

Peace

A tear falls uncertainly to the dusty ground,
From a child whose heart is searching,
Her teary eyes looking out on a breaking world.
Although the stones may crumble,
Her rock remains.
The Spirit jumps inside of her,
Tear filled eyes look upward, knowing,
God is good, God is love.
Stepping over the rubble of the past,
Shedding the last few sorrowful tears,
She gathers again her weapons,
And walks away toward the future.

Each step seems heavy,
Inside her heart pounds,
Her mind is ready, alert,
Her lips move as silently as her feet,
“The Lord is my Shepard, I shall not want . . .”
Knowing her protection comes from above,
She keeps walking on the road that is being straightened before her,
While the Lord prepares a table in the enemy’s presence.

All around precious stones speak of days,
Where there was laughter,
Now silenced by deafening bombs.
Shreds of memories lay scattered, but not forgotten.
Even in the midst of this she feels His presence,
Giving her strength to go on, to follow orders,
To believe in the midst of this war.
Laying down to sleep, the thoughts of loved ones come,
Dreams of rivers of water and oil,
Milk and honey fill her soul.
The slightest sound will rouse her,
Yet she rests peacefully.
Tomorrow will come.
The enemy will stumble and fall.
Her place is here, in her land,
For this time, for her God.

Janice Jeffries
August 2006