

True Nourishment (Feed my sheep....)*



The nurse opened the DAY with new love.
It didn't matter what had gone before:
The needs of yesterday were passed, a fresh day was here.
For each began with the inspiration of love's pure desire,
Seeking God's angel message of what best to do,
In the quietness of Love, one always knew.

At breakfast time fresh LOVE was always served.
There were no left-overs: present needs had present thoughts.
Love listens and responds to each individual requirement,
For every need is different, already catered for by Mind,
Whose wisdom had already provided what best to do.
In the quietness of Love, one always knew.

Lunch has its different wishes and claims and times.
For some, fresh SOUL was quite a meal,
Served with care and, as felt, meeting the silent plea of others.
The warm smile and gentle laughter gave nourishment anew;
The food thus served was quite what best to do.
In the quietness of Love, one always knew.

And come the evening, Love still took control:
No pattern made, but seeking fresh and tender guide
The outreach pure and instant could not hide.
What was seen was simply MAN MADE WHOLE.
All nourishment thus given was quite the best to do.
In the quiet gift of God, Love always knew.

*See John 21: 1-17

"Mind measures time according to the good that is unfolded." Mary Baker Eddy