

The Stoning

by Jody Neff

She smiled at each of them—
Her heart was glad
To love each little one
And smooth his cares;
They laughed and played about
Her full, bright skirts;
With cheerful faces they ran
The meadows wide.
Then, all at once,
They left her quite alone,
Save one who did
Remind her with a stone!

A Poem

by Martha Moldt

Of all of God's created beauty
That we behold on earth,
The zenith is
That we love;
And that in loving we give
Even the palest reflection
Of the essence
Of the source
Of all of the created beauty
That we behold on earth.