



*Nature's pattern is our own,
velvet covers the patient stone,
autumn covers the late gold flowers,
and winter empties the endless hours.*

*"Never again," the weaklings moan,
"can there be spring, despair's full-grown";
and true that is for the blinded eye,
the ear full-stopped by the faithless cry.*

*But for the eye, believing, closed
until the pattern is exposed,
there slowly enters in the night
a knowledge of a dawning light.*

J. T.



Christmas Greetings
from
Anne Parrish Titzell
1950

so lots of love