

A Poem by Sally Cheyney

Lord who fashioned vertebrae
Thank you for breaking mine I pray;
For you're the God of no mistake
I cannot question the course you take.

Lord, take my heart and break it, too;
It must be filled with love for you.
I thank you that your Son was broken –
Expression of LOVE, your greatest token!

For Lord we only hit a tree,
But you were nailed to one for me;
O Lord I know you had a reason
For all this at the Christmas season.

And so dear Lord as here I lie,
I pray that more of self may die;
O Lord who fashioned vertebrae
May someone trust you new today!

Bryn Mawr Hospital
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