



Hands that heal, a heart that endures

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I was born to serve
It beats in every nerve
Shaped by calling, not by chance
To walk as a living saint
To cradle sorrow, or soothe the trembling wrapped in quiet constraint
And stand unshaken before the faint

I was taught to love
To feel the pulse of every life I care for
To lift my eyes above
In every triumph and in moments I need guidance
Allowing God to steer the course of my life, and yours

The burdened hours press on my spine
Yet still I rise
Walking halls that echo with pain and hope entwined
The long nights and every extra hour assigned
These are not duties the world has designed
But the life I choose to live refined

For when a heartbeat stabilizes
When a trembling hand rests steadily within my palms
A silent vow within me wakes
Remembering why I endure, my purpose feels divine.
I bend, yet never break, nor do I forsake.

I am the quiet strength beside your pain,
The guiding hand that breaks the chain,
The heart that stands when hope seems vain,
The soul that stays through loss and gain.
These things I do through Christ because I can

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