

In sunshine and shade
Through forests of pine,
Myles searched for places
Where peace he could find.



Though steel was his trade In town down below, His heart yearned for trails Where wild waters flow.





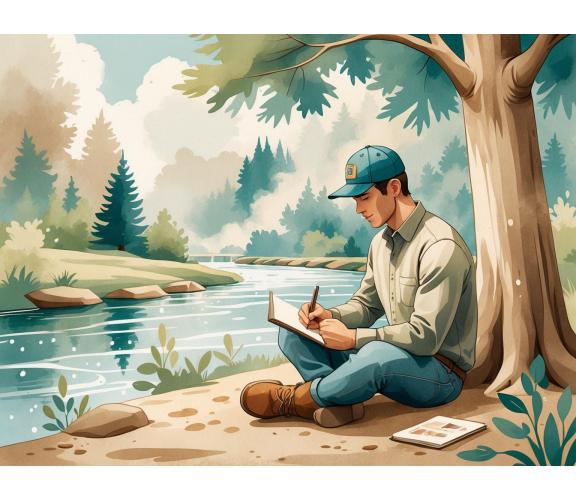
Each weekend he'd pack
His tent and his gear,
To camp by the lake
Where skies were so clear.

He studied the ways
That nature designed,
How trees caught the wind
And streams were aligned.





One day as he hiked
A thought crossed his mind,
"I could build a bridge
For others to find."



With care and with skill, To span the wide creek That crossed near the hill.

He sketched out his plan



With tools from his pack And wood from the land, He measured each board With care in his hand. The posts were set deep In earth hard and strong, While crossbeams above Would help it last long.



Day after day
He worked with great care,
To make something safe
For all who passed there.





Some hikers came by To watch him at work, And soon offered help No task did they shirk. Together they worked
Through summer's warm days,
Creating a path
Where all could find ways.



The bridge slowly grew
With each board they laid,
Until it stood proud
Across the cascade.





Now families cross
With wonder and joy,
While birds nest above
Where none can destroy.

And Myles still comes
To check on his dream,
Where people now gather
Above the cool stream.





Though simple it seems,
This gift from his hands,
Brings joy to all folks
Who visit these lands.



