

What Is Love

What is love...but a drop of sunshine against the morning dew,

Filling the emptiness of night with the radiance of hope and the dawn of the ever newness of life.

How steadfast and strong the light does grow, whether hidden in clouds or masked by night, shining ever bright that single drop of light.

So much is contained within that which is so small, and yet where can the greatest be found?

Teach me to fly, o dash of light, that I may touch infiniteness and dwell forever within the reality of this small but mighty light,

Far from worry and that of want.

I steal away this moment hoping to be forever lost.

Lost in love no longer seeking or searching.

For having found eternal youth, I rest in the certainty of peace.

Peace which flows so freely from my soul, without abandon, with a care, flowing, flowing, growing like a drop of sunshine against the morning dew.

So is the love of God a drop of dew running across my soul.

Refreshing and healing, it brings the promise of new life, a new day awaiting its dawn.

My greatest desire, the truest prayer of my heart, would be that drop of dew should penetrate the deepest depths of my soul.

To renew, fulfill and regenerate the decay of my soul.

What is love...but a drop of blood which ran from the Cross to make me whole,

To heal the self inflicted wounds of my sins, to carry me through my weakness and build upon my unworthiness.

A drop of love is all that I need...is all that I want.

But a touch of God within is mightier than all the forces of the world,

A drop of love no greater gift...no truer sign or wonder

A drop of light that flows like dew, running from the Cross to caress my soul, only to run from me to you.

May this drop continue to run from soul to soul,

Bringing newness of life in this greatest wonder of God.