

INNER HEALING

Within the swirl of feelings
In our memory of the past
Among the times of blessings
Many storms their shadows cast.

We seek you, precious Jesus,
Sent from God to preach and heal.
You came to earth to free us.
With these memories you must deal.

The mist that clouds our sadness
By your Spirit blown and cleared,
Our pain is changed to gladness
Now that you, Lord, have appeared.

Your touch upon the places
Where the scars of hurt have been
Brings tears of joy to faces
As your grace consumes the sin.

These long-forgotten sorrows
That brought bondage to our days
Become our healed tomorrows.
Christ, to you we lift our praise!

— *David L. Hatton, 7/21/1989*