

**Title: Destinations**

**Subtitle: Poetry**

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People get confused with who is God;  
Some think him a sod who trips us up,  
Chucks us away like the chaff,  
Don't make us laugh.  
God is the father of us all,  
Really helps us through;  
Yes, even you.  
Why must we chastise,  
And blaspheme;  
Don't we see God is true?  
Whom do we blame when it is bad?  
But our Dad;  
Who planted the seed,  
Made our creed.  
Do we think it is all by chance;  
That is only first glance,  
Look at it all to yet enhance.