



THE PROMISE

Written by Therese Emmanuel

Illustrated by Alethea Lambert



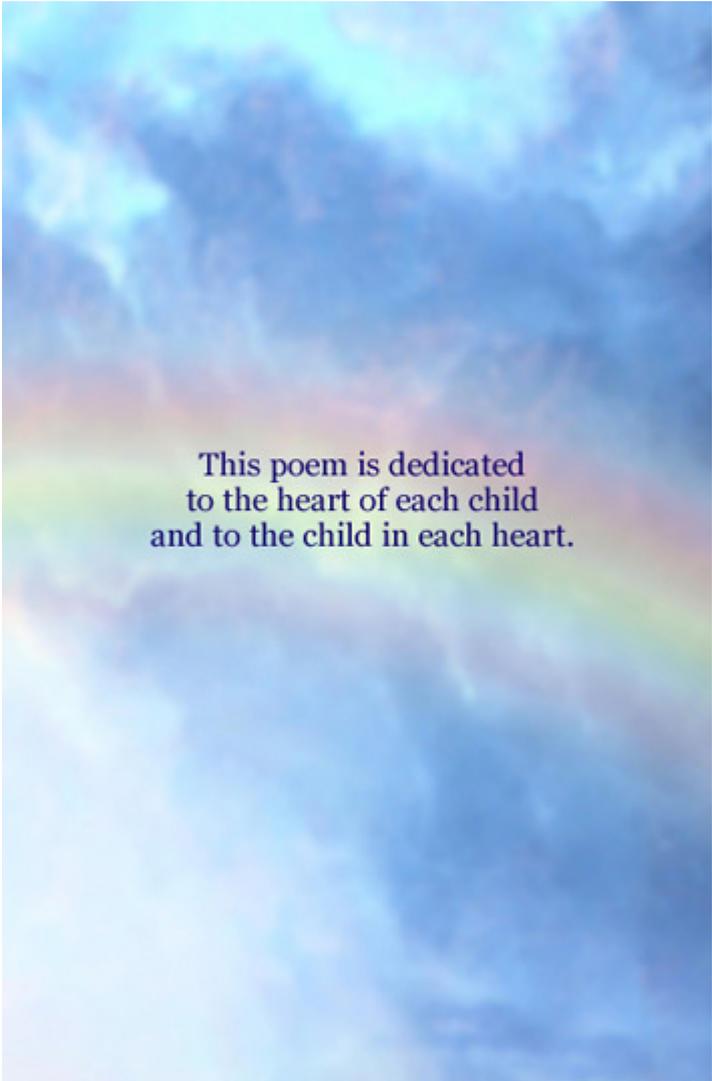


Tell me the stories of Jesus
I love to hear.
Things I would ask him to tell me
If he were here.
Scenes by the wayside,
Tales of the sea,
Stories of Jesus, tell them to me.

– Traditional hymn

Let the little children come to me,
and do not hinder them,
for the kingdom of God
belongs to such as these.

