

Blossoms of Hope

In the depths of winter's chill,
When hope seems far away,
Be patient, dear soul, and still,
For God will bring your spring, they say.

When life feels like a barren land,
With no sign of bloom in sight,
Hold onto faith, take His hand,
For He will paint your world with light.

Though the frost may linger long,
And darkness tries to take its hold,
Remember, in your heart, the song,
That whispers of a future untold.

For God's timing is divine,
His ways are beyond our grasp,
He orchestrates each grand design,
And turns despair into a gasp.

When you feel weary, worn, and weak,
And doubts cast shadows on your dreams,

Know that God will surely speak,
And grace will flow in gentle streams.
Like a flower in the dormant earth,
You are growing, waiting to bloom,
And when His timing brings rebirth,
Your colors will chase away the gloom.
Be patient, for the frost will thaw,
And the sun will warm your soul,
God will mend what's broken and raw,
And your spirit will be made whole.
So trust in Him, and have no fear,
For He knows every hidden part,
In His hands, your spring draws near,
With a flower to heal your heart.

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