

Let Go of Fruitless Fretting

Many feel frustration,
Feel caught in a tight squeeze,
Pressure to pay up there,
Brings forth a great unease.

The taxes and insurance,
The mortgage that comes due,
Electricity and water bills,
Need to be paid off, too.

You feel you're up against it,
You fret, you harp, you stew,
Annoyance is a constant,
Like gnats, attacking you.

Your fretting's based on fear, there,
And so, you're tense, alert,
You fear they'll drained you empty—
Left with just your shirt.

Your fretting there is fruitless,
Futility's its blast,
Like a hamster running circles,
It gets you nowhere fast.

I urge you to relax, dear,
You're held in My embrace,
Your needs will be met soundly,
With love's renewing grace.

Live life, and trust the God's in charge,
Trust in Him each day,
Trust He'll take care of His Own,
His love will light the way.

Your riches are with Me, dear,
Transcendent Mind the key,
Wealth in our relationship,
God's will, our destiny.

I love you as My own, there,
You are One with Me,
Let's find our *joy* this day, dear,
It's how we're meant to be.

In closing, let Me tell you,
The years have clearly shown,
I am with you always,
You are not alone!

