



Receiving Personal Revelation

By Sharon Nauta Steele

*A sweet breeze rustles the leaves
of my quaking aspen tree.
I see them flutter—
silver ripples on white branches—
and know that spring is moving
into summer.*

*I am no newcomer
to subtleties of season,
and my reason for standing here
near windows opening on sky
is to feel and know God's whisperings—
as soothing, soft, and kind
as wafts of warm, fresh air.
I feel His promptings in my mind
and know beyond a shadow He is there.*