

Like an only child



The Soul of Man

Every man has a deep heart need
That can't be filled with doctrine
or creed,
For the soul of man knows nothing
more
Than just that he is longing for
A haven that is safe and sure,
A fortress where he feels secure,
An island in this sea of strife,
Away from all the storms of life.

Oh God of love, who sees us all,
You are so great! We are so small!
Hear man's universal prayer,
Crying to You in deep despair,
"Save my soul and grant me
peace!
Let my restless murmurings cease!

"God of love, forgive! Forgive!
Teach me how to truly live.
Ask me not my race or creed;
Just take me in my hour of need.
Let me feel You love me, too,
And that I am a part of You."

—Helen Steiner Rice

A woman who was dying of AIDS summoned a Christian friend to comfort her, but it seemed hopeless.

"I'm lost," she said. "I've ruined my life and every life around me. I'm headed for Hell. There's no hope for me."

Her friend saw a framed picture of a pretty girl on the dresser. "Who is that?" he asked.

The woman brightened. "She's my daughter, the one beautiful thing in my life."

"Would you help her if she was in trouble, no matter how many mistakes she'd made? Would you forgive her if she asked you to? Would you still love her, no matter what?"

"Of course I would!" the woman exclaimed. "Why would you even ask a question like that?"

"Because I want you to understand," explained her friend, "that God has a picture of you on His dresser, too."

—Contributed by Marty Watson

I am devoted to each of My children with unending faithfulness, as a mother is to her only child. She watches her only child with great admiration and pride, and finds tremendous joy as she grows and matures and becomes the fulfillment of her dreams. As this mother loves her only child, so do I love each one of My children as an only child, with much love and devotion and attention.

—Jesus

All the glorious things

Yes, I will bless the Lord and not forget the glorious things He does for me. He forgives all my sins. He heals me. He ransoms me from Hell. He surrounds me with loving-kindness and tender mercies. He fills my life with good things! My youth is renewed like the eagle's!

He is like a father to us, tender and sympathetic to those who reverence Him. For He knows we are but dust and that our days are few and brief, like grass, like flowers, blown by the wind and gone forever. But the loving-kindness of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting to those who reverence Him.

—The Bible, Psalm 103:2-5,13-17 TLB