



***“FACE IN THE MIST”***

(Photograph by Hope Kraus)

**ISAIAH 44: 22**

**“I have swept away your offenses like a cloud, your sins like the morning mist.”**



## FACE IN THE MIST

Through the woods my soul goes questing---for a tranquil place to belong  
Gently treading, so as not to disturb---the sounds of the Creator's song  
Beneath the canopy of trees---comes no harsh or discordant sound  
But a cacophony of extravagant joy--- with unfathomed peace profound.

Will my body, this earthen vessel---my spirits place of abode  
With all its dissonant notes---cause this tranquil place to implode  
As my monstrous sins are unveiled---with iniquities all laid bare  
Will the leaves still wave their welcome --- allowing me their breeze to share?

Loud inner voices of fear---my repose, soon rapidly erase  
Who can understand my errors---and them, from my soul efface  
Can the grip from my atrocious faults---be released; setting me free  
Forever removing this burden---“Come quickly, Oh Lord, is my plea.”

Remember, dear child, God's mercy---so wear no fear or shame  
Since the Lamb of God was slain---through repentance you'll carry no blame  
All your offences will be forgotten---and your sins forever dismissed  
Away they'll be swept like a cloud---disappearing like the morning mist.