

God's 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
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."

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