

A POEM FROM SHERIFA TO HER HUSBAND, FRANKLIN

There's a face in my heart, a Christ-like face,
Do you wonder just who it may be?
It's my husband, whose gentle eyes Speak of love always to me.

I know that if worship can truly exist Apart from the God of Man,
Then I worship this one whom I know to be
A part of the God-like clan.

I never knew what happiness meant
Until one day, he smiled gently at me,
Then all through my heart leaped a strange new fire
And I cried out, I love, Oh, how I love thee!

Here on this earth where sorrow and pain
Take such heavy toll of men,
I sought and found a love so fine
It is far beyond the ken of man.

So now to you, my darling, I sing a song of deep love.
May life ever lead you on upwards, till we meet again above?
Nevermore to be parted, never more to fear
That strange heart fluttering which seems to say
Death, dear one, soon draws near.

Your will and my will have merged at last into ONE.
And wherever you may be, there I'll be sure to come.
So know that I love you as never I dreamed to love anyone.

To you, my lover, my husband, Franklin, I have come,
From the high place called heaven, to spend just a little while
To bask in the love you gave me and to leave you content awhile.
For where I am going, there you will be sure to come,
And we live happily after, as we move as One.