

## Story Time

Heard in a child's voice; one full of wonder and awe (not the voice of a doubter but of one wanting to see).

How come?

Why?

Then what?

Baited breath, eyes open wide

Excitement building inside

Story time

The best stories of all

The ones special to us

That speak of how special You are

The ones that always end the same with You coming for me

But are never boring when You tell them to me.

Excitement builds with each line or scene

It keeps me on the edge of my seat.

I've heard this one a thousand times

But each telling is special and exciting to me

How could the same story keep me spellbound all my days?

Because this story tells how You love me in so many ways

Each time You tell it You are saying once again

How special I am to You

(in my adult voice) I wonder each time what You could possibly see in me

But through the eyes of the child who is loved beyond reason

I accept that love and expect it in any season

I gaze in wonder leaning against your knee

Elbows bent, hands supporting my chin

I stand in awe and wonder as the stories begin

I listen in rapture, jump back and clap now and then

I'm so excited to hear what comes next in the story You're telling

About Your past, us meeting, and what You have planned next for me

There are some scary and even sad parts to the story but You never stop there

Something great always happens in these parts

You put your arms around me and show me it's OK there.

I'm never left wondering if it ends happily since You already told me it would;

It's about me and Your love; there's no other way that it could.

Your stories are the BEST God.

Tell me more about how You &....& for me

The story keeps growing each day but the meaning and theme are always the same

You love me!

The "I chose you." "I love you." "I'm with you." is always the same!

One of these days we will turn this into a poem but today I am just going to rest in the last three statements and be satisfied.

