



## MY KITE

BY ERIN CAMP WORLAND

I went outside to fly my kite  
One breezy day in spring.  
I wondered just how high it would go,  
So let out all the string.  
With the end held firmly in my grasp,  
My thoughts began to flow:  
Oh, how much higher could it fly  
If I'd just let it go?  
With that, my hand released the string,  
And much to my surprise,  
It fell straight down  
Instead of soaring through the skies.  
What went wrong, I asked myself,  
This made no sense at all.  
I tried and tried again, but each time  
All it did was fall.  
So, one last time I ran  
To let the breeze lift up the kite.  
I let the string out to the end  
But this time held on tight.  
I smiled as I gazed upon  
Those colors way up high.  
I realized that, like my kite,  
We too need string to fly.  
Our string is called the gospel,  
And its purpose now is sure.  
Temptation's wind may tug and pull,  
But our string can help us soar.  
I'll hold on tight to what I know,  
And like my kite I'll be.  
The gospel doesn't hold us back,  
Instead it makes us free!