

## Unto the Hills

*The prophet said, "I will lift mine eyes  
Unto the hills." And eternal skies  
Promised help for our earthly woe --  
And scripture said, "It is written so."*

*These are comforts to be applied  
Through earthly grief and through holocaust  
Of agony, and when all is lost,  
And existence itself is but poor excuse  
For pain and torture and all abuse  
The world inflicts. We must put aside  
Our thoughts and intellect -- all we know --  
And believe some power willed it so.*

*And on the hills, what do we all find?  
Only the high-strung receptive mind  
Can see beyond the limited sphere  
Of every day, or believe that Man  
On a God-given earth could ever span  
The infinite wisdom and read it right,  
Or know what God meant with eternal light  
and truth. The hills that rear  
The stoic summits toward the sky  
Are ever immobile and are mute  
To a verbal plea from the destitute.*

*A soul that searches for vocal proof  
Finds the hills silent and quite aloof  
From worldly grief. No solace here  
For the human agonies that sear  
The falling heart and that leave it weak,  
Or despairing mind that would search and seek  
Some comforts in Man's philosophy  
Of an infinite God or eternity.*

*But beyond the hills, an immortal sky  
Holds sun and rain -- the cosmic ply  
Of unseen silent forces here  
That hold the earth in a given sphere.  
Whatever the skeptic and hopeless feel,  
Seen or unseen, all life is real  
And born of truth. Though void of word,  
The quiet hills can still be heard . . .  
Composite of the sun and sod,  
To verify that **they** see God.*



From "After This Harvest", Copyright 1964 Elvina Granlie McNamara,  
Triangle Publishing Company, Dallas, Texas.