



His Warmth

A sense of warmth as He comes near;
Drawing nigh His Calmness abides.

A special time that I hold dear,
A time when His Blessing betides.

Beyond the ken of my own thought,
Beyond the scope of what I feel,
I know indeed His Gift blood-bought,
Directed by His Father's Will.

My true being, uplifted, sings;
My heart and soul consume His Love.
As I share in the warmth He brings,
This is His Warmth I'm speaking of.

And it is there both day and night,
And in fact, it never leaves me.
He bides present as Guiding Light,
A beacon I can always see.

As I rest in His Warm Embrace,
I savor the abiding calm;
It's then I share His Sweet, Sweet Grace,
Far greater than an earthly balm.

Henry W. Gurley