

## ICE CRYSTALS

Ice crystals form on the old oak tree,  
‘Tis God’s creation for all to see.  
As the sun rises to meet the day,  
The crystals melt and slip away,  
Down to the ground to be a part  
Of yet another work of heavenly art.

Now all the beauty of the vegetation  
Awakes to the spring of God’s creation;  
As the moisture rises throughout the leaves  
God paints a picture of summer trees.

The beauty of nature God turns around,  
As the green of summer turns to autumn brown,  
And yellow, and red, and all colors nice.  
And just think,  
God started with just a little ice.

*By Charles R. Rose*

Written in the winter of 1987 while “iced in” at home.