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100  
A thunder clap resounded loud,  
Then lightening split a cloud.  
On the land a torrent fell,  
And Earth became a living hell.  
Nature loosed her mighty wrath  
On every object in her path.  
Trees bogged down, roads washed  
And all small creatures were for route.  
For many days and as many nights  
The stars kept hid their twinkling  
The sun and moon their glory store  
As a miser keeps his hidden hoard.

Admist the chaos of Natures wrath,  
There wound a small but cheerful path,  
Where withered grass was not the sight,  
And the sun shone forth its precious light.  
Mirth and laughter filled the air  
In contrast to the earth's despair.  
God 's presence seemed to warm the place,  
And his light shone on every face.

C  
My poor body was torn and tired  
Of facing weather, Imp inspired.  
I wanted to live a happy life,  
And leave behind that awful strife.  
So I eagerly sought this respite,  
Safe from the world of natures might.  
Every hill and mound and plain  
I searched and sought, but all in vain.  
The way to that hidden road  
Was as hard to find as God's abode.  
When I felt it near to me  
Something happened and it would flee.

MANY OF MY FRIENDS HAVE FOUND THIS TRAIL  
AND I OFTEN WONDER WHY I FAIL.