

## AT THE SHRINE OF SANTA MONICA

I have a fatal malady, and couldn't sleep last night  
So I took a walk at day-break, along the ocean front  
And humbly implored a favorite Saint, as I knelt that day  
To intercede and say a prayer,  
Like she did for Augustine.

In the silence of that day-break, my faith was born anew,  
And the sun broke through upon her shrine  
Just like a halo too.  
And I heard a heavenly voice softly say to me,  
God saved my son St. Augustine.  
I'll intercede for thee.

It's here I see His handiwork,  
The mountains and the sea,  
And I know He marks the sparrow's fall,  
And He watches over me.

Now I go back in reverence,  
And watch the seagulls play  
And I thank my God for favors,  
And the joy of letting me  
Live in this earthly paradise,  
Santa Monica by the sea.

He wrote this while waiting for death.