Everyday Thanksgiving

In wanderlust of eternity,
I travel streets of grace

I know the power of illusion.

But I find truth upon Your Face

(illusions crumble)

the b/ro/ke/nness have weakened bones and feeble flesh.

I trust in the Musician’s strings,
The One who makes the nation’s sing.
You are good
it’s understood
as days lead on……. to Day.

So
I
trust
in
You.

I long for bliss.

I send resounding praise.
You have *always* (in every single moment of my life) placed Your Hand upon me and I could not escape it.

I could not escape the love and the joy that had brought me even in the midst of dark hours in crooked roads.
You hem me in with mercy.
You have laid my sorrows upon the banks of Your glory.

Your glory, outshines them all.
Your holiness compels me in the arena of your steady sure activity

even in times of c h a o s you speak (a sensible soft Voice)
like a faithful father, Your Hand
on
my
shoulder.

I will be guided and I will be kept.

in flesh and blood,
gold and glory,
eyes of fire,
You tell the story.