



His Grant of Grace

Accepting Him, as I have done,
My aching heart receives His Care;
My soul rejoices in His Love:
Then I'm inspired beyond compare.
Much like an ocean's tidal flow,
So like a mountain's majesty,
And like a whispered wind at dawn
His Loving Touch awarded me.

But then again, His Morning Sun
Ascends on cue in eastern skies;
And I breathe in the scenery
As each day dawns with new surprise.
Defining what He does for me,
Impossible in my poor tongue;
I hear His Angels singing now
His Grant of Grace in wondrous song.

I honor Him, my Lord and King;
Imbued in me His Love, His Gifts.
I sense true purpose to my life;
His Care, His Touch . . . each one uplifts.

Henry W. Gurley