

2nd Corinthians 12:9

The searing light of a new day

The weight of pain settles evenly

Upon my mind, my heart, the body groans.

“My grace is sufficient”

You should be there

The familiar step, quiet

You were like the wind, sometimes

Gentle, sometimes shaking the whole house,

your heart filled with a greater love

Than you could bear.

“My grace is sufficient...”

Selfish I am, wanting my portion

That cup of contentment a mother

Expects in her later years,

Drinking in the beauty of her child’s

youth, stronger now than her

and able to return love for love.

The chalice is snatched away.

“My grace is sufficient...”

Here am I, now, strangely frail

Pride of strength or accomplishment

Gone, and no prayer within me besides

“Oh Jesus help me today”.

Your cup has become mine also, Your

Strength made perfect with each sip I take.

“My grace is sufficient...”

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