

## Heavenly Blessings In Auckland

Sometimes, blessings may seem less than they truly are  
freshness and grace seeming to play hide and seek  
Yet they are here, they are there, heavenly sent and earthly enjoyed  
waiting only to be waited upon and received (like love)  
Like speckles of mist visiting our souls from open, yearning skies  
gently wetting our faces 'midst the forest near Auckland  
(In a hidden place under rising peaks and a descending valley  
unpretentious, yet piercing in the simplicity of summer greens)  
The mist, oh so fresh, but easily undervalued and seeming unquantified  
until lifted eyes thrill at the increase of its gathering effect  
Waters accumulating, cheerful, like a young ballet dancing on her little toes  
in purity blessing us in the freshened pond under the falls  
My wife and I standing in the waters with unclothed feet  
like two silly toddlers loving the moment  
We, reveling and playing with children's hearts under the gifting skies,  
enjoying how small waters bathe our hearts so well