

# Rocking Chair Prayer

*by: Alicia Bruxvoort*



Precious little child of mine,  
A miracle of God's design.  
I marvel at the sight of you,  
So soft and pink and fresh and new.  
You are Heaven in disguise,  
With Daddy's smile and Mommy's eyes.  
You're everything I'd hoped you'd be,  
Handpicked for our family.

And as we rock the night away,  
I wish that you could always stay  
Safe within my loving arms,  
Far from heartaches, hurts, and harms.  
But just as night must lead to dawn,  
Time will not stop marching on,  
And though you seem so slight and small,  
I know that in no time at all  
We'll trade in this rocking chair  
For wheels that carpool here and there.  
Then, in your "bigness" you might think  
That Mom's arms have begun to shrink.  
And so I pray that as you grow,  
You will not hesitate to go  
To the Hands that hold each star,  
The Arms that reach to where you are.  
May you climb upon the knee  
Of the Maker of eternity,  
And discover that the lap of grace  
Is a safe and precious place.  
For now, sweet one, I'll hold you tight,  
But surrender you in prayer each night  
To the only One I know  
Who has the arms you won't outgrow.

