

Butt Prints in the Sand

One night I had a wondrous dream,
One set of footprints there were seen,
The footprints of my precious Lord,
But mine were not along the shore.
But then some stranger prints appeared,
And I asked the Lord, "What have we here?"
Those prints are large and round and neat,
"But Lord, they are too big for feet."
"My child," he said in somber tones,
"for miles I carried you alone.
I challenged you to walk in faith,
But you refused and made me wait."
"You disobeyed, you would not grow,
The walk of faith you would not know,
So I got tired, I got fed up,
And there I dropped you on your butt."
Because in life, there comes a time,
When one must fight and one must climb
When one must rise and take a stand,
Or leave their butt prints in the sand.

In Memory Of

Beverley M. Powell

September 4, 1940 - September 2, 2019

Graveside Services and Interment

1:00 PM Saturday September 7, 2019

Viola Cemetery

Officiating

Reverend Harry Losey

Family

Daughters: Peggy Duncan

Debby Powell

Five grandchildren

Nine great grandchildren

Sister: Joyce (Marvin) Smith

Several nieces and nephews

Parents: Charles "Wylie" and Gertrude Mae Guthrie

Brother: Charles Guthrie