

The Garden Within

My eyes are old and blurry,
Alas, I cannot see,
The details of the garden,
Appear, but fuzzily.

The shape, the color, and the size,
Each flower face, a blur,
Only now a memory,
Of beauty, now obscure.

I mourn the loss of vision,
What, Lord, should I do?
Why did my sight degenerate?
Tell me, Lord, what's true.

Remember *love's the healer*,
'Twill give you wisdom's sight,
The inner garden now appears,
A spiritual delight!

Here blooms *love's flower garden*,
In Transcendent majesty,
Each flower, radiant beauty,
Springs from the heart, you see.

There's *joy*, and *peace*, and *hope*, dear,
With *patience*, they entwine,
Forgiveness and *endurance*,
With *kindness*, *brightly shine*,

This garden of the heart, dear,
Its rapture clear to see,
Flowering ever-present,
Brings forth sweet harmony!

I'm with you all the way, dear,
What e'er you're going though,
We're in this life together,
Never alone, are you!

05/08/24. Given from Jesus. Sharing is encouraged and thank you for telling others of this website.