

The Mysterious Power of the Blankie

By Pam Verner

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As that special blankie protects and soothes its tiny owner
Wrapping her in soft comfort and peace
That need for enveloping peace waits in all of us, ready to receive power from
The gifts of our friends, when we need them.

All of us must encounter brushes with the unknown in our lives
That unsettling feeling of what will happen, what might happen, what could happen
In surgery or long travel or unexpected events

How blessed it was to me this past few months
To feel the gradual, steady building of an iron-strong
Blankie, created just for me, to support me when I needed it
All ages of us, babies of the unknowing, needing just a little help at times
Wrapping me in that special warmth, as my blankie comes together, through:

Words, cards, calls, prayers, and thoughts of love from friends and relatives that
come flying in to fill a warp and weft of support

Visitors' gifts of things from nature affirming our oneness with our world
The sweetness of fresh-picked cherries, muffling the hospital smells with their
summer fragrance, and flowers---roses, lavender and daisies, picked with
love

The dear, clear sound of the singer's voice, soaring above the muted strings of her
guitar as we sang together about marching in the light of God, filling those
bustling hospital halls with healing music

To know that my friends were lifting me up on Sunday mornings
And the strength of a visitor from down the hall, facing her own challenges with
grace and power

My sister's love and gift of service, books, and puzzles
My children's gift to me of their love and of precious time with my grandchildren
My husband's constant care and gifted cooking

My blankie was there for me. I thank you for your part in creating it.

Thank you all as my health returns me to the dance of life.

"I am the Lord of the Dance", said He.

Love--Pam