

In the cold darkness of an early January morning, a frozen infant was found lying on a snowbank at an Indianapolis hospital. For hours the child laid there in single digit temperatures. He was clad in little blue rompers and a diaper. Wrapped only in a crib sheet, he had a white ribbon around his neck with an angel medallion on it.

Seventy people, as far as we know all strangers, attended the service donated by a funeral home of the child known to the world only as baby Ephraim, a name given to him by a thoughtful stranger. Photographers snapped pictures and onlookers shed tears as the tiny white casket was carried to the grave. A few days after this baby was abandoned on that frigid winter night, more details were released of this discarded child. The hearts of even the strongest men were touched when it was reported the infant had tears frozen on his cheeks.

Frozen Tears

As I considered all these things,
My heart tried to embrace,
A meaning for the frozen tears,
On that little baby's face.
I know that he's in heaven now,
Where I understand,
There all his tears are melted,
Wiped away by God's own hand.
But the frozen tears on little Ephraim,
They weren't left for naught.
They serve as a reminder,
That we might all be taught.

He was not the only child,
Who has these frozen tears.
Many of our children have them,
And they carry them for years.
They influence their choices,
Their actions, and words they speak.
They carry the tears in their heart,
That were frozen on their cheek.
The baby who lay jerking,
Because his mother was on drugs,
The girl who never knew her father,
His kisses or his hugs,
The mom who drank her breakfast,
As her little boy watched and cried,
Yes, he has frozen tears,
And he saves them up inside.
The young girl with no one there,
After school when she gets home.
Another frozen tear is there,
That night when she's still alone.
Many children are neglected.
They are left to run the street.
Though the tear is invisible,
It's still frozen on their cheek.
Now he lives a violent life.
He watches his friend die.
Or maybe he takes a life,
Not even understanding why.

Now she has a baby.
She thinks like a child inside.
For she lays him in snowbank,
And more frozen tears are cried.
We must break this cycle.
We must stop and pray.
We must show them Jesus' love.
For He alone, can melt the tears away.