

The Path By Which He Came

Although I wasn't there
I can see the dear young girl waiting alone
Sitting on the ancient wooden steps
 seated by the cracked sidewalk
 at the house for troubled ones
Watching anxiously
 for the stroller to come again
Hoping to see
 to admire
 to touch
Reaching out with her heart to the infant
The little one, barely six months old then
The babe with his mother, so gracious
 occasionally sparing time
Sparing time here
 for the little one to be loved
Greeted with shyness and coos by this dear girl
The young lass yearning
 remembering
 wondering
 never learning the babe was her own

He, having been early surrendered
 to the unknown
She, having let her treasure go
 in hope for his advantage

Well over a half-century since passing
The eyes of the lass and her little one
 never touching again
The child, being raised wonderfully
 in love, in honor and godly respect

Today, a man of dignity
 a man finding lately the new birth
With great joy touching also, at last
 the Father who loves him so much
Praying also to bring his sons with him.