

Special

As small as a child is first,
we grow to have a holy thirst.
Jesus quenches our dry rough lives.
Dissolves our pain, washes out strife.
Our sin a tickle making us cough.
His blood a drink to get it off.
Praise him, love, stay with him true.
He wants to be here loving you.
Choosing things that brought him pain.
See the cross in dreams again.
Smile and think how lucky you are,
there is a person to love you so far.
Sees past your mistakes and falls.
If you listen hear his calls.
You are as special to him seer of all.
Whether thin, fat, short, or tall.

By: Natalie A. Thornhill

Dedicated to Adria Turley.