

My dearest friend said to me the  
other day, wasn't your trip to Disney  
most momentous in any way.

But, a Disney trip didn't mean as  
much to me, as the squirrel God sent  
for me to see.

Sitting still on a sun drenched day  
I noticed her running back & forth  
from tree to tree.

A lump was visible in her mouth.  
and I wondered ~~why~~ she hurt herself.

She must have sensed my deep  
concern and travelled rapidly for my  
iscern.

Swiftly & with purpose she ran to  
my startled side. And, in my chair  
room up above — I looked down, and  
aw her lone.

The stuff so sweet — her baby —  
ntly held between her teeth.

~~Of her as she steadily gazed into~~  
~~my eyes — the miracle & wonder of~~  
~~it was — It was God that I~~  
~~could recognize~~  
~~at the border of it all? as~~