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By Sarah Huburn

Psalms 42

My soul thirsts for you, O God, for
without I have nothing;
Let me pant for streams of water, like the
deer pants hungry for you O Lord.

My tears have been my food night and
day.

Although men say 'where is your God?'
Then I heard the promises of God.

I will weep 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!!!