



A Trust Well-Placed

When fear assails me from all sides,
When I sense things out of control,
When pain and suffering take charge
I dare question Your Loving Role.

How wrong of me to think like this;
Not trusting You creates but doubt.
My enemy is naught but fear
Controlling me within, without.

I call on You again, again
And know indeed that You'll be there;
In fearing You I place full trust
And feel true comfort in Your Care.

To fear You, Lord, beginning of
A wisdom of both time and place;
My trust well-placed against old fears . . .
And oh, Your Love, Your Touch of Grace.

Henry W. Gurley