



“CHRIST THE ROCK”

(Photograph by Hope Kraus)

PSALM 61: 2

From the ends of the earth I call to you, I call as my heart grows faint; lead me to the rock that is higher than I.



CHRIST THE ROCK



No part of me I own-----though this I often deny
Mistakenly drawing from inner self-----for my manna's daily supply
Sifting through chaos and doubt-----residing in my untamed mind
Desperately searching for a remnant of me-----my soul I'm unable to find.

Long hidden are my secrets-----never freely and honestly exposed
Lips groping haltingly to open-----feeling God would be opposed
This haunting burden within-----locked deep within my breast
Resulting in bitterness and pain-----yielding only a fruitless quest.

Yet, God's power is made perfect in weakness-----His grace sufficient for me
Blotting out all my sinful transgressions-----as far as the eye can see
Things belonging to my earthly nature-----bring only grief and worldly sorrow
While repentance leads to salvation-----offering a fresh and new tomorrow.

Quiet rest is found in God alone-----a mighty fortress never shaken
So, I'll pour out my heart in prayer to Him-----allowing my soul to awaken
O God You are my God-----a Rock much higher than I
My Stronghold and Redeemer-----on You I can always rely.