



Patricia Lucille Wilfong

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God Looked

God looked around His garden

And found an empty place.

He then looked down upon the earth,

And saw your tired face.

He put His arms around you

And lifted you to rest.

God's garden must be beautiful

He always takes the best.

He saw the road was getting rough,

And the hills were hard to climb,

So He closed your weary eyelids,

And whispered "Peace be thine."

It broke our hearts to lose you

But you didn't go alone,

For part of us went with you

The day God called you home.