

## An Invocation of Grace

The fog settles in, resting on top  
of the soft ground,  
giving the new baby grasslings a  
gentle kiss good morning.

The hazy appearance of heaven,  
dropping down to visit,  
declares that Jesus is alive today,  
yearning for us.

A chill in the air, reminds us of  
the winter we have endured in  
hopes of a fresh new spring being  
released into attendance.

The stone has rolled away, and we  
celebrate today with the hope  
that has been nailed down for us  
in eternity.

{He has RISEN}

-LuLu