

I give you this one thought to keep -  
I am with you still - I do not sleep.  
I am a thousand winds that blow,  
I am the diamond glints on snow,  
I am the sunlight on ripened grain,  
I am the gentle autumn rain.  
When you awaken in the morning's hush,  
I am the swift, uplifting rush  
Of quiet birds in circled flight.  
I am the soft stars that shine at night.  
Do not think of me as gone -  
I am with you still - in each new dawn.

*Native American Prayer*



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