



A Sacred Trust

Soon I shall be but pile of dust,
But I fret not; I have His Trust.
His Flame flickers so gracefully
As I seek Him, His Sanctity.

Not here! Not there! But everywhere
I have true need for His Sweet Care.
I love Him so and trust in Him
When life gleams rosy or turns dim.

Forlorn my grief, selfsame despair?
I worry not for He is there
To shelter me with warm embrace,
Awarding me his Touch of Grace.

A pile of dust one day I'll be . . .
But He'll be there to welcome me.

Henry W. Gurley