

AN IMPRINT ON MY HEART

Jesus came into my room
one day
and sat upon my bed.
He told me stories
of his life, the tears and
blood He shed.

He said He's felt the
loneliness I feel inside
my heart. He shared
with me Gethsemane
the garden that played
such a big part.

He told me of betrayal
feeling battered and all alone -
thinking it was another way
I might walk where His light
had shone.

He showed me scars
upon His hands and
reminded me of the pain
He suffered by the fate of man
hoping His love wouldn't be
given in vain.

At last I realized that
what I saw and all the
things I heard
were displays of His
steadfast love – He
spoke not another word.

He rose from off my bed
just then and turned to walk
away, knowing in his heart that
what He had said, would get
me through the day.