

Peace is...
The warmth of the hearth
While you wait out the storm
Then the quiet and wonder
Of the snow-covered morn.
It's cozying up by the fire to read,
And taking some well-deserved time just to breathe.
To cradle a newborn
Who's finally here,
And the feeling of knowing
There's nothing to fear.
It's a calm that you feel
In the depths of your soul,
When you know that you're seen,
That you're loved, that you're whole.
It's bringing the marginalized into the fold
Offering comfort; a kind hand to hold.
The restorative power of a loving embrace,
And Jesus, in all things... sent here with Grace.

~By Michele Braungard

