

Life so dear, life so precious,
All the riches and all the treasures;
Just a little water means so much,
The cost of quality as perfect as such.

We reach into our hearts and souls,
To find our gifts and fulfil our goals;
And wonder if the world will spin,
That in the end we all will win.

Like peace of mind and flowing streams,
The rain beats down in flowing teams;
So if it's all too much to cope,
But yet there's beauty and still there's hope.

The mountains rise to meet the sky,
With snow capped peaks that reach so high;
It's like you take a breath of eternity,
And you carried off to turn into a city.

The win winds through the howling trees,
The storm passes out across the seas;
The trickling sun flows brightly down,
Of golden light and across a town.

It is like a perfect heaven setting,
Of God and grace and no regretting;
Like clouds that sit all day without care;
The life to live is one of prayer,

Signed,

Place of plenty