

Small Steps

by Doreen Tamminga

Drip by drip,
Too slow to see,
An icicle grows
As big as me!

Creeping high
But moving slow,
I cannot see
The pole bean grow.

I stretch tall --
As tall can be --
Can't wait to see
The grown-up me.

By small steps
A mountain's climbed...
It all just seems
To take such time!

Yet from God
Comes each new day,
So I'll not rush
The hours away,

But use them well
And one day see
What drips and steps
Will come to be!

