

## **A Servant's Heart**

**Count her hours of service  
A sister and friend so true;  
Whether it's hand or ear she lends,  
It's impossible to do.  
The souls she crosses paths with  
On any given day  
Are looking for some comfort  
In some old fashioned way.  
It seems she has a radar  
That comes from up above.  
That guides her to the broken heart  
To lift it with her love.  
Her words are spoken softly.  
Her hand is ever near.  
Her touch is quite angelic  
And it settles every fear.  
She seeks her Maker daily  
And taps into His Might  
And lays her head down peaceably  
On each and every night.  
Perhaps you have encountered  
This selfless servant's heart.  
She leaves you with significance  
That no other could impart.**

**B. Rowley**