

# Follow Me, and I Will Make You ...

I have a friend confined but never in her mind  
For she still walks.  
She walks by The Gate Beautiful  
And sees Him there,  
And her feet are firm, her vision clear  
To follow Him in darkness, to cover up her fear  
Until she finds the Light  
Until she feels relief  
Until she knows Belief.

She follows Him.

I have a friend confined but never in her mind  
For she sees the angel stir the waters  
But only one ripple for my friend  
Who in time does not get in.  
But still she walks; her path is sure;  
Her gait is strong; it won't be long  
Before she sees Him in the crowd.

Her head is bowed.

Humility will not let her look upon His face.  
Her humbled stature knows its place.  
But she looks to see Him part the crowd toward her;  
"If only I could touch His garment's hem ..."  
And He reaches out to her  
Not to straighten out her limbs  
Nor to firm her feet for mountain climbs,  
But just enough to let her know  
His Love to come in time ...  
And He folds His hand over hers  
To imprint a gift so rare  
She does not know it's there.

When morning comes, my friend is still confined  
But never in her mind;  
For she's found her joy in such a humble place,  
And picks up her paints,  
And the hand He touched  
Begins to paint His face.

*From Patricia, with love for Karen, August 31, 2005*