

Facing Freedom Poem

I could have had...
a season without fierce blows
a secure childhood
a surrendered pure heart from the start

But I had...
fierce times of slaughtering
traumatically tantalizing childhood
self-inflicted wounds of a bitter heart

Yet somehow...
I'm here, surrendered.
I'm here, safe.
I'm here, protected.
I'm here, your chosen.
I'm here, your called.
I'm here, and I am Yours.

In someway...
You renewed my life.
You resolved my hurts.
You restored my bitter heart.
You revived me from my bondage.

So I can say...
Even if, it is well.
Even so, it is well.
Even when, it is well.
It is well with my soul.

Free.

“Lord, to whom shall we go? You have the words of eternal life...”
John 6:68