

SPIRITUAL MEDITATION

by
Ortha Green

A silence falls on our spirit,
As we open the creaky door
Of a little country church.
But our hearts rejoice once more.

In dreams the Pastor greets us,
And the warm clasp of his hand,
Speaks of the love of the Savior
As he led his earthly band.

His words were sent from Heaven,
From the Bible a text he took,
And as he read the message
His voice with tenderness shook.

Then from the small organ
Came melodies sweet and low.
In whispered tones the choir sang,
"With the Savior we will go."

Each rebellious soul quivered,
At this Holy scene so rare.
Devout Minister — humble people,
And voices blending in prayer.

Written after visiting some old country Churches in Wayne county, and opening the door of Richardson Chapel on Oct 7, 1962, where I stood meditating.

Richardson Chapel To Be Dedicated May 29, 1971

