



Light for the nations: healing hands, open hearts

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Light fractures the hush of dawn—
A filament threading through shadowed lands,
Carrying hope in its trembling palm,
Summoning nations to awaken, to stand.

Hands, vessels of mercy, gather the broken,
Pulse with the memory of ancient prayers,
Tracing the map of wounds unspoken,
Binding the world with invisible care.

Knowledge flickers in lantern-lit rooms,
Policy written in the hush between heartbeats,
Empathy glows where injustice looms,
Illuminating the margins where suffering repeats.

Healing is not only the closing of scars—
It is the weaving of dignity, thread by thread,
Hearts unlatched beneath unfamiliar stars,
Faith crossing borders where angels have tread.

To be light is to dwell in the breach—
Between despair's silence and hope's refrain,
To see the image of God in each,
And answer with presence, again and again.

Let our hands be the language of grace,
Our hearts, the open gates of dawn,
Bearing the light to every shadowed place,
Until every wound and nation is drawn.

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