
When you were small
We played outside all day
In the wonderful month of May*

Lynn Finch 2004