

It was the most beautiful voice I had ever heard, so soothing, so comforting as it said; Leave this to me; Some unknown power took over, and the next thing I knew my car and I were both on the hard shoulder of the motorway. The car was a complete wreck, but I was unharmed.

Later on, when in bed at home, I was aware of someone in the bedroom. On looking at the foot of the bed I saw a figure of a man in robes. I could not see a face but, there was no mistaking that wonderful voice, and all it said was, Oh, Duncan, Duncan, is it so hard for you to come to me? I am not a man given easily to tears, but this was something different, very different, and I cried and cried bitterly, until I was overcome with sleep and exhaustion.

When I awoke I remembered everything in detail, and I felt sad, because I then recalled all the many times I had been in grave danger during the war, and not once did I call upon the Lord, who so obviously had looked after me through thick and thin. I had so foolishly put my good fortune down to lady luck. Such is the way men of little faith think. I am now a different person.

I know now that the Lord has forgiven me my many sins, and just as before, he is always there when I need him most.

If you read my poems, may they bring a touch of tender feeling to your heart, and truly bless you with the same reward and pleasure that the Lord bestowed on me when compiling them. Praise be to God.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL.

THE KINDEST MAN.

The kindest man to walk this earth,
came from up above.

Yet foolish men still moved away,
from the blessing of his love.

There is a wideness in Gods mercy,
wider than the greatest sea.

There is kindness in his justice,
worth more than liberty.

The love of God is so much greater,
than the greatest measure of mankind.

His love he shares with all so freely,
for He is love personified.

There is much more redemption,
in the blood that has been shed.

There is joy for all believers,
when they pass their brush with death

Listen to the voice of mercy,
as it whispers in the breeze.

Let it echo with new vigour,
till it puts your mind at ease.

May the Autumn rains pour on you,
and in it,s torrent sweep away,
all the dead seeds that were in you,
and kept you from Gods gentle ways.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL.