

CHRIST'S PROMISED PRESENCE

My eyes are on you when you sleep
And on you when you wake.
I'm there when trails are rough and steep,
Whatever paths you take.

I'm with you when you're all alone,
Beside you in the crowd.
I hear you on the telephone.
Your thoughts I know out loud.

I see behind your every mask:
To me you're always real.
I work with you in every task.
I feel the hurts you feel.

My promised presence offers more
Than just My standing here.
So, seek and find the treasure-store
That's yours when I am near.

— *David L. Hatton, 7/22/1988*