

Why Now This Dream

I woke up with a saddened heart,
Because a dream showed me,
How my children suffered,
When I chose to be free.

My daughter at a tender age,
So needed Mom's purview,
To move on through the teenage years,
To learn just what to do.

My son was even younger,
Just starting junior high,
His heart and home were broken.
Why should he even try?

This dream showed me the outcome,
My children felt alone,
Mom no longer lived with them,
To help them become grown.

Divorce, a hard decision,
Yet truth was calling me,
To let the marriage go there,
So desperate to be free.

Guilt played its heavy-handed part,
A monkey on my back,
I couldn't shake it from me,
With pain, it would attack.

And so I turned *within* and asked,
What reason could there be,
Was there a deeper meaning?
Lord, were you there with me?

*You answered, you were there, Lord,
And oft, I went inside,
Forgiveness, love were there for me,
With me you did abide.*

I know now the decision,
A necessary choice,
Gave new life to each of us,
Allowed for *love's* clear voice.

All this happened long ago,
Why now, this dream so real?
So that I could write this poem,
Disclose the *love* I feel.

Love for my dear children,
Love for what is true,
Love for all who read this,
Love, my Lord for you.

In closing of this writing,
I share what's so well known,
Lord, you're with us always,
We are not alone!

9/12/21. Given from Jesus. Sharing is encouraged, but please acknowledge the website. Thanks.