

PRAISE

By Paralee Eadie

**The seas toss and the oceans roar,
The mighty waves swell and raise
Then break and pound upon the shore,
Thundering out God's praise.**

**Silently the wood violet grows,
Hidden in a tiny glen,
Sending forth her gentle bouquet,
Wafting God's praises to men.**

**The gentle breezes whisper low.
The trade winds are wild and free.
The mighty North winds shout and blow,
Praising God in symphony.**

**Don't imitate another's praise.
God made only one of you.
Lift your voice in unique ways,
Praising God in all you do.**