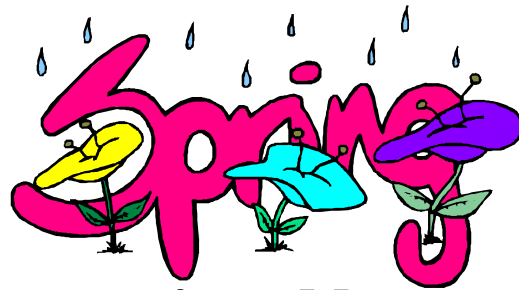


There is



in Heaven too!

Dear God, it's spring! Give me the strength to recognize its meaning.
Your harbingers of the season cautiously grace our presence.
Lo! I saw my first robin just a few days ago,
And that bush of pussy willows mysteriously awoke over night.
"Was it only yesterday that you claimed my child to join your celebration?"

Each spring:

When Thy mighty hand reaches down to perform its miracles, I'll remember.
When the dying grass turns from brown to thriving green, I'll remember.
When the barren branches burst forth with blossoms and later fruit, I'll remember.
When the frozen waters flow freely and ripple with delight, I'll remember.
When the hibernating creatures awake and trod the dry ground, I'll remember.
When the birds return with their cheerful songs and melodies, I'll remember.
When the raindrops replenish the earth from its ravenous thirst, I'll remember.
When the daffodils and tulips pop through the crusted ground, I'll remember.

I'll remember, Lord God. Always! But especially every spring.
Your Plan for us is to witness the spiritual awakening and rebirth.
I'll remember that The Resurrection is the message of spring.
I'll remember that in Heaven, other family and my child wait for me.
And I'll remember that in Heaven, the celebration of spring is forever.

