

Time

In the wood is natural beauty, a miscellaneous assortment of trees – all shapes and sizes – all uniquely created like ourselves.

The dog wanders with freedom – always lots to be interested in – an excitement like it's her first time there.

In summer I sit on a log, gazing around me – looking up at the trees. Like God's loving arms; such protection – such certainty. Some of the trees' leaves fall – but they themselves always stand strong and tall.

When it's wet I walk around looking at the detail. God reveals something different every time – a gift, a blessing – like an answer to prayer.

Not in the ways that I would always want *but* there is a still small voice –

**“I promise to be with you always,
And will never forsake you”**