

In the Garden of Her Days

She found her peace where flowers grow,
in quiet rose and morning glow
with hands in soil and heart in bloom,
she brushed away the world's Gray gloom.

Each pedal held a whispered prayer,
each season knew her tender care.
the garden bloomed beneath her touch,
a sign that loves still means so much.

Though now she walks where lilies rise,
beneath more vast and starry skies,
we'll feel her near in sun and rain,
in every rose that blooms again.