

## BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE

a poem

# THE PERSEVERANCE OF UNCONDITIONAL LOVE

Through Life's Unexpected Peaks, Valleys, Twists & Turns

AND THE SURPRISING GRACE WE NEVER SEE COMING,
UNTIL COMES UPON US.

## BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE

- A POEM FOR EVA AND LAWSON, BY MAMA

# I love you when you're beautiful,







and when you're messy too.

## I love you when you're joyful,





and when your mood is blue.

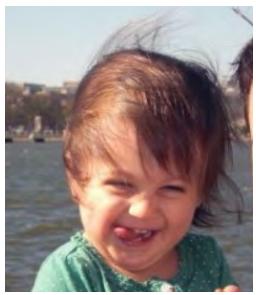




I love all the things that make you-you!

That which makes you grow.

Some things which others may not like,



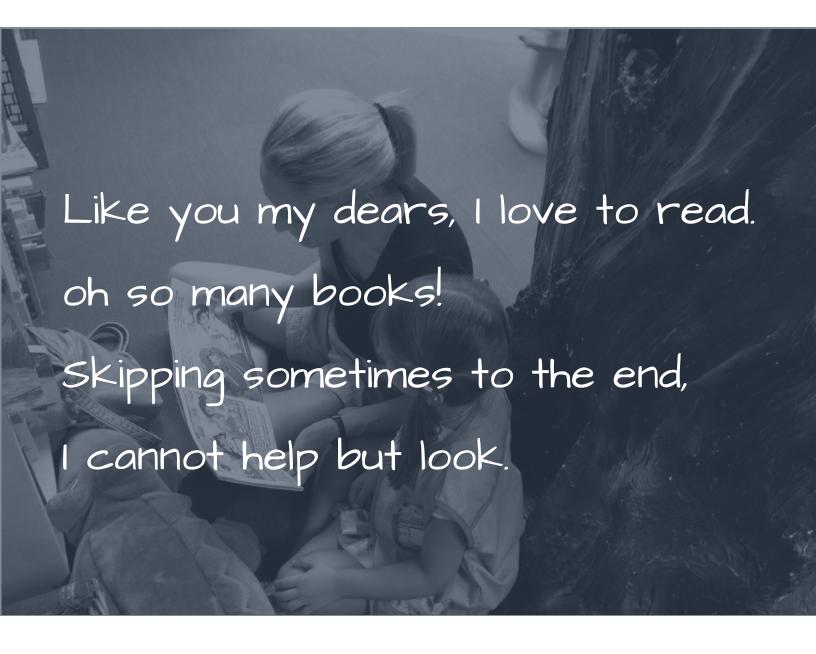


you're no less mine, you know.









The ending's always on my mind, how it goes I have to guess.

But endings which I guess most right, never are the best.





Best endings, like my dreams for you, I would never have imagined.

Now we're stuck on Chapter Two, the hardest one could ever fathom.









Keep Chapter One near your heart,

my love has never changed.

God's time will find,

our Chapter Three:



"Togetherness Arranged."

The 40 rainy days and nights, would be like Noah's "Chapter 2"



He didn't know how long at sea, the storm's end, he had no clue.

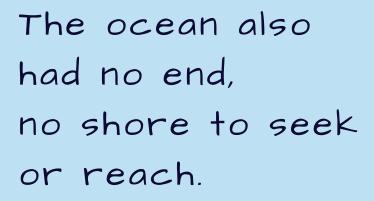
And I've wondered if he counted dayswhile counting on God's Promise being true.



40 days seems not that long, but without an end in sight.



It likely felt like 40 years, of rainy days and rainy nights.





No sun to shine, No moon to guide, No north, west, south or east.

COULD HE SEE WHERE SKY BEGAN AT OCEAN'S END, SINCE WATER FLOWED FROM EACH?

Noah's # 39 seemed just like... Another rainy day.

Clear skies so near, but yet unknown.

Nor can we guess God's ways.

