

I grew up in a small, hick town.
It's not as easy as it sounds.
I was the pastor's kid, you see,
And that's not what I wished to be.
At times I did not understand
Why God kept me in that strange land,
Where people had no eyes to see,
The love of God that lived in me.
I gave my love with no return,
And found that I must quickly learn,
That people who are hurt inside,
Cannot receive love, when full of pride.
But then my parents came to me
And said that we would shortly be
In a land across the ocean;
Big, new and full of commotion.
But I'm not afraid this season.
God has called us for a reason.
To teach and share a heart of love
That's pure and gentle like a dove.
Now I am so happy and free,
Just like a fish back in the sea.

--Camilla Hanson