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Title: **Page-097_Book of Remembrance**
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Date:

HOW WORSHIP THEE

So perfect comes man from the womb,

As perfect could he reach the tomb,

Potential Gods, each can aspire,

Yet lose the throne for base desire.

So glib of tongue, his prayers ring out,

Hymns of praise inh lusty shout.

Deceived by clever guise of sin,

Himself destroys his soul within.

Man, free to climb the untold height,

Seek grace within the Master's sight;

No earthbound roots to hold him down,

Yet dies unworthy of the crown.

Nature lives so brief a span,

Yet with ease out-worships man.

In one short season, seed to pod,

Brings forth a perfect bloom for God.

Elayne T. Anderson