



# GOD HEALS



*Ng Kian Seng*

He grimaced, a face contorted by pain,  
Scarred by twisted lines of despair,  
Coloured grey by shades of helplessness,  
Darkened by the shadow of a protracted illness.  
A face that told the story of a debilitating disease,  
That responded not to potent medicine,  
Nor to travailing prayer.

He searched the deep recesses of his heart,  
Perplexed that he had not received his healing.  
Was the hindrance a lack of faith?  
Or a sin of ancestors from time far beyond?  
Perhaps it was an unforgiving spirit or resentments,  
That blocked the Divine Hand from reaching down,  
And touching, restoring, healing him.

He was long at the altar of prayer,  
Anguished cries shattered the quiet of the night,  
And echoed down the corridors of importunity.  
He was asking, seeking, knocking, pleading,  
Not willing to accept the stone nor the snake,  
Surely the Father does not deny His child bread and fish,  
But the lips of heaven were sealed, God silent.

Then God spoke, a still small voice in his heart,  
Had you relied upon your own natural resources,  
You would have fallen a long time ago,  
Lo, I have always been alongside you in your pains,  
I carried you and bore you on wings like an eagle,  
Nothing my hands shall by any means snatch you out of my hands,  
You are my very own, my beloved.

He heard and healing came.