

Heaven

Please don't imagine me perched on a cloud
- frills and feathers were never my thing.

None of us knows what lies beyond,
But I'm certain that somehow life goes on
And that I'll be meeting my Father and my Lord
- and that holds no fear at all.

You see, I've met them every day as I've walked this life.
Like the dust that floats invisible and sparkles in the sun,
I've glimpsed their love
In the trusting smile of a child
The love of family and friends
And the glorious sunsets I took far too many photos of.
So Heaven won't seem strange - I've lived it already, in so many ways.

Rosemary Perrow

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