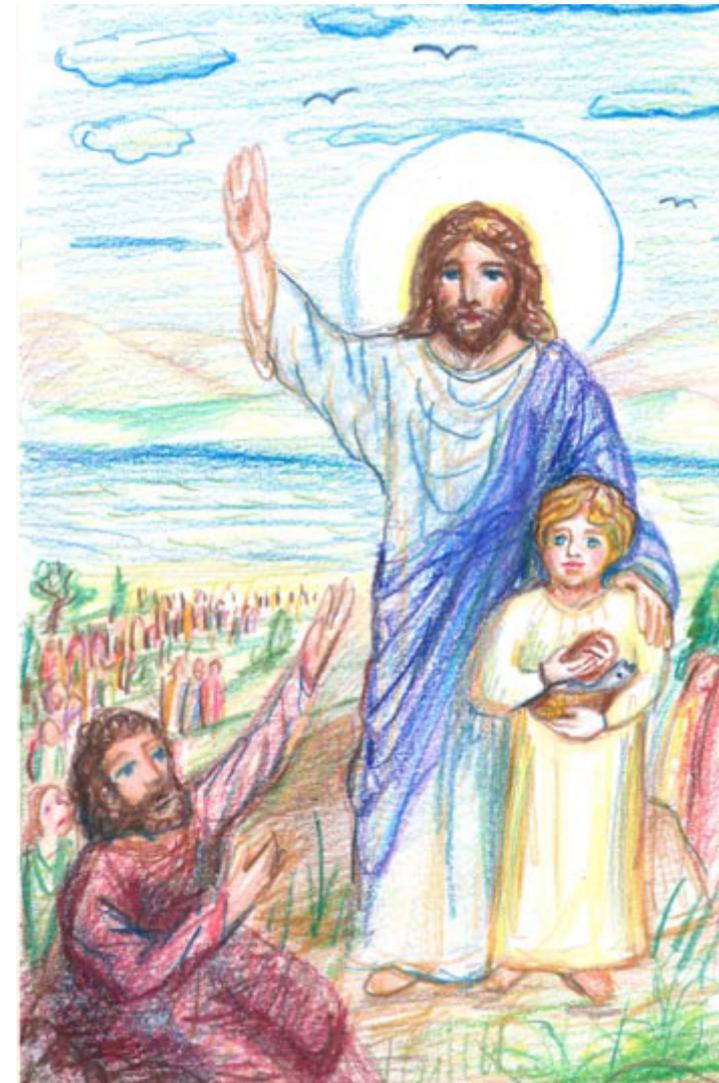
– Luke 18:16

A vertical rectangular image showing a vibrant rainbow arching across a sky filled with soft, white and light blue clouds. The colors of the rainbow are clearly visible, transitioning from red on the left to violet on the right.

This poem is dedicated
to the heart of each child
and to the child in each heart.

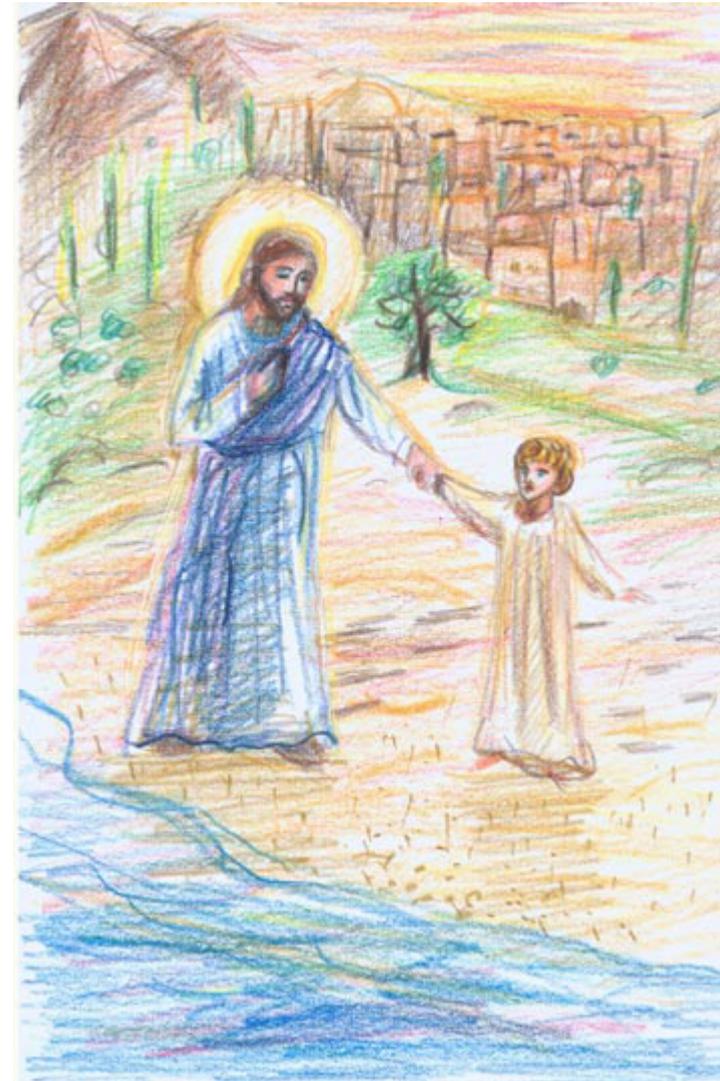


*Was I not with you Master
When you made the blind man see
And broke the bread in morsels
On the shores of Galilee?*





