



Dust in the hands of the Creator

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In gifted gaze, two eyes we hold,
Not just for sight, but stories to unfold.
To share the vision, the souls in need,
In God's love, our gaze shall lead.

Two ears bestowed, not just to hear,
But to share the cries, of sinners near.
Bound by transgressions, seeking release,
In the symphony of grace, our listening finds peace.

Two hands we hold, not just to clasp,
But to share burdens, in the Creator's grasp.
To carry Your voice to the shadows deep,
In the realm of darkness, Your hand we'll keep.

Two feet to stand, not just to glide,
But to stride together, side by side.
To toil in tasks, pleasing to the divine,
As reflections of God's image, we shall shine.

Dust we are, in glory arrayed,
To spread Your love, from shade to shade.
Across the expanse, from end to end,
In this vast world, Your love we extend.

Submitted 4 June 2025, Accepted 19 June 2025, Published 3 Nov 2025

Competing Interests: None declared.

Cite this article as: Zaluchu F. Dust in the hands of the Creator. Christ J Glob Health. 2025 Nov; 12(3).
<https://doi.org/10.15566/cjgh.v12i3.496>

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