

Winter by Asher Stevenson (aged 9)

Crystals fall from above,

silently settling into a milk white carpet.

The robin sings his merry song, of praises to our Maker.

The fire crackles in the hearth, peace is everywhere.

The sun gleams down onto the ground.

Glory to God for making this beauty, for his creation like a crown,
set with jewels and gold.