

"The Blessings of a Storm"

I did not know His love before,
the way I know it now.

I could not see my need for Him,
my pride would not allow.

I had it all, without a care,
the "self-sufficient lie".

My path was smooth, my sea was still,
not a cloud was in my sky.

I thought I knew His love for me,
I thought I'd seen His Grace.

I thought I did not need to grow,
I thought I'd found my place.

But soon my way grew rough and dark,
and storm clouds quickly rolled.

The waves began to rock my ship,
my anchor would not hold.

The ship that I had built myself
was made of foolish pride.

It fell apart and left me bare,
with nowhere left to hide.

I had no strength, nor faith to face
the trials that lay ahead.

So I simply prayed to Him,
and bowed my weary head.

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His loving arms enveloped me,
and then He helped me stand.

He said, "You still must face this storm,
but I will hold your hand".

So thru the dark and lonely night,
He guided me thru the pain.

I could not see the light of day,
or when the storm might wane.

Yet thru the aches and endless tears,
my faith began to grow.

I could not see it at the time,
but my light began to glow.

I saw God's love in a brand new light,
His Grace and Mercy too.

For only when all self was gone,
could Jesus' love shine thru.

It was not easy in the storm,
I sometimes questioned, "Why?".

At times I'd thought, "I can't go on",
then I would hurt and doubt and cry.

But Jesus never left my side,
He guided me each day.

Thru the pain and strife, the fire and flood,
He helped me all the way.

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And now I see, as never before,
how great His love can be,
How in my weakness, He is strong;
how Jesus cares for me!

He worked it all out for my good,
although the way was rough.
He only sent what I could bear,
and then He cried, "Enough"!

He raised His hand and said, "Be still";
He made the storm clouds cease,
He opened up the gates of Joy,
and flooded me with peace.

I see His face, now clearer still,
and I felt His presence strong.
I found a new, His faithfulness;
He never did me wrong.

Now I know more storms will come,
but only for my good.

For pain and tears have helped me grow,
as naught else ever could.

I still have so much more to learn,
as Jesus works in me.

If in the storm I'll love Him more,
then that's where I want to be.

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