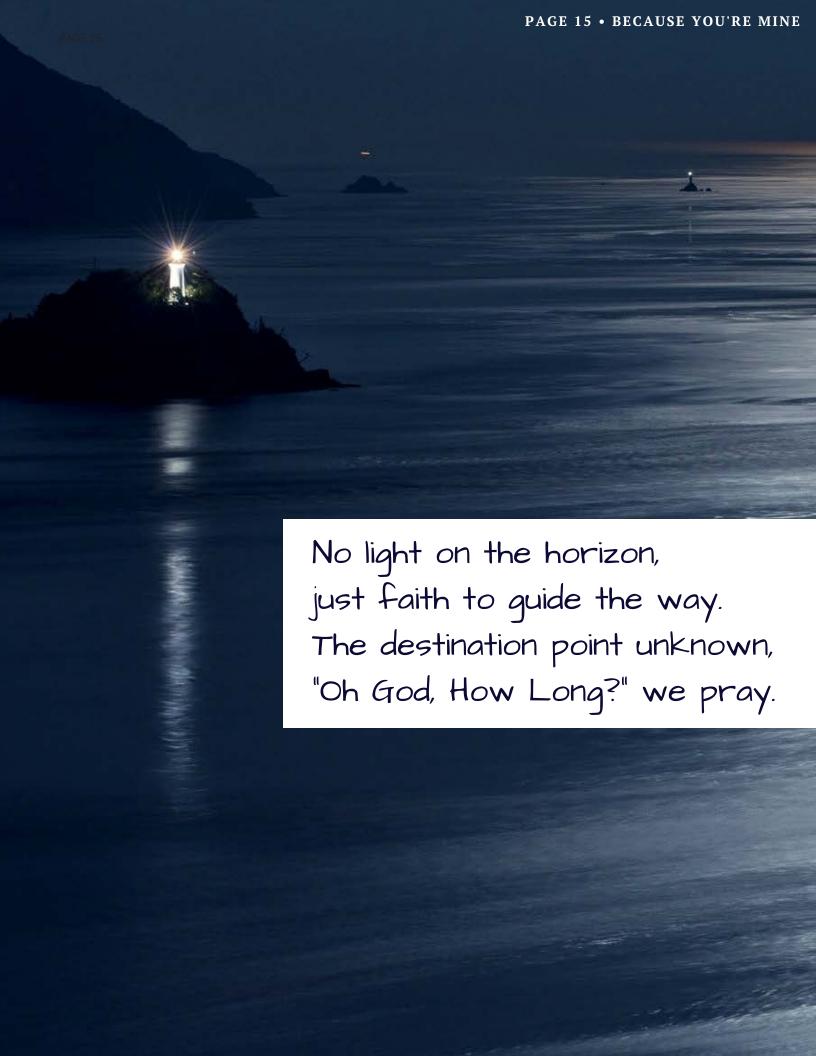
## We see rainbows in the sky,



Promised after stormy days.

Noah was yet to see this sight, (though one was on the way).





### YOU MAY HAVE FELT LIKE LIKE NOAH IF...

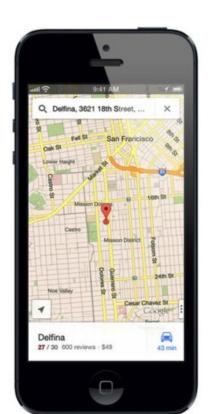
Imagine being on a trip, in the backseat of the car. You don't know where you're going or even just how far.

You ask the driver- "How much longer?" except you get no clue,
Only that your destination,
would be "Timbuktu."





At first you burst out laughing, at this "funny joke", but no one else is laughing and the GPS is BROKE!





You ask dad for the iphone, to show you on the map, But daddy looks confused and says, "Iphone? What is that?".

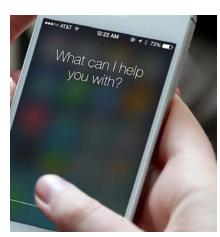
Panic starts to creep in fast, the world has just gone crazy! You know the only one that's left, and yell out "Where is Suri?!"





Coming to the rescue you hear the welcomed sound. Her disembodied voice is near, yet nowhere to be found.

A robotic offer to assist, a siren's song to you. chimes "default Suri" or "male Brit:" "What can I help you with?"