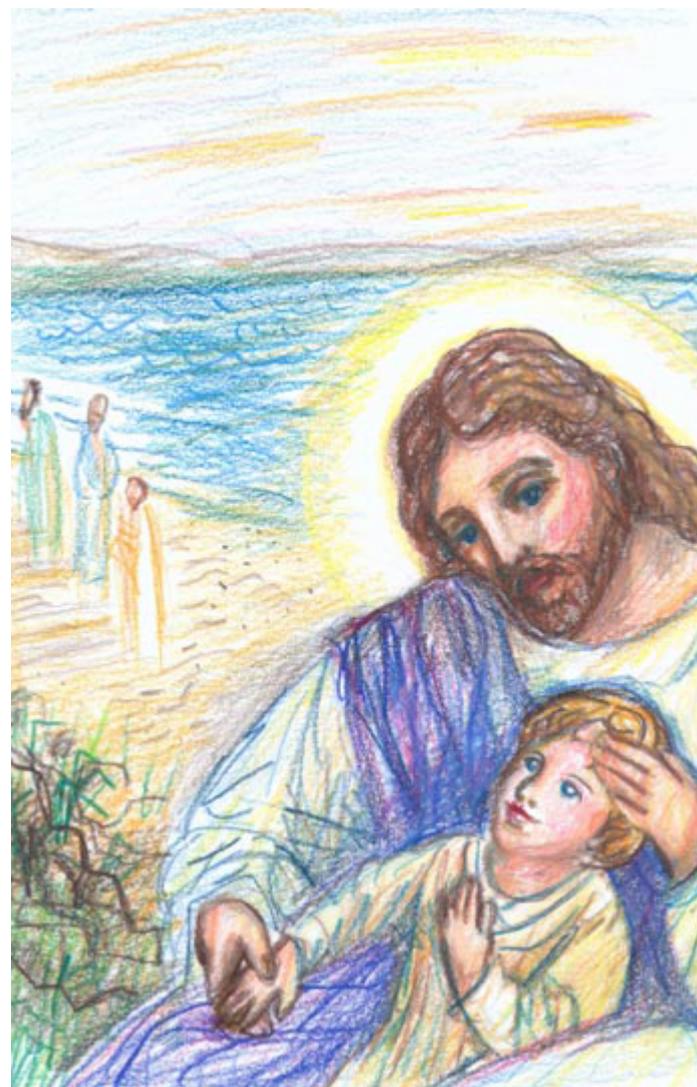
*Did we not linger on the beach
After the multitudes heard you speak
Thirsting for the living water
You promised we would drink?*





*My head upon your shoulder
Your heartbeat close to mine
Your hand upon my forehead
Our union was divine.*

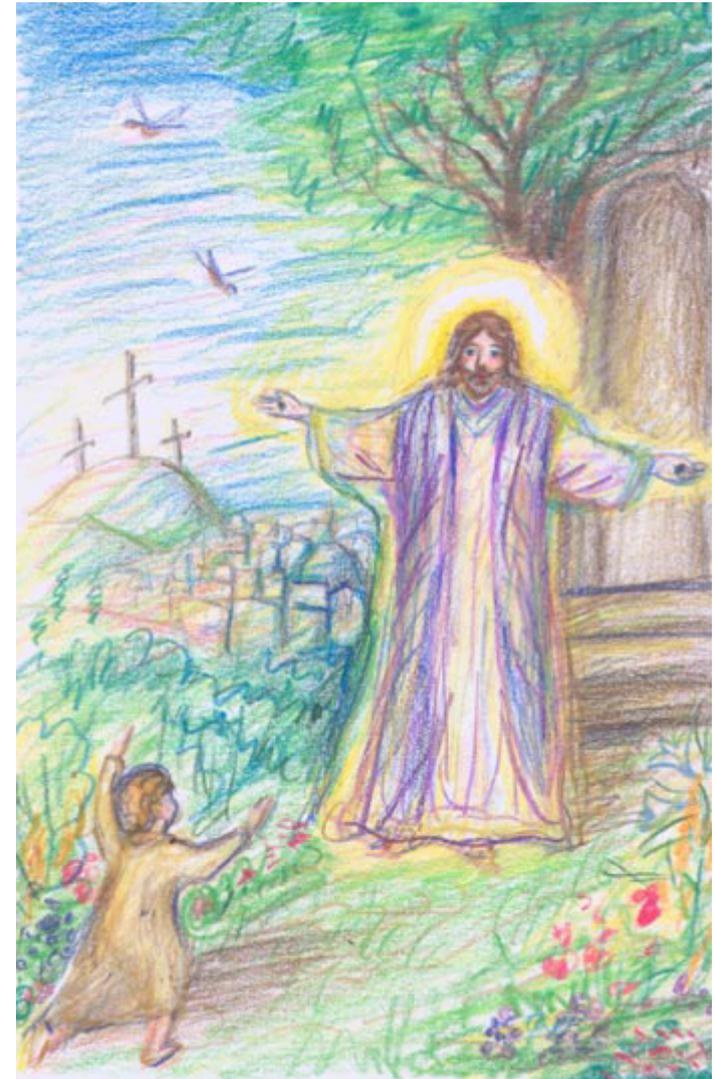
*Wait for me," you said to me
Looking at the sands of time,
"Watch and pray for me each day
Forever you'll be mine."*





