



# DALE



A child, not yet two - and yet ...  
I bore him, he is mine ...  
Or so my heart would want.  
Yet in that small boy  
Lies a destiny far beyond my reach.  
I love him;  
I hold him;  
I call him my own.  
My home is his home;  
My God is his God.  
Yet in all of this  
I am so small.  
I mold, but life makes.  
I dream, but time creates realities  
Some day a man, now a child.  
Mine to hold, but God's to have.

*Lyn Arthur*