"How long, Suri, 'till we're there?
Is it REALLY, REALLY far?"
List the miles, please, and the hours,
I'll be sitting in this car!"



(Pause while Siri's thinking) "Ok, got it," Suri says,

"Listing websites teaching classical guitar, mandolin and also the sitar."

No Service ? 2:12

o Service ॰ 2:12 PM 1 ¾ 85% □ Sorry, I missed that.

"Whaaa? No, not guitar!

I NEED to know the HOURS!

and the seconds too!"

(an instinct born in you)

Origin is Taft Avenue,

to destination Timbuktu!"



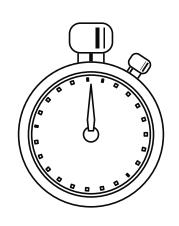


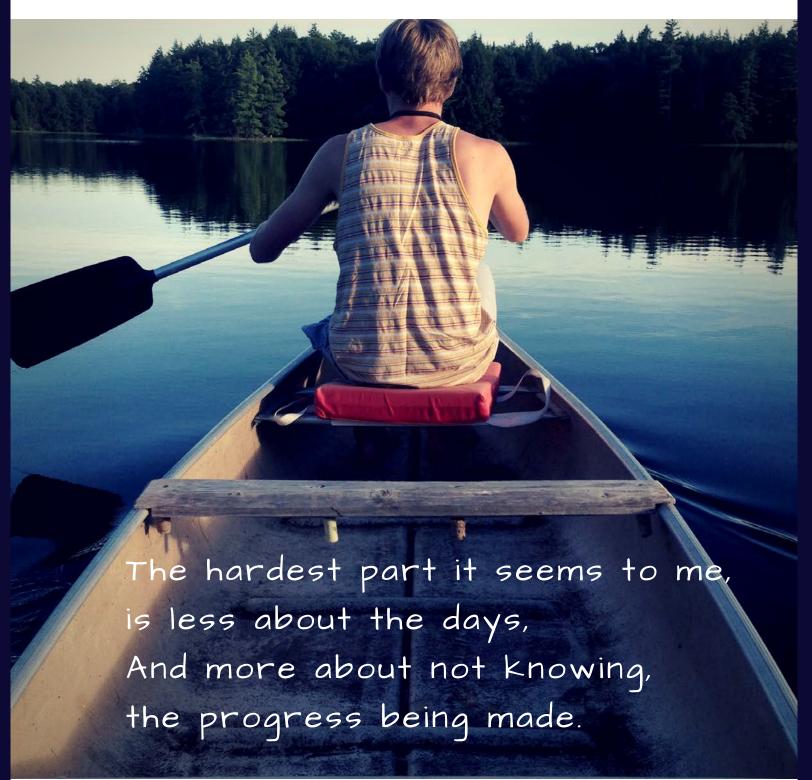
(Pause while Siri's thinking)
Then she says, "I found four
Thai restaurants within 5 miles,
I'll make you reservations."

You see now that it's hopeless, and just one thing left to do. Decide at once to never try, to visit Timubuktu.



The satisfying countdown, it's the ONLY way!
No trip has ever felt so long, and haven't left driveway!





If you're getting closer, or sailing further far from shore, If passing days mean less to go, or do they just add more?

