



FACULTY

As each flower lifts its drooping head
into the rising sun,
Thanksgiving is in the beauty of its life
begun.

As the day becomes the shell of
featherless night,
Thanks is given in the beauties of the
height.

As the winds and rain, perhaps snow,
sweep thru the fields to cleanse,
Every blade of grass, every leaf, even
the humble weed
Is bent in honor such is their innate
sense,
For cleanliness is thanks for such a deed.