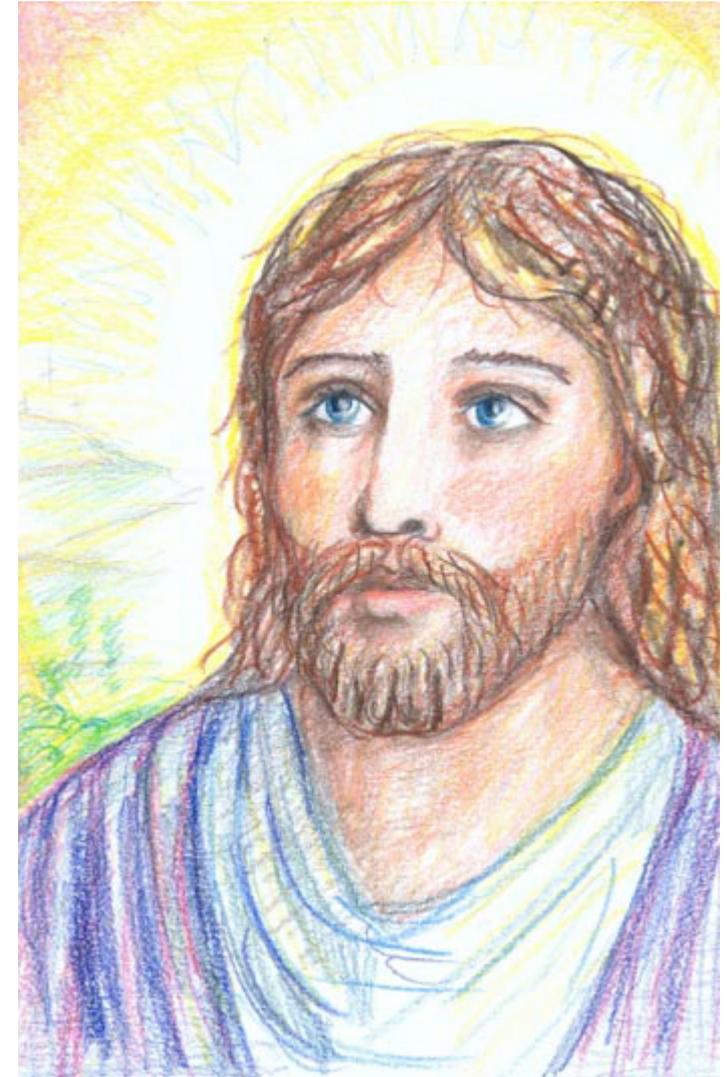
*I watched them nail you to the tree
And tear your garments into shreds,
I prayed while you were in the tomb
I hoped you were not dead.*

*I ran to you on Easter morn
I was so overwhelmed,
I couldn't contain the joy to know
You're with us once again!*





*At eternity you seemed to gaze
With essence from above,
"Wait for me," you said again.
"Watch and pray, my love."*





