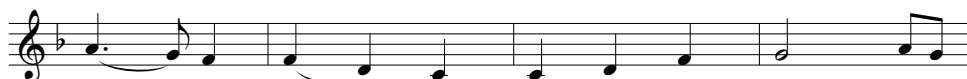


We Cannot Measure How You Heal



1. We can - not meas - ure how you heal Or
 2. The pain that will not go a - way, The
 3. So some have come who need your help, And



an - swer ev - 'ry suf - f'rer's prayer, Yet
 guilt that clings from things long past, The
 some have come to make a - mends, As



we be - lieve your grace re - sponds Where faith and
 fear of what the fu - ture holds, Are pres - ent
 hands which shaped and saved the world Are pres - ent



doubt u - nite to care. Your hands, though blood - ied
 as if meant to last. But pres - ent too is
 in the touch of friends. Lord, let your Spir - it



on the cross, Sur - vive to hold and heal and
 love which tends The hurt we nev - er hoped to
 meet us here To mend the bod - y, mind, and



warn, To car - ry all through death to
 find, The pri - vate ag - o - nies in -
 soul, To dis - en - tan - gle peace from



life And cra - dle chil - dren yet un - born.
 side, The mem - o - ries that haunt the mind.
 pain, And make your bro - ken peo - ple whole.