

# God's Gift

I've blundered down the road  
Through the wind and pelting rain,  
And numbness has congealed my strugg'ling limbs.

I slowly come to realize  
That the storm is now behind,  
And the sun has climbed aloft to greet my face.

In its warmth, I slip and falter,  
'Cause I'm looking on ahead  
And I see, with dread, another storm is raging.

I crumple to the ground  
In a heap of hopelessness,  
But suddenly I know that God's beside me.

I could stop and go no further,  
Or run the other way,  
Fleeing from the straight and narrow path,

But no matter where I am,  
God is always right beside me -  
His love can pierce my numbness and my pain.

I staunch my tears and nod,  
Drinking in His presence, gath'ring  
Strength to face the storm that lies ahead.

His love is firm to see us through  
The storms that cloud our path, but that  
Was not all of the gift He chose to give.

Those storms are cruel and trying,  
And they'll buffet us about, but they  
Will train us to know right from sin and wrong.

Through them we see His mercy,  
And the grace He longs to give  
To any who accept His son, the Christ.

There's a storm up ahead,  
And it's coming quickly closer.  
My head cocks to my shoulder... and I smile.

I heft my pack, step forward,  
But God taps upon my shoulder,  
"Follow Me, you heavy-laden – My burden's light."

I frowned as I considered  
What I carried in my pack –  
Those things I had become familiar with:

A bit of cold resentment,  
A dash of anger and grief,  
A hand full of things unforgiven.

With frustrations and heartaches,  
Tension, pride, and stress,  
And worries pent up deep within my soul.

That recipe had taken  
Several years to get just right –  
A cup or two of selfishness  
A tablespoon of spite.

I want to bear this load, I've got  
The strength to see it through.

"God I've got this one -  
No need to bother You."

But God just shook His head,  
And sighed a quiet sigh.  
And there I stood out in the rain -  
And knew it was a lie.

I gulped a lump down quickly  
And reached forth with my hand.  
He clasped it, firmly squeezing,  
And my pack fell to the land.

There's a storm up ahead  
And I'm running joyously toward it.  
With God's firm steady grip,  
The path through the storm is lit.

God will guide me, and lead me.  
He'll teach me and love me.  
And when I lack the strength of heart to stand,  
He'll catch me in His arms, and carry me for free.