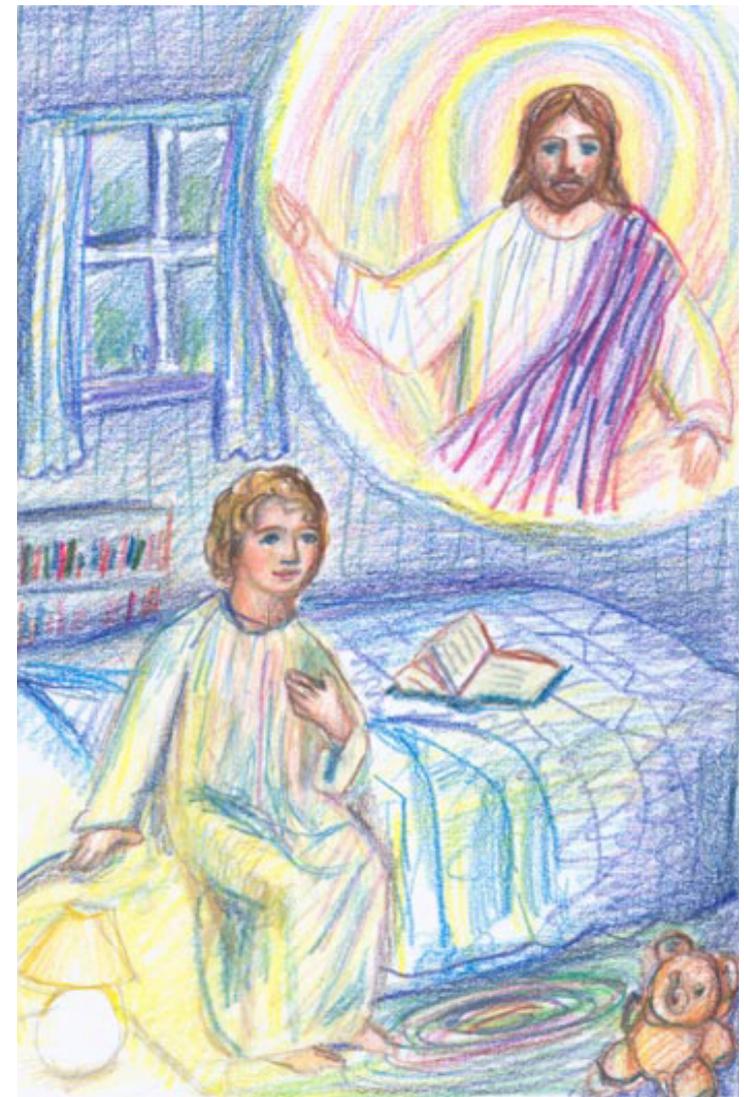
*I watched the world around me change
Two thousand years I prayed
I knew that you would come again,
That things wouldn't be the same.*

*Longing for your heartbeat
And for your hand in mine,
I didn't forget your loving words
Across the sands of time.*



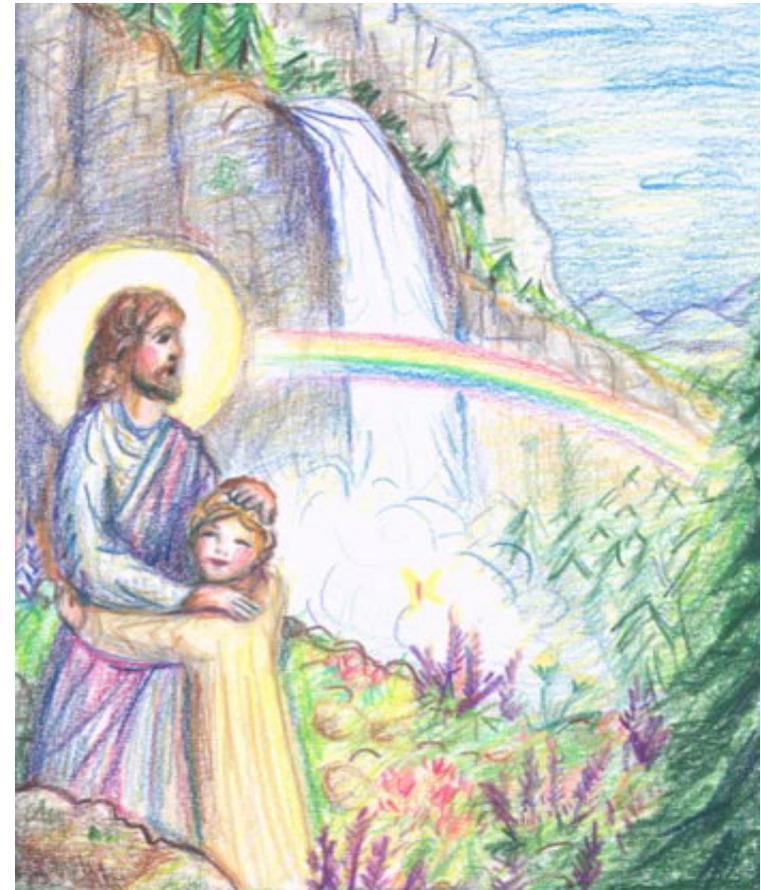


*Now lately when I think of you
I feel your breath in me
Not since that day upon the shore
Have I felt you so near.*





*Your hand upon my forehead
Your heartbeat close to mine,
You live inside me Lord each day
Forever you'll be mine.*





A Prayer by Mother Teresa

Dear Jesus,

Help me to spread Your Fragrance
wherever I go.
Flood my soul
with Your Spirit and life.
Penetrate and possess
my whole being so utterly
That my life may only be
a radiance of Yours.

—from *Heart of Joy*





The Promise is a poem for every child
who delights in the stories of Jesus,
who longs to be with Him,
and rejoices in His love.

*Books For
Young Mystics™*

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