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By Sarah Huburn

## Psalm 42

My soul thirsts for you, O God, for  
without you i have nothing. Let me  
pant for streams of living water, like  
the, for deer Hungary's for you, O  
Lord.

My tears have been my food night and  
day.

Men say, "Where is your God?"

Then i heard the promises of God  
"I will wipe every tear from your eye,  
for you are my child and you are worth  
more to me, then you will ever image,  
remember what i did on the cross.  
That's how much I love you, p.s I  
always will.