**Return to Blue**

On that day in May

When my father passed away

I heard the undertaker say

There was an eagle who led the way.

Well he soared along the Penns Creek

Up through the clouds so high.

He led his soul by the water and straight up to the sky.

That creek leads to the river

Where I found myself afloat

Staring down through the water

At the black rocks while my sister rowed.

There he is, said Susanna.

I looked up to meet that eagle’s eye.

I knew full well, on the Susquehanna

That our father was by our side.

Still I’m holding out for the water to tell me how

It’ll all be alright. My heart will be whole again somehow.

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Autumn arrived.

I came to give thanks

With my daughter on the riverbanks.

I was restless. Leaves at my feet.

Slipped in the mud and my heart skipped a beat.

She said Mama! Find a rock and sit down.

You can feel the beauty all around.

She was right. As I sat next to her

The river spoke without saying a word.

Sometimes the days stand still.

Now the Susquehanna is frozen as well.

And in the spring when it shall flow

So will the tears I continue to know.

But when I see that eagle above

I am reminded of my father’s love.

So I look up, as I float

In the river where the eagle goes.

And when the floods come raining down, the river knows for sure what’s true.

That even when the sky is grey, it will always return to blue.

Oh when the floods come raining down, my heart will know for sure what’s true.

That even when the sky is grey, it will always return to blue.

Yes even when the sky is grey, it will always return to blue.