There are people who never see
The beauties of this earth,
Who never pause a moment
To contemplate its worth.
It doesn’t take the keenest eye,
A special map or chart.
One only needs to want to see
And open up his heart.

Roses on a painted gate...
The loftiness of trees...
Busy birds and butterflies...
Blossoms...sifted through with bees...
Raindrops falling cool and soft
Late in an afternoon...
Parched and browning grass...revived
By a gentle storm in June.

Open your heart to these wonders,
They surround you everywhere,
Some...even the blind can see...
God provides that with his care.
But, if you don’t thrill to a rushing brook,
Or an autumn-frosted glen,
One blessing I’m sure you do behold
Is...the blessing of a friend.

Robert Stowell