

THE JOURNEY

Don't let length and strength of seasons,
Summer's scorching, winter's snow,
Or a bitter list of reasons
Block your journey here below.
Plunge your parched and blistered being
In God's cool and soothing grace;
Bring your frozen soul for freeing
Through the warmth in Jesus' face.

Flesh is fragile, feeble, failing;
Life on earth: a shadow's breath. . .
While you see your best hopes trailing
In the damning dust of death,
Don't let hatred set you swaying
Off your course to God above.
Darkness lurks behind your saying,
"Life is lost from Heaven's love."

Lies that demons help you swallow,
When your soul is sick with sin,
Melt before the light you'll follow
As you let Christ reign within.
He'll escort you on your journey
By His Word, the Spirit's sword.
He will be your strong Attorney
For the devil's jeering horde.

Situations cannot stop you,
Missing limbs or lagging health,
Dark emotions cannot drop you,
Bound and trapped by demon stealth.
You are free to serve your Master.
He'll equip you for the fight.
Do not fret to travel faster. . .
Just keep looking to the Light!

— *David L. Hatton, 6/26/1992*