A Little Stone In the Middle of the Road, In Florida

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My son as a child saying God is anything, even a little *stone* in the middle of the road, in Florida. Yesterday Nancy, my friend, after long *illness*: You know what can *lift* me up, take me right out of *despair*? No, what? Anything.	*stone* – noun - A rock. *illness* – noun - When you're sick. *lift* – verb – To pick something up. *despair* – noun – Very, very sad.

Questions

1. What does this poem make you think about? Why?

2. Is it surprising that the son thinks God can be "a little stone in the middle of the road in Florida"?

3. What does Nancy say? Why?

4. Is there anything in your life that can lift you out of despair? Is it something big or small?

5. In your country, how do people think about gods and religion? Do you have poems about gods and religion?