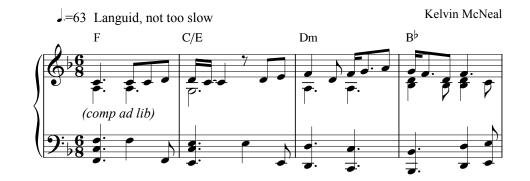
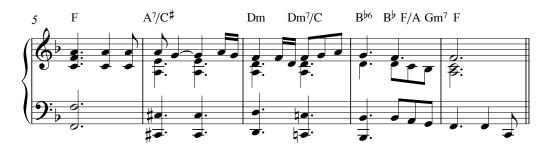
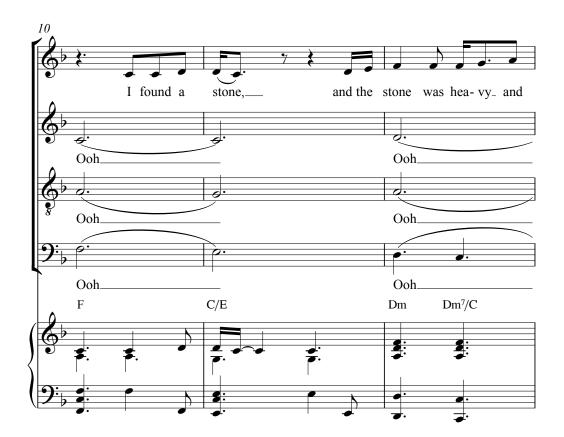
THE STONE ROLLS AWAY

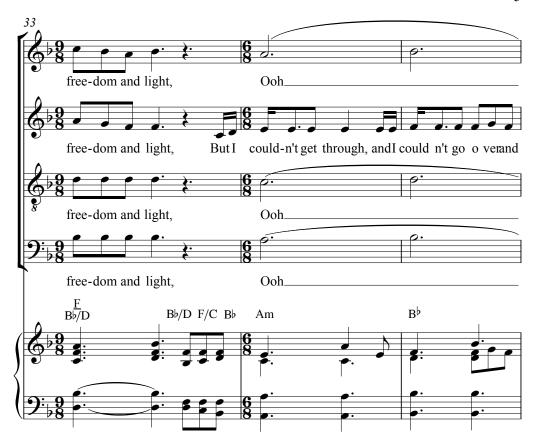


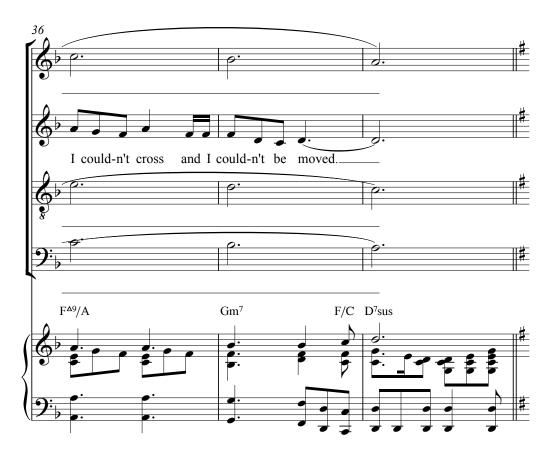




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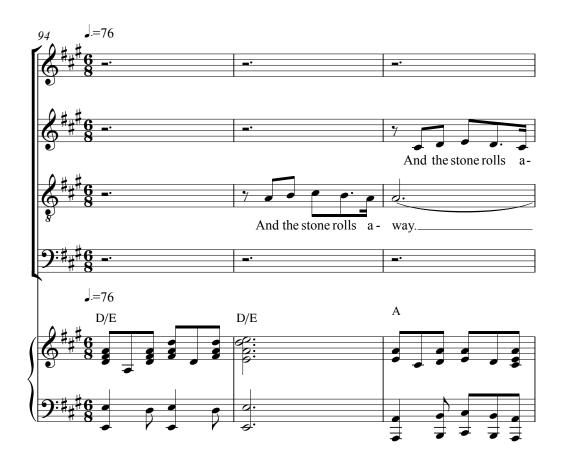
















## The stone rolls away

## by Kelvin McNeal

I found a stone, and the stone was heavy and couldn't be moved,

I found a cloud and the cloud was gray and I couldn't see through.

I looked under the stone, behind the cloud,

for light and air and grace and hope.

I found a river, and the river was wide and it couldn't be crossed,

I found a forest, and the forest was deep and I'd only get lost.

And I looked beyond the river and the forest,

for grace and peace and freedom and light,

- But I couldn't get through, and I couldn't go over and I couldn't cross and I couldn't be moved.
- Finally I found a drop of sunlight and it warmed the stone, yes, it warmed the stone,
- Finally I found a breath of breeze, and it melted the cloud, oh, it melted the cloud.
- And I looked through the trees, and the river was parted, by light and air and grace and freedom and hope.

And then I found my heart, and the stone rolled away.

And then I found my sight, and the cloud blew away

And then I found the light, and the air and the grace and the peace And then that drop of sun was the infinite presence of light.

And then that breath of breeze was the infinite presence of air,

And then I found the grace, and the peace and the joy and the love and the freedom.

And the stone rolls away.