

# HOLD HIS HAND

by Heather Acquistapace



artwork by Chris Betancourt

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They come to hunt, to kill

To take any soul they will

No remoras or mercy found

As they hunt on, like a bloodhound

Laugh at sorrow, smile at blood

Closing in like a black watery flood

So vicious and unseen

Only One can intervene

They attack me day and night

Closing me in, shutting out the light

I fell, tears filled my eyes

Thinking no one could hear my cries

Then I heard a voice above the gloom

Saying I thought I destined for a tomb

"You lost faith in yourself

Darkness' greatest wealth

I trust you will overcome  
The bloody villains and scum  
But you don't  
And say you won't  
Win the time-long war  
Winning so much more  
Why don't you see  
There is faith in Me

"I hold the oceans like a drop  
I spin the planets like a top  
I paint the oh so dazzling sky  
And step over mountains so high  
I see the now, then, and will be  
And I have always lived eternally

"Why say you have no hope to win  
And are covered with stains and sin  
I am bigger than all of you  
And what they say is not true

I have given you victory in My hand  
Please have the will to fight and stand.”

They screamed He lies  
They swarmed like flies  
But I saw the love in His eye  
And knew I had to do more than cry

I quickly reached out and took His hand  
They pulled me down, daring me to stand

I felt fears  
And cold tears  
But I had to stand by His side  
For I am His joy and pride

I kicked one  
Stabbed a ton  
Staggered, screamed,  
Hit and leaned  
They tried their best to hold me down  
With strong ropes against the ground  
But all in vane

Then quickly pain  
Filled their dark hearts  
Crashing all apart  
They ran off every which way  
Wishing He never did stay  
For He forced them asunder  
With power like thunder  
He took my hand  
And helped me stand  
He kissed my head  
Smiled lovingly and said

"Follow Me  
To the sea  
And the world beyond  
The childhood pond  
Hold My hand  
So you can stand  
I will set you free  
It's a gift, just ask Me"

I smiled and cried  
As I stood at His side  
Gladness filled my once dark heart  
Knowing a new journey would start

And so I could stand  
Holding onto His hand  
But sometimes I let go  
And fell to and fro  
They would come for me  
Like a hornet and bee  
Always around  
Not a sound  
But when He was there  
They hid with great care

So He held my hand  
Across the burning sand  
Over mountains souring

And icy rain pouring  
He never left my side  
Even at the highest tide  
And He found faith in me  
So I could live correctly

And I am able to strongly stand  
Because I hold His nail-scarred hand

