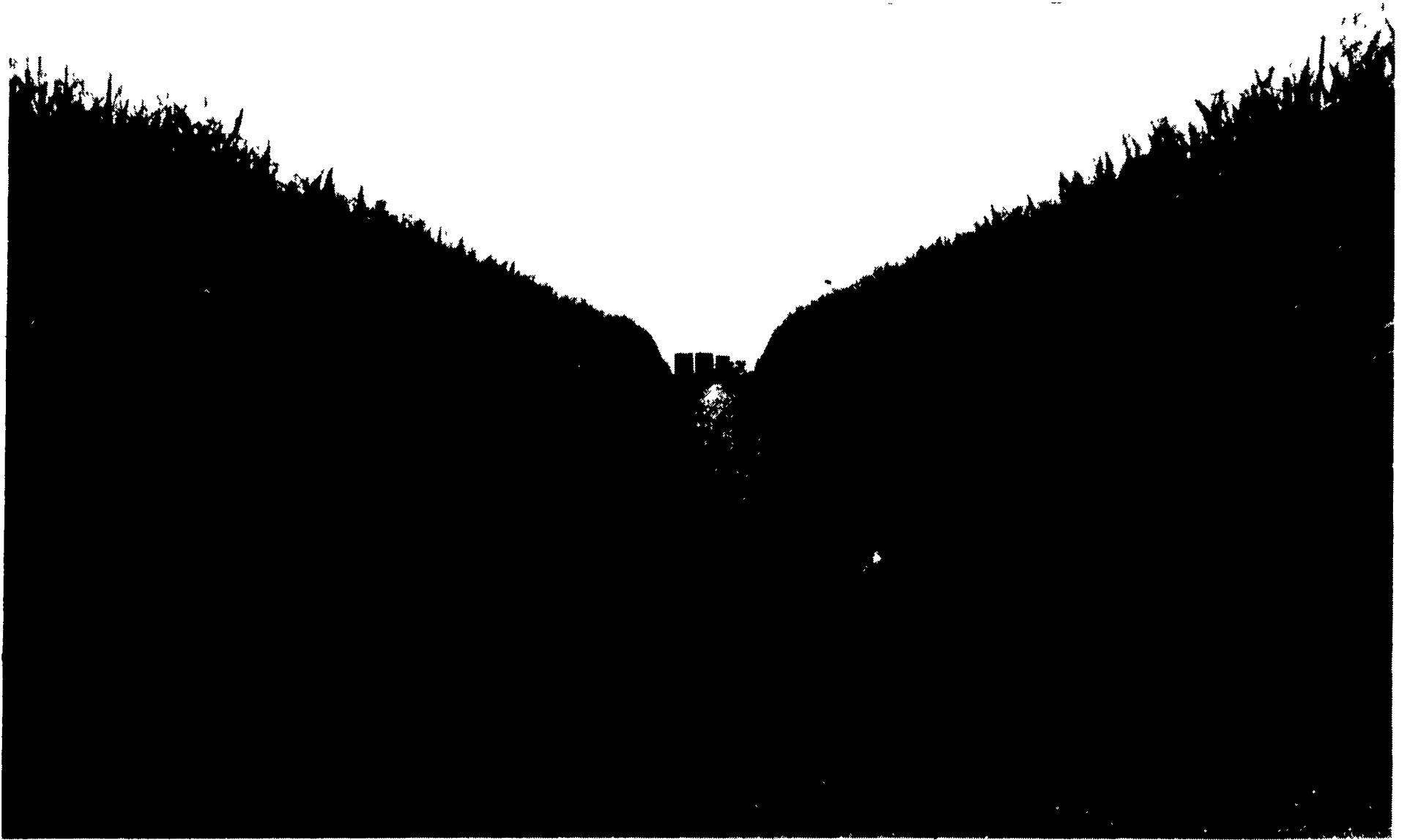


It's been a year for 'Canyons of Corn'



Hope and prayer,

and His blessing

BYDICK ANGLESTEIN

The past three months quickly have slipped by
Since with hope, faith and prayer the fields were born;
To grow into tasseled fingers reaching to the sky
To form large, rolling and undulating canyons of corn.

The tall leafy sentinels all stand in a perfect row
Offering a silent, majestic greeting early in the morn;
As we jump into the tractor cab so eager to go
And move out through our ear-laden canyons of corn.

Last year, each plant resembled a stunted, dwarfed midget
So shockingly drooped, dried out and forlorn;
As forgotten stewards we could only nervously fidget
And hope for a coming year of canyons of corn.

Exactly one year ago, the sun-parched dead leaves
Were bone-dry, wind-tattered and torn;
But this year the wavy green sea weaves
Our long and winding canyons of corn.

Last year, both our patience and purse
Were frayed, empty and deeply worn;
The yields of puny ears were slight and terse
As compared to this year's canyons of corn.

Soon, as autumn's winds begin to sharply blow
And, it's time for the fields to be shorn
To mix stubble with winter's fluffy, white snow
As silent witness to our canyons of corn.

On high, billowy and fleecy clouds, milky and trim
Form a pure white canopy meant to adorn
And memorialize our heart-felt thanks to Him
For providing our much-needed canyons of corn.



abundant rain,

bring Canyons of Corn

