



Grace

Just what it is to have the grace, the gift of such personality,
So calm and wise and always kind, a smile that's a pleasure to see,
And on entering a room it seems the ambiance grows lighter,
So, after the briefest moment, each future just seems brighter.

A presence that for each of us brings comfort and such joy,
In every chat and moment, be it with woman, man or boy,
Poise and class are plainly seen on all and each occasion,
And deep beneath clear smiling eyes a mind of sharp suasion.

But modest and unassuming shields her depth from passers-by,
Her strength and mindfulness belies the outward, quiet, shy,
Things are better when we are in her midst; She knows not, what's the fuss,
"O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us to see oursels as ithers see us"

With acknowledgements to Robbie Burns for the last line 😊