

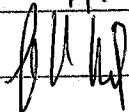
10-12-19 cont.

They all had the same traits. They asked me for help, and God told me it was good. He told me to help one who didn't ask for it. Or I asked Him, rather. He still says it is good. I don't ask questions of Him. I ask questions of them. Some of them answer so well, it inspires me to do more and better. Most of them use me for love and security as they mourn a lost relationship. That's probably my fault. I'm learning too, and I enjoy being needed. Or at least feeling like I'm needed. Makes it tough to find real love. The one's I've given a chance to don't deserve it usually.

Thank you for sending me the one who reads these letters, Lord. I ask you tonight to help make me a little more worthy of her each day. Until we are together. She is truly a blessing, and she knows why I do the things I do. Because you tell me to through the Holy Spirit, I Love you, ^{Future} wife, and God. Thank You both for loving me.

In Jesus name,

Amen



The Good Ones Are All Taken

Elephants

Who Knew

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My heart's in a cast,

hardened from love, as it heals.

Should I take it out?

A love hurts # Haiku By Sean McNeal