


Her Name is Kirsten



We knew her not, nor saw her,
But her mother knew her as only mothers can know
Those whom their womb has nurtured.
For long months they shared
An intimacy of being
That no one else could share.
And her father knew her—
In the countless expressions
Reflected in her mother's countenance.
And one day we all shall know her.
She awaits us in the home
Of our Father in heaven.
Hers was the privilege of going from womb to wonder—
From the comfort of her mother's womb
To the wonder of her home in glory.
And Kirsten awaits you there, Grace and Murrie,
Anticipating your joyous embrace.
Nor will she e'er forget you.
Nor will her spirit e'er be more than just a prayer away.



David Morsey