Heaviness of heart and conscience; shadow, haunting still, at noon; what can lift this bending burden? Does this night have star or moon?

Echos fill the heart and conscience, words, once spoken, will not fade. What can cease this pressing murmur? Silence! What price must be paid?

Friendships lost reveal their treasure. Guilt and pain reveal their might. Then a Word with sudden freshness resurrects the Way and Life.

Hear the word by God’s Word spoken; hear “forgiven” sung as gift. Fresh and brisk the hope and healing; feel the breeze as burdens lift.

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