

GAZA UNDER GRACE
(from a brother in Gaza)

A poem that came to my mind about Jesus' blessings upon us.

My God... Yes, Jesus... Here in Gaza, amidst the destruction and death,
I feel Your presence filling my heart with a wondrous peace...
Every day we wake up to the sounds of bombs,
we see homes collapsing, dreams shattered...
But Your grace overshadows us like a cloud of mercy.
Every time I feel fear enveloping me, I remember Your promise:
"Do not be afraid, for I am with you." Yes, You are with us every moment...
In the dark shelters, in the cries of children, in the tears of mothers.
Despite it all, Your grace flows over us like an endless river.
It gives us the strength to carry on, gives us hope for a better tomorrow,
reminds us that a new heaven and a new earth await us.
Yes, Jesus... In Gaza, amidst the ashes and tears,
Your grace is our only light, our lasting hope, our deepest peace.
My God... Thank you for Your endless grace...
In the midst of destruction, tears, and moaning
Under bombs and shattered homes
And in the streets filled with corpses and longing
Among the hungry and broken hearts, wandering
We are under the mercy of a great Lord, Jesus Christ
His grace overwhelms us like a child in a faithful mother's embrace
He holds His children with tenderness and safety, unlike anything else
We thank Jesus, His grace that has poured over us without limit
We feel inner peace, despite the pain and ruin
And a spirit of eternal hope shines deep within us
In the midst of darkness, the light of Christ never runs dry
He is our strength and fortress, at all times and places.