

The spirit is the wind and sun shines down,
The hot and dry are blown around:
From sand and sea to desert and sun.
The world turns around since the earth begun.

The dry free air is the breath of God,
As seasons come and turn from hot to cold:
The icy chills or a gustily gale,
Are found in Winter when the sun is pale.

The summer blows its fierce winds of old,
When time has been and the sun is gold:
To heavens place of love beyond compare,
To a place that's still and love is prayer.

Now when the spring has been and sprung,
And birds are there with songs they've sung,
The new life breathes its breath of life,
The breeze that blows between the trees.

So then in Autumns fall of leaves,
When sun has been and burnt the trees,
The brown leaves die and fall to the ground,
As a rustling wind blows them around.

Now sin and wind are the spirit of God,
When sun has been and water flood,
The wind moves out across the sea,
To lands of plenty for you and me.

Signed,

Love and Thirst