

WHY HE TURNS AWAY

The wind called out to me this morning,
“Hurry, hurry the Lord is at hand.”
I hesitated a moment and then rushed out.
Too late. I caught no glimpse of Him.

The birds told me, “The Lord was here”.
I looked skyward, I looked all around.
It was in vain, I did not see Him.
And yet I knew He had been there.

The flowers smiled ecstatically.
They said, “Did You see the Lord?
He was here a moment ago.”
I shook my head – I had missed Him.

The wind, the birds and the flowers
Looked at me in pity and whispered,
“She did not see the Lord again,
We call to her in time, and yet she misses Him”.

I turned away as despair engulfed me.
“Why do I always miss You Lord?
Why do You turn away from me?”
I asked as tears flooded my eyes.

“You are still involved with the world.
Duty binds you there on earth.
One glimpse of me will render you
Unfit for the world, and so I turn away”.

– By Betty Paul Thottam.

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