

## **When things hurt...**

When things hurt and something seems so wrong...  
    when anguish spreads in a wound made new...  
Godly words have a kindly way to find and share the pain  
    that hope may one day rise and live again

Sometimes, moistened words there rest in gentle eyes...  
    silence imbuing tender salve to that needy place  
Words salving the wounds with ointment refined  
    like a mother's caress a fearful mind

Words breathed...dispensed...with the giver in them...  
    a healing touch in the wound of that broken soul...  
Like sufferings of a believer and his fading fear  
    made precious by divine whispers in his ear

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