UBALDINE DEA [5-00/*5-01]

A trail goes past her way, The †IAT. And she, one rainswept day, Befriended me. Ubaldine Dea.

What joy has come my way, A mystery. For miracles, they say, Are history. Ubaldine Dea.

A debt I must repay, Now filled with glee. I search to find a way, That pleases she. Ubaldine Dea.

*Alas, this dark-gloom day, What misery. I find she's passed away ...to Thee. Ubaldine Dea.

[†]The Sentier International des Appalaches/International Appalachian Trail (SIA/IAT) is a continuous footpath from Baxter State Park Maine to Cap Gaspe` Quebec, a distance of some 750 miles. http://www.internationalat.org/

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