

## **Sculptor of Life**

Chisel in hand stood the sculptor boy  
With his marble block before him,  
And his face lit up with a smile of joy  
As an angel dream passed o'er him.  
He craved that dream on the yielding stone  
With many a sharp incision;  
I Heaven's own light the sculptor shone -  
He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we as we stand,  
With our lives uncarved before us,  
Waiting the hour when at God's command  
Our Life – dream passes o'er us.  
Let us Carve it then on the yielding stone  
With many a sharp incision  
It's Heavenly beauty shall be our own -  
Our lives, that angel vision.

By Sonya Kraus