

HOPEWARD

I LAY IN A CRUMPLED HEAP
NOT STRONG, BUT WEAK
A PITIFUL MESS BUT BLESSED
TO COLLAPSE AT THE MASTER'S FEET.

MY TROUBLED SOUL WAS WEARY
MY HEART WAS COLD AND HEAVY
"COME, RECEIVE MY REST"
HE WHISPERED TO ME GENTLY.

HIS WORDS WERE KIND AND TRUE:
"I KNOW WHAT YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH.
I'VE GOT ALL THE GRACE YOU NEED
AND I'M GIVING IT TO YOU."

SUCH MERCY IN HIS FACE
AS HE LAVISHED ME WITH GRACE
MY WEARY SOUL FOUND REST
IN THE WARMTH OF HIS EMBRACE.

I FEASTED ON HIS GOSPEL
AND WHERE BEFORE I'D CRUMPLED
FRESH STRENGTH BEGAN TO RISE
AS HOPEWARD FAITH WAS KINDLED.

DAI HANKEY