

I HAVE NO CHURCH.

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I have no church or creed.
The open portals of holy places,
My searching footsteps
Seem not to feel or heed.

Yet every time I stand,
At the foot of some great tree,
I have a sure feeling
That God stands there with me.

When the setting sun,
With glory, paints the evening sky;
There comes to me no fear-
I know that God is near.

Deep within woodland bowers
Where sunflecked shadows play,
Or out among the flowers
God walks with me.

Storm tossed the ocean waves
Or breaking into spray,
Know his voice-
And settling into calm obey.

To the wailing winds
He said "Be still".
He set the stars up there;
The God, "I know" is everywhere.

(K.Karg.)

