

*"Come to Me,
all you who labor
and are burdened,
and I will give you rest.*

*Take My yoke upon you,
and learn from Me,
for I am meek
and humble of heart,
and you will find
rest for your souls...."*

— The Lord

Light of Angels

In our state of consciousness
Can angels walk among us
And not be moved with man's affairs
Everything taken upon beautification
Even trees, man improves upon the
crown
Angels dance in the shadows
Checking on nature's elements
Each day goes measured
As feeble existence finds way
Even a count is called for flowers
God's Perfection and Mercy —
Constant beautification

— James Collins