

DEBORAH, DAUGHTER,

Loving feelings come and go
Blowing like the wind through trees,
Swaying people to and fro,
Leaving them like fickle breeze.

Loving actions come to stay,
Building trunks from roots down deep.
Feelings promise; actions pay.
Let love's deeds your heart strings keep.

Your loving Father.

— *David L. Hatton, 1/5/1998*