

This Gift From Heaven

He came to us, this gift from heaven,
And how our hearts rejoiced to see the blessed hand of God
Revealed to even such as we.

We would raise him; O so carefully,
And nurture him we vowed,
And teach him faith and loving Christ,
And all the things to make of him a man to please our Lord above,
And do his family proud.

And we tried; O God, we tried.
No, not always right or wise.
Sometimes erring as humans often do,
But did you have to take him from us?
Did we fail him so much, or You?

Not so dear ones, not so.
From the start or err he left the womb;
I had my purposes for him.
Think you I could not have saved him from any human lapse of care,
Or ought of earths pernicious maladies?

He was mine from the reaches of eternity,
And now both mine and yours together.
He'll be safe with me, for purposes of eternity yet to be,
The ends to which I lent him to the earth,
And placed him in your care, have been fulfilled,
And now I take him back,
To keep him for you, until you come to us at last.

The sorrow you feel, you share with me.
I too, gave up a son, and suffered pain no less than you.
The things my creatures suffer now;
I have suffered all for them, you see.
The fellowship of suffering is the sweetest of all to me.

And, when the glands of grief aweary have left at last their flooding,
And sorrows symbols yet replaced with anguish, unexpressed as un-assuaged,
Coursing deep within the breast;
Through labyrinthing passageways of pain.
Just remember I am with you, sharing the pain,
Soothing the spirit, deeper than the pain.
Sculpting through the pain; your own eternal spirits.

Bring to me your braking bleeding hearts,
Know the healing shaping touch of my own skillful hands,
Through which you too like the dear treasure we share,
Will be to the people of earth a radiant shaft of the glory God