

A VISIT TO A RURAL CHURCH

Walking on the hallowed ground
Where pilgrims walked before,
My mind was full of questions
And a pervading sense of awe.

People have come here for ages,
Travelling from near and far.
Walking is now superseded
By a modern motor car.

From the marble columns to the polished pew,
Many prayers have been uttered here,
That eased the mind and spirit
And allayed any fear.

On leaving, my feelings are,
Put into just one sentence,
I have been a witness
To a serene and calming presence.

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