

# THE STEWARDSHIP PAPERS

## Healing

You say that "I am with you"

But I say "We're worlds apart!"

You say that "I am with you even here within the dark."

"What good is that?" I ask you,

"If you're here but I can't see?!"

"My nearness isn't always seen.

Some 'feel' its close proximity."

"My feeling's gone! There's something wrong."

"You hurt too much to feel the touch."

You seem to feel a nothingness,

A distance from all things,

Because I've cushioned you, all 'round,

With soft envelopings.

You're wrapped and held, protected,

Until the 'burns' have healed,

Until the pain and suffering's gone

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And your new self's revealed."

"Then am I like a butterfly?"

"With brightly colored wings!

And rainbows through the misty morn

And all those wondrous things."

"And will I 'feel' again?"

"Oh yes! Your 'wings' will see to that.

They'll take you past the place of dreams,

Where Sunlight warms

And joy redeems;

And I'll be there beside you until the end of time,

For I am yours...

And you, my lovely child, are mine."

(May 17, 1985)