**Wooden Cross**

**By Kathy Hawkins**

As the morning sun rises and through the window does glow

Another day starts with thanksgiving and prayers that flow

She holds the small wooden cross in her withering hand

The sides have been rubbed smooth as glass made by sand

Her daily activities though slower than in years past

Are accomplished walking side by side with one who is vast

Now the days more simple than the ones of yesteryear

No more children to feed, bathe, or wipe away tears

Time moves forward and nothing stands still

Except for the love of the one above who died on that hill

That wooden cross in her pocket she holds as she goes through the

Day. A Reminder of who walks with her each and every step of the day.

*April Newsletter, Sumner Center UMC*