



I will never see a full moon the same

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I will never see a full moon the same
Since the night I stepped out
In the dark, looked up to the moon and
Heard the cries of a mother who just lost her son.

The African moon, so full and so proud, seemed
too bright for such a somber night.
And my empty hands, which this son once held,
Sought to grasp the thought of
A young, lifeless body
Left lying on that hospital bed.

Swaddled by the night's rich darkness,
Full of chants, cries, and pains,
I am reminded that
Only what's done for Christ remains.

Tonight, as my gaze meets again this
African moon, from half a world away,
I remember
The cries, the lost, this life,
The strange peace and the hope that
We will meet again.

What an oddly beautiful night it was to die.

So, take courage, dear heart
Don't fear the night, don't fear the pain,
Rest in His unchanging grace.
Go,
and be the hands
of the only Son who saves.

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