Wheelchair

My "wheelchair" you'll never see,
It secretly belongs to me,
I use it often--unbeknown,
Trembling, truly, were it shown.

I also search for special ramps,
For wider doors, and brighter lamps,
My "darkness" makes it harder still,
To navigate with secret skill.

The past has often hampered me,
And made it hard for me to see,
The loving Guide who takes my hand,
And safely leads through sinking sand.

You too may have a "wheelchair,"
And feel that things are fierce, unfair,
Your life may stress and draw you down,
But hope there is if you're His own.

So let Him be your special ramp,
Your wider door, and brighter lamp,
For darkness flees when His light shines,
He shows the way with loving signs.

Ralph E. McIntosh
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