



My All

He is my Lord; He is my King;
He is my All, my Everything.
And in my life, He reigns with love
Within, without, beyond . . . Above.

And I, mere child, rest in His Care
Knowing always that he is there
To bind my wounds, to heal my heart,
To share His Gift . . . My fresh new start.

My days and years pass quickly by;
He bides with me; He's always nigh
To comfort me in my distress,
And oh, indeed . . . He's there to bless.

In gratefulness I'll lift Him up
And drink sweet nectar from His Cup;
To Paradise my soul shall soar . . .
And lo . . . such treasures there in store.

How lucky I that he is mine,
Father figure . . . Divine, Divine!
He's One on one; my All in All . . .
So fortunate! I heard his Call.

Henry W. Gurley