



Sweet Butterfly of Youth

*A butterfly of such size and delicacy that delights people of youth
Called upon our table, as if such invitation fulfilled
Would be only dreamt of in miraculous construe.*

*Alighting briefly upon the most of us there gathered,
While all sought refuge in conversation, and what was thought
Would nurture and sustain bodies so near to souls removed.*

Touching hearts with such determination, as deftness permits flight with you.

*Now clearly a portrait is drawn, dream-spun and woven entwined of us,
Unveiled for life's sweet sojourn past beauty to truth,
As savor we the brevity of our time, well spent together,
That becomes their moment of youth.*

*The time it takes to touch a heart or spend a life in fruitful quest,
In which God can search a soul, revealing Himself in simplicity and beauty and truth.*

Such moments, rare, become us when we dare see life as children do.

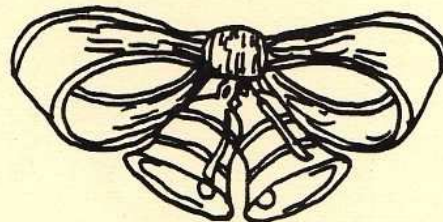
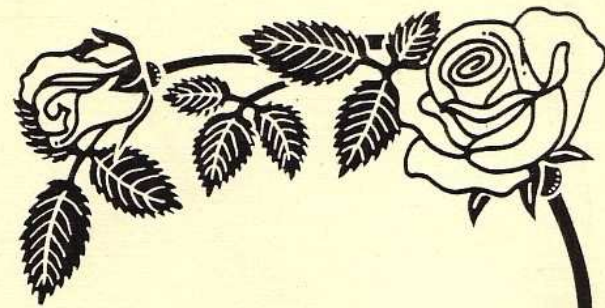
*In flights of small and trembling hearts, fluttering past the breath of morning dew,
Anointing us with their presence, in awe of us as we of you.*

*Our children gently chide us bid adieu this day, this life so fragrant and new,
As sail we past the morrow, when flight they shall renew.*

*And in knowing such brief encounter will become us, in fond remembrance
Of when, together, we came to such sad discourse of fond farewell,
Us each departing this fleeting encounter with the other,
Sweet butterfly of youth.*

by Wm. C. Anderson

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Season's Greetings

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