**My Jesus**

Majestic, he walks on the water, pools rippling beneath the feet of Our Christ,

Holy, he stands before me, laying fish and bread into my hungry hands.

| bow my head. Darkness.

Carefully, he sinks his hand into my body, my blood,

Into my frozen, crisp heart.

It melts like gentle snowflakes.

I see – a shimmer of light! A miracle!

Awed, I gaze as his love flows through me, lighting my eyes once more.

His gentle words touch my very soul.

His mighty hands heal

And give me hope, love and peace.

I am glowing with the warmth and love of the world.

Of my Jesus.



By Years 4 and 5 (Key Stage 2),

Eccleston CE Primary School