



Native American Prayer

I give you this one thought to keep:
I am with you still – I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow,
I am the diamond glints on snow,
I am the sunlight on ripened grain,
I am the gentle autumn rain.

When you awaken in the morning's hush,
I am the swift, uplifting rush of
quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft stars that shine at night.

Do not think of me as gone —
I am with you still — in each new dawn!