

Request of the Called

Lord I praise Thee in the rain,
For You have made me dance.
My aching bones find comfort in Your peace.

Your love is everlasting,
Your salvation grips me true.
I find rest within the shelter of Your wings.

Your patience is unending
With Your precious little child;
I seek forgiveness in Your open arms.

Lord help me be Your servant.
Keep me low within my mind.
May Your grace flow through me to the others here.

-Jenari Skye

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**See more about this poem in the blog post "Requests" on the
blog "A Thankful Heart"**

<http://1000-thanks.blogspot.com>