



## Receiving Personal Revelation

By Sharon Nauta Steele

*A sweet breeze rustles the leaves  
of my quaking aspen tree.  
I see them flutter—  
silver ripples on white branches—  
and know that spring is moving  
into summer.*

*I am no newcomer  
to subtleties of season,  
and my reason for standing here  
near windows opening on sky  
is to feel and know God's whisperings—  
as soothing, soft, and kind  
as wafts of warm, fresh air.  
I feel His promptings in my mind  
and know beyond a shadow He is there.*