



### **My Farm**

My farm to me is not just land  
Where bare unpainted buildings stand—  
To me, my farm is nothing less  
Than all created loveliness.

My farm is not where I must soil  
My hands in endless dreary toil  
But where, through seed and swelling pod  
I've learned to walk, and talk with God.

My farm, to me, is not a place  
Outmoded by the modern race  
For there, I think, I just see less  
Of evil, greed, and selfishness.

My farm's a haven—here dwells rest,  
Security and happiness—  
Whate'er befalls the world outside  
Here faith and hope and love abide.

And so my farm is not just land  
Where bare unpainted buildings stand—  
To me, my farm is nothing less  
Than all God's hoarded loveliness.

*In Loving Memory*



*Benda P. Spokely*

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