



The Angel's Psalm

After "*A Holocaust Survivor Embraced by Hope*,"
by Martin Spett

**I am the stuff of heaven, Lord, and yet,
I am amazed at the wonder of man.**

**For he is like You in the beauty of his form,
and he is like You in the courage of his heart,
and he is like You in the strength of his soul.**

**Yet he is thin as a reed, fragile as glass,
his life as brief as the wind in the grass.**

**I kiss the old man's stubbled head,
embrace his bent and tortured body,
kneel with him in stone and ash beside a blighted tree.**

**Lord, Your sky is a black black void,
and his ribs are as dear as bone.**

**Yet the word that he whispers is love,
and the prayer that he prays is hope,
and the name that he utters is You.**

**And all I am able to say to him
is *Yes, Yes, Yes.***

Angela O'Donnell