



The Hiding Place

Have you ever wished, deep down inside
That you could find a place to hide?
To hide from folks who come your way
With endless problems day by day?
To hide from all that lies ahead,
The unseen foes and griefs you dread?
To flee decisions you must make,
Avoid the path that you must take?
To run away and find a spot
Where even self can be forgot?

Earth has no place as such you seek --
No place of refuge for the weak;
For ev'ry shelter here on earth
Soon proves to be of little worth
And we are left alone to face
The woes that plague the human race

BUT WAIT!! The Rock of Ages -- He still stands,
A refuge from all life's demands;
A place to hide -- to weep -- to rest;
A place to hover and be blest.
For Jesus is that Rock Who stands
Holding forth His nail pierced hands --
A covert from the storm is He,
Saying, "Come, and hide in Me."

. Author unknown

Isaiah 32:1, 2
Behold, a king shall reign in righteousness,
and princes shall rule in judgment.

And a man shall be as an hiding place from the
wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of
water in a dry place, as the shadow of a
great rock in a weary land.