

Why Me?

By Eydie McDaniel

Feeling weak like a small brittle twig,
commonly bombards in the face of horribly distressing news about a loved one.

“Why Me”?

Why this devastation?

Timidly cries out of lips once speaking vibrant life
so bright, so beautiful.

We humans all gathered about the suffering person may feel powerless
unable to stop the agony.

Then we fragile human twigs surround this hurting person,
one by one, side by side, all around and all under.

In numbers twigs become a sturdy sustaining nest.

Securely held our loved one rests
in comfort strong.

No longer alone, together, solidly held
in endless power, even eternally united.

Why me?

How amazing to be a human twig in a caring nest of divine providence.