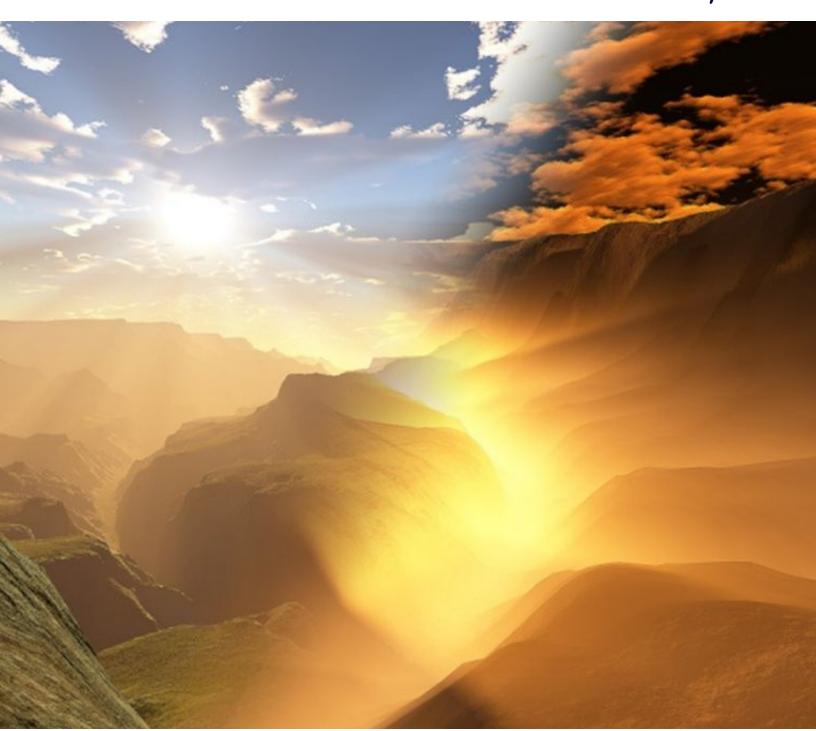
God looks not on days or years, he created us eternal.

Life is not our race to "win,"

for the rabbit nor the turtle.



For it's written when we rise, God orchestrates each valley.



His children all walk streets of gold, from earth's main street or back alley. His Glory's never ours to claim,

we walk in grace alone.

Gentle love penned in the sand:

the Gospel's megaphone.

Replaced the jeers of

mocking shame,

with sounds of dropping stones.

Grace did more while I was weak, than years of glory sought.



But should it take you 80 years, more years to grow we've got.

The day you soar, shall be much more, because all your battles fought.

OUR RAINBOW MAY BE NEAR LIKE NOAH'S,

OR ON MOUNTAINS
YET TO CLIMB.

WE NEVER KNOW WHAT DAY WE'RE ON,

DAY 1 OR 39.

Because of this-I'll love you as your goodness shines, but more so when it dims.

I'll love you in and through wrong turns, Not in spite of them.

The steeper grade of mountain, more times its road must wind.

Around and round in loops it climbs, a slow incline required.



Less efficient the route will seem, compared to the crow's flight. Increased miles from base to peak, yet less before our eyes.

So less effect have warning signs, as most turns will be blind.

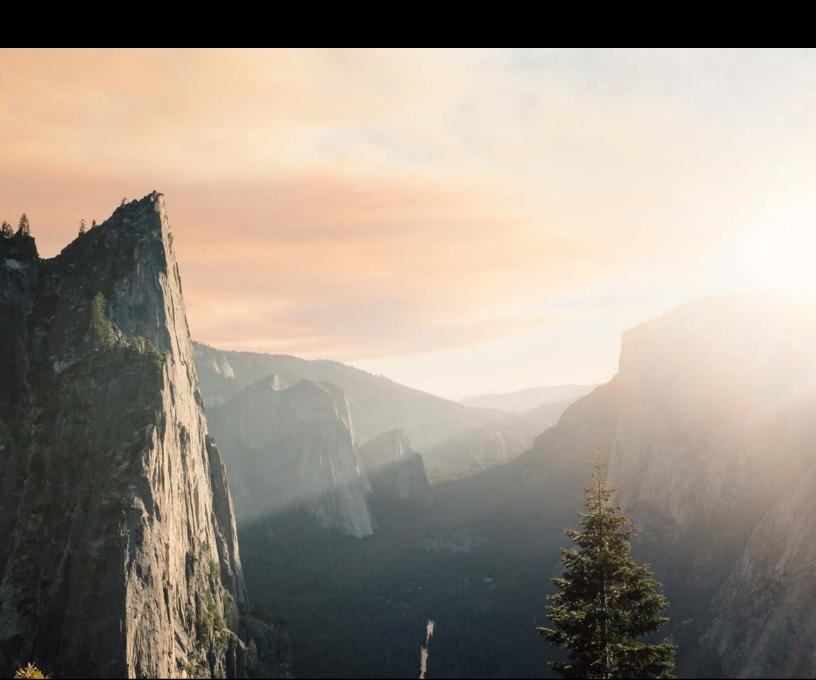
Great are the chances of surprise, like Deer that cross the road at night, no predicting when they might.

