# POWER IS OF GOD AND THERE IS NOTHING MORE!

## THOU ART LOOSED FROM THINE INFIRMITY
**Luke 13:11-13**

Eighteen long years, each that much worse than the last,
I'm bowed down to the ground, in sickness held fast.
I crave to be healed but have nowhere to go.
Whatever I do is both painful and slow.
I believed in God, but the years took their toll,
He's left me to suffer; He's leaving me ill.
Each hour, each minute, there is no hope to give.
I keep asking myself, "Just why should I live?"

Deep in my consciousness I feel someone call
A nudging awareness that this wasn't all.
A spiritual sensation floods my being,
A Love so pure it is quite beyond seeing.
I turn my head sideways and see this dear man
He calls me towards him; I think that I can.
I see only Love and forget about me.
***"Woman, thou art loosed from thine infirmity."***

His hands reach out and pure love touches my soul, -
I'm standing beside him, both upright and whole!
The suffering past has all dropped from my thought,
Instead this great freedom that Christ has now wrought!
I've witnessed with joy the all-power of love,
The might of God here and not only above!
The incurable cured, and I now know for sure
That **power is of God and there is nothing more!**

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