

It was a wild and windy day, The skies were dark the clouds were grey; It must have been an
inward spark, From
the fire within that lit my heart.

There was not much here that I could do,
But put my faith and trust in you;
The hope I had was all id need,
That you my God die and lead.

The wind did blow a mighty gale,
Which might of developed and turned to hale;
But you my Lord were my comfort there,
As the wind howled on without a care.

The rain was beating down do fierce,
In my soul it did roar and my heart it pierce.
It was strong beyond all imaginable strength ,
Like the devil angry at his arms full length.

It was tormenting both the mind and soul,
As destruction like broth in a bowl;
The branches in the trees blew hard,
And scattered them around the road and yard.

There might have been a stop to it,
For like day, of my youth I was feeling fit;
But not so fast could my brain so act,

For this time alone was for my God to attract.

Signed,

Drawing the woman of the wind