First sign will be your headlights glare, in glowing eyes and frozen stare.



Harder to know when nearing end, or what you'll find around the bend.

But roads most winding, twisting steep, once summit's point is reached, have views the most divine.

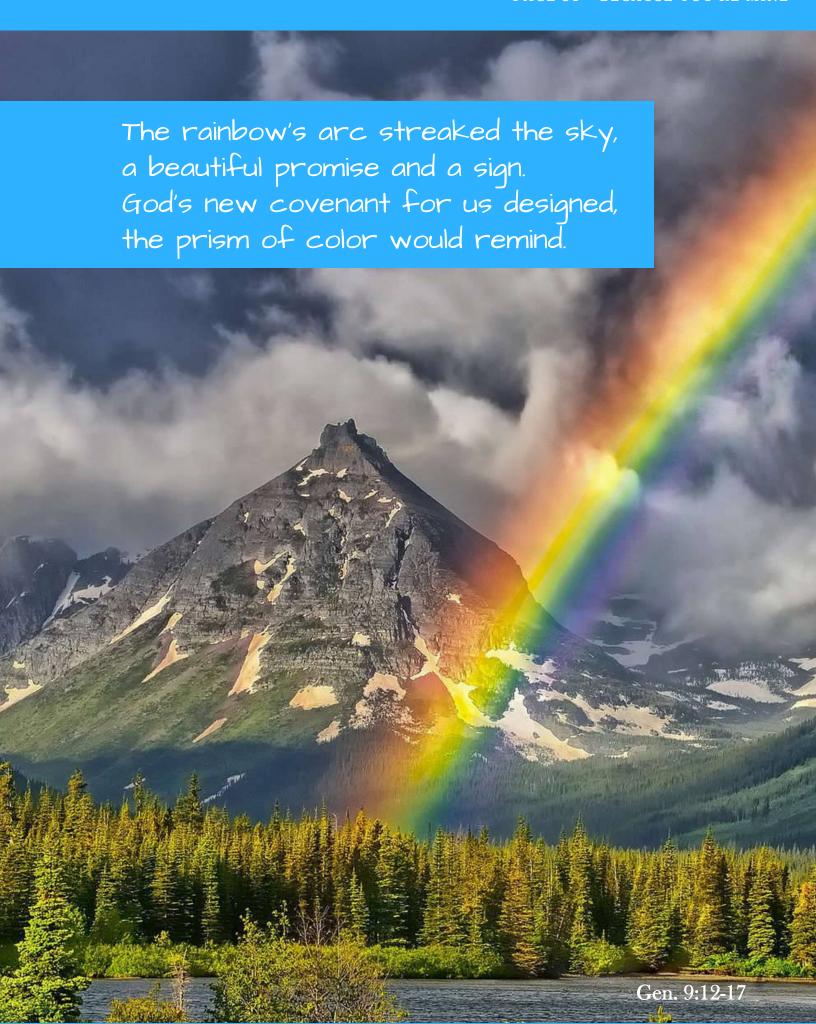


The best laid plans of mice and men, cannot thwart nor comprehend-what waits for us around the bend, built from Divine imagination.

Beginning in the garden, and falling out of Eden, sin's curse was not, nor would it be, the final revelation.



As on the altar Noah learned, flooding waters filled the earth, not for its destruction, but for its rebirth.



A new chapter on that day began, God would not destroy again.
Replacing judgement with his Grace, like rainbow has no end.

So Chapter 3 for Noah, we're a part of too.
Our stories both changed greatly, after Chapter 2.

