

Encouragement

Fret not my soul when things are dark
And God seems far away,
How perfectly He's pruning you
For that soon coming day.

It is the path that many trod
Midst sorrow, toil and grief,
No light before thee shines abroad
There seems no soon relief.

And then I read the word of truth
When God speaks to my heart,
My child, My child, I love you dear
This is the better part.

Oppressors have their day and then
God's discipline will fall,
Then feel for all their bitterness
That they on God will call.

Thus dark and wearisome the path
The sorrows soon be o're,
The land of peace and hearts desires
You're very near the shore.

So praise the Lord my Christian friend
His mercies gleam afar,
For God Himself, He is thy guide
To His eternal day.

*Rowan Jennings
17th Dec. 2001*

Yvonne Vernon