

## Your Life is in My Hands (From a Social Worker's Perspective)

Contributed by Stephanie M. Lynch

A poem by social work student Stephanie Lynch.

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(From a Social Worker's Perspective)  
by Stephanie M. Lynch

You come to me torn apart.  
You come to me with a bleeding heart.  
And I'll give to you all that I can.  
I'll reach to you a gentle hand.

I'll assure you now that you have my trust.  
And we'll tend to matters in the way that we must.  
We'll work together you and I.  
To see this cause is justified.

Respect and worth you will receive.  
The sky is the limits when you and I believe.  
I can't promise you victory. I can only give my best.  
But if we stick it out, we can win this test.

I'll listen and care and do all that I can.  
But I am not a Savior. I'm only mortal man.  
I desire with passion to take away your pain.  
To fill it with sunshine and dry up all the rain.

And sometimes I feel helpless because I just can't fix it all.  
But I won't give up on you and I'll be here when you call.  
I'll do my best to meet your every need.  
But you also have the power to succeed.

If there's anything at all I want you to know.  
It's that as long as there's life, there's always hope.  
Inside I ache for a world full of hurt.  
And I cry for those who've lost their self worth.

I weep for the homeless. I bleed for the child.  
I pray for the poverished who have no faith at all.  
I know I can't fix every problem I address.  
But I vow right now to do my very best.

So through journeys ahead on both water and land,  
I'll hold you gently in the palm of my hands.

Stephanie M. (Griffey) Lynch is a BSW student at Lincoln Memorial University. Her poem, "My Life Is In Your Hands (From a Client's Perspective)," was published in the Winter 2008 issue.