

The deepest
wounds of my soul

Hope

had been bandaged, some had already
healed and scarred, and flesh had built up
again in the spaces in between. I had
realized that His grace was enough even
for me and would be surrounding me every day and
every hour. I had been allowed to experience faith
and the daily occurrences strengthened
my confidence to believe.

Faith

I felt safe. And so I
decided to continue the chosen way,
trusting in my Lord, not knowing,
what would happen to me in the future and in which direction
I would go. But, I felt that there was enough strength
in me to go on until I would either
meet the dark companion or
be taken by the other one
into His coming.

Love