



Threads of healing

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In villages where rivers braid the land,
Where mothers rise before the sun,
Where fathers till the stubborn soil by hand,
There beats the quiet hope of One.

A child laughs beneath a mango tree,
His ribs too sharp, his belly thin,
Yet grace walks softly through the dusty breeze,
A promise whispered deep within.

We mend the wounds no stitches bind,
We tend the spirits frayed by fear,
In clinics small, by lantern's light we find
That mercy's touch draws heaven near.

A cup of rice, a drop of clean wellspring,
A vaccine given in a mother's prayer,
A scripture read beside a suffering king,
A nurse who stays though others do not dare.

These threads of healing weave through every place,
Nutrition, shelter, wisdom shared —
Science and faith entwined in just embrace,
Transforming lives because we cared.

So let our hands be instruments of peace,
Our policies be shields of grace,
Our voices speak for justice, health, release —
God's kingdom come in every place.

From HIV's cruel grip to hunger's cry,
From broken bones to weary mind,
May every heart, through Christ, be lifted high,
Restored in body, soul, and time.

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