



“WORLD OF STONE”

(Photograph by Hope Kraus)

ISAIAH 59: 10

Like the blind, we grope along the wall, feeling our way like men without eyes.

ISAIAH 64: 1

Oh, that You would rend the heavens and come down, that the mountains would tremble before you!



WORLD OF STONE

Feeling alone and isolated---in this cold world of stone
Without faint comfort---totally empty and all alone
Left naught a friend to find---in heaven or on earth
All hell set against thee---spared no laughter or mirth?

Then recall the dear Savior---bearing the weight of our sin
All alone in the garden---before His suffering did begin
His skin sent forth sweat---as great drops of blood
Mental anguish pouring out---in a flowing crimson flood.

The torment through which he passed---a time of deepest sorrow
Arrived as torrents of fear---due to the dark dreaded morrow
He was heard, no less by His Father---in His deepest time of woe
Prompting an angel to appear--- with strength to bestow.

When you find the spirit willing---but the flesh immeasurably weak
Boldly approach the throne of grace---knowing exactly what to seek
Soothing comfort from the Lord---and ointment for the heart
Fully knowing, the Lord on you--- abundant love, He will impart.