

A Prayer

By Helen J. Dixon

In case I don't wake up
to you, dear God, I pray--
I did my very best on earth
to emulate your works and ways.

Sometimes I don't feel worthy
of your loving, protecting arm.
Now I'm drifting on a happy cloud
my insides feel loose and warm.

My eyes are dreamy, dreamy
the lids heavy, want to close.
Need to rest, tired of seeing
the weary passages my life knows.

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to you, dear God, I pray--
I did my very best on earth
to emulate your works and ways.