

THE PURPLE ROSE

It's oh so delicate as everyone knows.
The beauty known as the purple Rose.
It's power is only covered by one,
And we know Him as the Holy Son.

It glistens with the morning dew
A reminder of a day that's new.
A new way of life for those in need,
To fight this battle and to succeed.

The strength that's held within the stem
Becomes stronger with the help of men;
The leaves are reaching for the sky
To catch the tears that we will cry.

The petals shine with the holy light,
That we find missing in the night.]
They cradle our fears and help us cope,
This purple rose that we call HOPE.

Relay for Life
Survivor walk 2009

By Barbara Cochran.