



# Isaiah's Reality

—  
WEEK 8

## Week 8 Poem

### The Wind....

Nothing was the same after the wind changed  
It came out from nowhere and it left us all estranged.  
Bent, broken and stretched;  
It took us to a place so far-fetched

Is anything ever the same after playing this "life game"?  
Many say no, but we learn as we grow.  
We never win by fighting against the wind,  
Rather, if we bend, we will truly win in the end  
For when the East wind comes  
We will surely become  
More like our Father's daughters and sons  
Keeping our branches strong,  
For our day won't be long.

So, let the wind stretch, move and bend you,  
As you become new in all the seasons  
You're allowed to go through