

Doorways Above

Alone she sits there, silently grieving
Something that's missing, she cannot explain
With a heart that is heavy, hope long receding
Smiling and nodding, a mask for the pain

Others around her, sharing and laughing
Embracing each other, she covets their love
If one would but reach out, genuinely caring
What doorway might open to heaven above?

Who will acknowledge the tears all around us
Hearts fearful and doubtful and sinking in shame
Who would reach out a hand then to touch them
A gentle reminder: we're called by His Name.

Have we not heard the words of our Shepherd?
Sheep who have wandered are dear to his heart
Will we not search then to patiently find them
Those stray ones whose wanderings have led them apart.

Let us then show them the face of the Savior
Whose reflection we cast forth in mercy and love
If hearts are but gentle, open and caring
Doorways burst open to heaven above.

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