



## A TESTIMONY GROWS

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Through mountain and valley I roam,  
Searching for something,  
Waiting for a clear image,  
Expecting something startling,  
    shocking, or revealing.  
Yet God, in His wisdom, let me  
Listen to the secret whisper of pines,  
Gaze at crystal-cut stars,  
Watch a golden sun sink behind age-old hills,  
Tenderly hold a hand,  
And slowly I began to know . . .