



When it seems like your life is interwoven with misery
and the hope of good living a mystery,
be still.
Miseries are mere China plates.

When your heart becomes a lump of burning coal,
Or worse
a fiery furnace,
don't fret!
Don't you see that the colors of the flames are still beautiful?

When your brain becomes the meeting point of whirlwinds
and it seems like the gust of the wind will soon blow off your head

When you start dancing to the beat of acrimony your heart plays

When your heart starts pumping pain and the pain solidifies like magma forming rock,
Be still.

Rocks are a good lift.

When these lines that breathe hope don't make sense to you,
be worried

For it is in Joy you find hope

And it is the joy that makes the waters smile during the tempest

Same joy that makes you see the grey in black colors.

See,


The world is too barren to conceive that joy
but,
the word is fruitful in Joy bearing.

Don't go too far to search!

The holy spirit is generous and plenteous in Joy,



Please,
Find him.

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