



## **Always To Him I Go**

When I seek peace, I go to Him;  
He takes my worries, all of them,  
Instills in me a sense of calm . . .  
His Loving Touch my healing balm.

Erasing fears, oppressing doubt,  
Removing them completely out,  
And I am free to bask in peace . . .  
His Loving Touch my sweet release.

How swift the years that pass me by,  
But on His Love, I shall rely,  
His World of Calm embraces me . . .  
My heart and soul both thrive as free.

Remiss I'd be should I not praise  
His Gift of Love, his Gift of Days,  
For I bask in His World, His Space,  
Rejoicing in His Saving Grace.

**Henry W. Gurley**