

**For C Z B,
Discovered in the Produce Department**

We've only talked a time or two
Or three or maybe ten
But every passing word we've had
Leaves seeds that sprout again.

For some hid reason, God just knows
The beaus have passed her by;
She has a way of blending in
That fools the untrained eye

I see in her, a hidden prize
Invisible to hasty eyes;
It took my hunter's eye to see
What a lovely wife she'd some day be.

For since she wears no ornaments
Or paint like many a modern lass
Her *could-be* suiters, shopping by,
Like unskilled hunters, blindly pass.

Our talks reveal a spritely mind,
A fine and wise intelligence,
And a heart in love with Jesus,
So her, unwed, makes little sense.

Maybe when she was growing up
Some thoughtless mockery put her down,
Or someone in the family
Spoke harshly with a daily frown.

What ere the cause, Lord, sing her psalms,
Remind her of your boundless love,
And that you have great plans for her

To 'lift her up where she belongs.'

Likely You have a mate in store
Who will not pass her by;
Who'll stop, astonished, when he sees
The love light shining in her eyes.

Until that day, I wish her joy
And fortune's loving smile,
And that she keeps bright hope alive;
Sometimes God takes a while.

Gene Pinkney 24-08-24- Happy Birthday