

Restless, weary of worries,
wounds inflicted, pain increases.

Jesus, my rock and refuge.
The sky appears to be falling in flurries

Oppression, and pain you wear on your side.
Come gather near and open your arms wide.

Bring us comfort, make us anew,
to walk out in faith while frigid air brews.

Love to neighbor, family and foe
Wrapped in a cloak of forgiveness when evil winds blow.

Sonja Hinderlie