

# **From Hands to Heaven, Descends Boundless Mercy**

From quiet hands that share their bread,  
A mercy flows where angels tread.  
Unseen by eyes, yet deeply known,  
Each gentle gift is duly sown.

What leaves the palm returns as light,  
A hidden bloom in darkest night.  
No coin is lost, no kindness small,  
For Heaven keeps account of all.

A whisper given, soft and pure,  
Becomes a cure, becomes a cure.  
Through winding paths our prayers may roam,  
Yet every step is guided home.

O Lord of Grace, O Knower true,  
You read the heart in all we do.  
Teach us to give without a name,  
A quiet flame, a humble flame.

# **When Deeds Ascend, Blessings Return**

No trumpet sounds for deeds unseen,  
Yet skies record where hearts have been.

A cup of care, a moment kind,  
Outlives the limits of our mind.

Not always gold, nor worldly gain,  
But peace that washes silent pain.  
A guarded soul, a steadied way,  
A dawn that breaks after delay.

Protect us, Lord, from prideful show,  
From praise that feeds the fragile ego.

Let mercy be our only aim,  
Your pleasure sought, not fleeting fame.

For what we give returns once more,  
In forms we never asked You for.  
Indeed, none gives as You can do,  
Most Merciful, Most Just, Most True.