**His Healing Hands**

**How can time pass by so quickly, when**

**the memory, of you, is still so vivid?**

**Your silly smirk along with that twinkle in your**

**eyes. Life is no longer the same without you in it.**

**Everything I see, reminds me of you.**

**Which make me miss you even more.**

**It still seems like a bad dream, one that I wish**

**I would wake up from; in my mind it is stored.**

**Praise God that I don't stay in that state**

**of mind long, I continue to move on.**

**And every once in a while, Michael, you**

**send me positive energy to call upon.**

**You were good at supporting others. Going out**

**of your way was what you were known to do.**

**Then the questions start all over again, I'm told it's part**

**of the grieving process to ask, even get angry at you.**

**This is what I tell people who are struggling, those**

**that misses and is lost without having you about.**

**I take each day, one breath at a time. Asking**

**the Lord to carry me, help me not to doubt.**

**With His help, the good memories are**

**taking over, instead of how you passed.**

**I'm spending less time on the why. Because**

**I am accepting His healing hands at last.**

**Written By Frances Berumen 8/10/14 <><**

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