



## The Pearls

Glass beads painted white  
On a strand of three  
Everywhere, around my neck  
Worn for the world to see.

Not knowing why it was me you chose  
And proud I shall always be  
"such an exquisite gift", I thought  
As you gave those "pearls" to me.

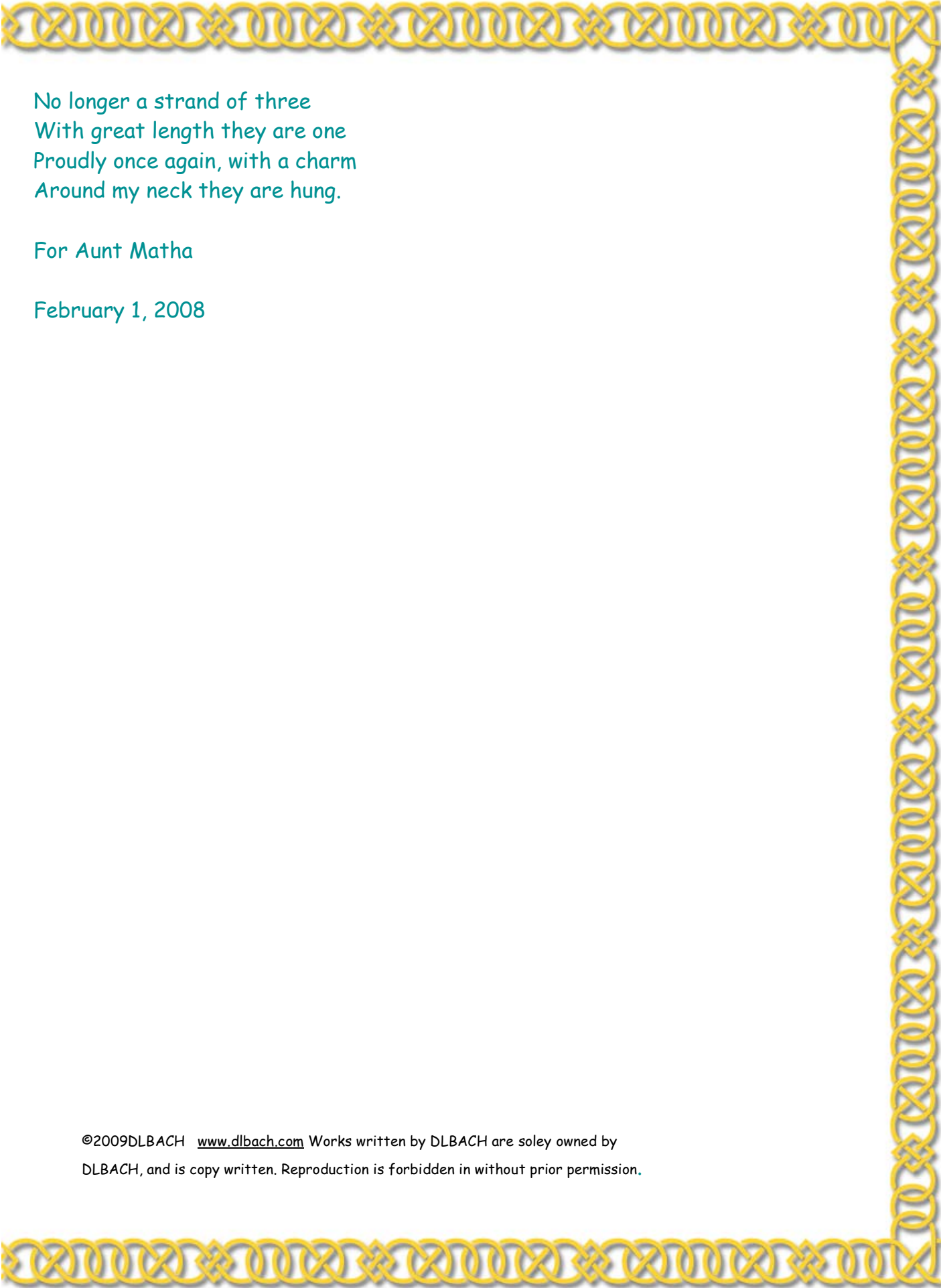
Then alas, there came a day  
I knelt and wept so bitterly  
For the "pearls" you gave were now  
Scattered on the ground in front of me.

With broken heart and teary eyes  
To God I began to plea  
Then one by one I picked up  
To place in my kerchief so tenderly.

Day after day, month after month  
They sat in a box with care  
Hoping there would come a time  
But knowing they were in disrepair.

Then I opened the box to see  
If a miracle by chance  
Had come to restore, but  
Alas, sadness was in my glance.

I took the beads so gently  
And in my hand the string  
One by one I threaded  
Until my heart did sing.



No longer a strand of three  
With great length they are one  
Proudly once again, with a charm  
Around my neck they are hung.

For Aunt Matha

February 1, 2008