

The Little Girl Cried

By Oretta Jones M.S.N., A.R.N.P.

I walked through the door being the best me
At least I hoped that's all she could see
She started talking, I began to defend
Because the goal is to not let her in

She asked hard questions
And I would respond
Still yearning to feel the heat of the sun
That little girl is buried so deep you see
The heat of the sun is new to me

She is waiting to see the little girl within
The one with my life I must defend
She wants to know why the little girl hides
It's because the little girl is afraid to cry

Why would the little girl cry and hide
And not allow the sun deep inside
She is waiting for her father's guide
For him to lift her up by his side

He'd twirl her around, they'd have great fun
Then he'd lift her face up to the sun

I told her what I wanted to say
When and if I make it to that day
I saw my pain in her eyes
And she saw the little girl cry

My father's love was not shown to me
The more I asked the more he denied
The more he denied the more I'd hide

I thought another man could come find me
But my father's love is the only key

I talked to her as if she was him
I asked what I'd done and when
He made me feel as if I was born of sin
I looked too deeply into his eyes
The more I talked the more I cried
Cathartic is the word she said
Exorcism is the word in my head

Loneliness, hate, shame, and doubt
Were all the demons we cast out

The little girl hidden deep inside
Now understands that she is her guide
There is not a man who holds the key
The love I need I found within me

The little girl is gone and a woman is here
No longer hiding in shame and fear
For far too long I chose to hide
That all ended when I cried



Yaowaree Leavell



Comfort

By Eva Bellon

Love is never saying hello
Goodbyes that don't exist
An entanglement of souls
Picking up where I left off
Knowing your answers
Finding ours together
Love is having nothing to hide
Thoughts that connect
Circles of emotions
A glimpse of one mind
An understanding
Love is breathing in
Extensions of our being
Creating a space inside
A gentle ease into time

On Earthly Adventures

By Sharon Winters M.D.

So if we have a desire to climb a mountain or sail a sea and we give up our home and family and friends to pursue our adventure saying to ourselves, "If I don't go now, I may never go and I want to go," what is the action to us? For if we believe in the resurrection and in eternity, then it doesn't matter if we go now or not, for it will be there for us to do or it will not be important to do; and if we don't believe in the resurrection, then whether we do it or not, we will die and it won't matter then if dead is dead... And if we don't believe in the resurrection, then why are we here on earth? If we are only here by chance, then nothing matters, not us, or those we love, or those we hate, or the things we have—unless we believe that because we are here by chance, we should make the most of the pleasures we find in our treasures, as we can take none with us when we die. So, grace and peace to us who believe. And faith, hope, and love are our past, present, and future.