

## The Meaning of Rescue

Now that I'm home, bathed, settled and fed,  
All nicely tucked in my warm new bed.  
I'd like to open my baggage,  
Lest I forget,  
There is so much to carry –  
So much to regret.  
Hmm.... Yes, there it is, right on the top,  
Let's unpack Loneliness, Heartache and Loss.  
And there by my leash hides Fear and Shame.  
As I look on these things I tried so hard to leave –  
I still have to unpack my baggage called Pain.

I loved them, the others, the ones who left me,  
But I wasn't good enough – for they didn't want me.  
Will you add to my baggage?  
Will you help me unpack?  
Or will you just look at my things –  
And take me right back?  
Do you have the time to help me unpack?  
To put away my baggage,  
To never repack?  
I pray that you do – I'm tired you see,  
But I do come with baggage,  
Will you still want me?

~Author Unknown