

MY GRANDMOTHER

By Paralee Eadie

Once I knew not God,
Nor the blessings of His grace.
I felt not His love,
Nor the strength of His embrace.

Then there was one
Who was like no other,
She was my dear,
Loving, praying Grandmother.

She'd rise up at dawn
And begin every day
Reading her Bible,
Then bowing to pray.

Bless her, dear Lord,
For what seems a small part,
For it was her prayers
That led me straight to Your heart.