

THE PASTURE GATE
By Paralee Eadie

**It started quite by chance one day,
This meeting at the gate,
As father and son took a break,
It was the hand of fate.**

**Each took a little rest that day,
A short pause from their toil
To drink in the garden's beauty
And the smell of moistened soil.**

**The pasture gate afforded
A view of garden and field,
But a greater seed was planted
That this view was soon to yield.**

**Dad shared his boyhood memories,
The son, his hopes and dreams,
Mingling past with present,
A two generation team.**

**Only God knew that day
The love they would communicate,
This father and his grown son
As they leaned on the pasture gate.**