



Lord, When I Prayed

Lord, when I prayed that I might be
A brighter light down here for Thee,
I meant to shine to all around
And in Thy service to abound.
Now weak and helpless here I lie
I cannot help but wonder shy?

When I asked that I might go
About Thy field to serve Thee so,
I dreamed of a much larger sphere
To witness for Thee far and near;
I did not know that I would find
Myself within these walls confined.

And when I longed that I might grow
In likeness to Thee here below,
I did not know that I would gain
Thy likeness at the cost of pain,
Or that I would to Thee conform
Through life's severest, saddest storm.

My child, I chasten those I love
In wisdom that is far above
All human power to understand,
So rest in My strong, tender hand;
For whom I love I chasten sore
To loose the gold out from the ore.

It was not easy to insert
The thorn that caused thee so much hurt,
Dear child, it pierced Me sorely through
Before the prick was felt by you,
For not a sorrow reaches thee
That is not likewise felt by Me.

My child, your prayer shall answered be,
I shall be glorified in thee,
You shall into My likeness grow
And shine to many here below;
When weak you know yourself to be
More of My strength I'll give to thee.

Lord, to Thee I cry in my grief,
Give me faith, remove unbelief,
I am but clay, Potter art Thou,
To Thy blest will, humbly I bow,
Mold me, shape me, make me to be
Thy choice vessel, honouring Thee.

*... Gordon W. Gratiis
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