



## **In Your Time**

How patient You are, Dearest Lord,  
Listening to my tales of woe;  
With great patience You hear my pleas,  
Consider my pains, I know.

Then with that Great Love You possess,  
One by one my problems You weigh;  
Your timeframe not based on my wants  
But my words You do assay.

And then in Your Time You reach out,  
Displaying the love that I know;  
My problems fade slowly away,  
Then gone the pains of my woe.

You, not I, the most patient one  
Have taken actions touched by grace;  
In Your own time and by Your Touch  
My woes with love You replace.

**Henry W. Gurley**