



## Dolores Madrigal

April 8, 1934 - November 9, 2024

The summits of the mountains draw my eyes and lift them upward and beyond, to you, the secret source of all my being. For in the heights and depths of you, in you alone, I find the grace and help I need, to walk upon this path called earth and never stumble nor go astray. For you as guard and guide keep watch; you will not sleep by day or night as we do. I walk into your wakefulness, your guarding eye, your guiding hand protects and shades my way. The sun by day, the moon by night, provide no better light than yours, no better shade. And in the shadows of the mountains deep you preserve me from its evils. And in this traffic of the heart you shield my life and keep my soul in all its many wanderings, until at last I come to stand, my weary feet now firm upon the borders of your land, eternity.