



In Blindness

Blind, blind my faith, but Him I trust;
His Dictates firm, His Love flows free.
He paved The Way, His Death unjust,
But His Last Breath? Sweet victory!

In blindness I may grope about
To seek his Truth which lies ahead;
And as I search no fear, no doubt
May interfere; I'm being led.

He does love me; this much I know;
His Sacrifice upon that tree
Touched both my heart and soul; and so
In blindness then I was set free.

The inner core of my being,
(Heart and soul included in this) . . .
I trust in Him without seeing . . .
My reward? Oh! His Gift of Bliss.

Henry W. Gurley