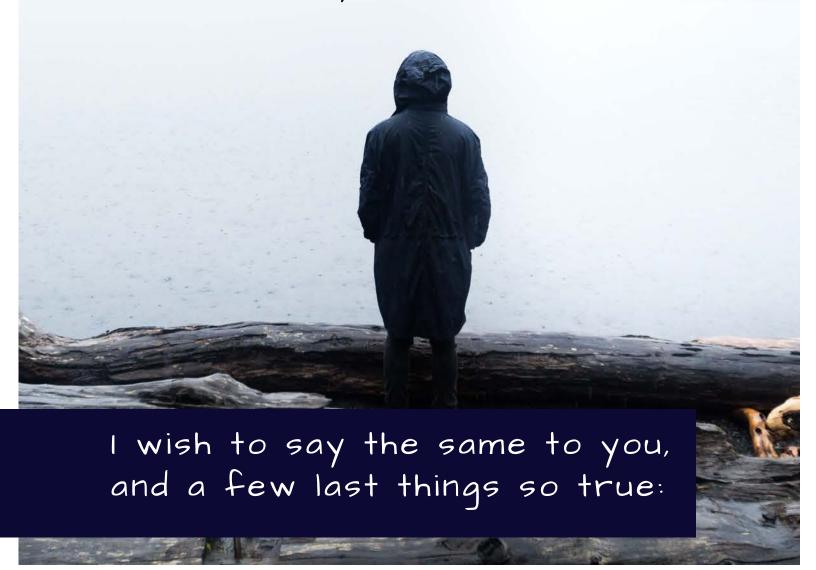
That day he first stepped off the ark, feet firm upon dry land.

Moving up to alter's rock, we too on solid ground now stand.



On this hope I find a way, to keep a lookout every day, A rainbow's just behind the clouds, Not too far away.

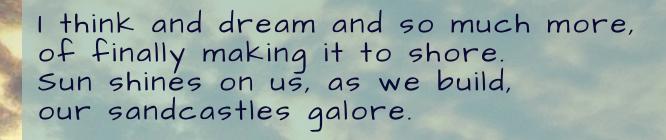
And while I wait I listen close, a still, small voice I hear, Speaking softly to my soul, "It is well, my dear."



There's nothing that I would not do, to earth's end I'd run for you. There's nothing that I wouldn't try, to make the time fly faster by, until I am with you.

I'd find a way to outer space, if you were up there, too. On board a rocket ship I'd hide, squeezed tight inside, an astronaut's suitcase. i'd search forever in the stars, Canvas Venus, look on Mars. I'd gladly sit for miles and miles, on endless road trips in the car. I'd swim across the ocean blue, my arms would never tire. I'd run or crawl if I had to, all the way to Timbuktu.

If I thought it meant a chance, to spend the day with you.



until that day, I wait and pray, and repeat again to you, a simple fact about God's love, and true of my love, too:

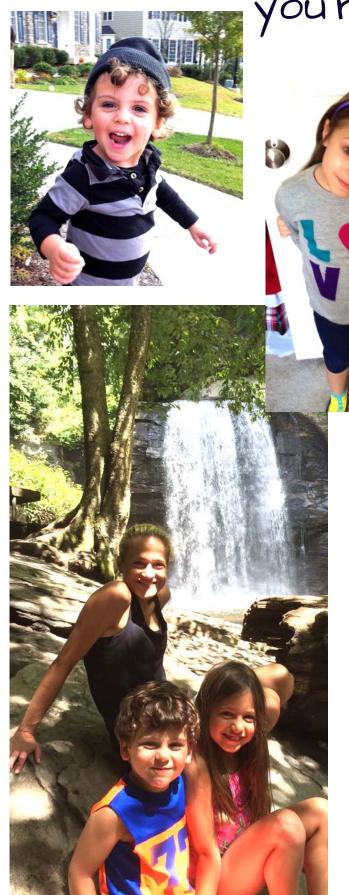
Whether rain keeps falling from the sky, or sun begins to shine:

## My love for you will always be ...



# just because...









P.S.

66

NOTHING YOU
COULD EVER DO,
WOULD MAKE ME
LOVE YOU LESS.

99

Love, Mama

#### EVA AND LAWSON'S WEBSITES OF STORIES AND ADVENTURES: CREATED BY MAMA LAST CHRISTMAS

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