

With You I am at Home

This poem's a gift from Jesus,
I'm writing what I hear,
He's telling me He loves me,
He tells me I am, dear.

Today I need to hear this,
For crotchety I feel,
Unlovable and prickly,
My aches and pains are real.

I'm holding fear inside me,
For soon my house will sell,
And I've not found another
A place where I can dwell.

I know that I should trust, Lord,
I'm trying to let go,
Of searching on my own, lord,
Of letting ego run the show.

You've said you'd show me where, lord,
My next home will be found,
It sure would be a lot easier
If I knew where I am bound.

But I'll pull out my patience,
And focus on your word,
I trust that in the end, Lord,
Your guidance will be heard.

And so, on this, a holiday,
When many celebrate,
I'll focus on just listening,
Patiently, I'll wait.

Hold me close, dear Jesus,
With You my strength is found,
You are my firm foundation,
With love, we're ever bound.

With You I am at home, Lord,
With You there's joy and peace,
With You I know completeness,
With You, my longings cease.

In closing I would say again,
This truth that I have known,
Turn to Him who loves you,
You are not alone!

7/4/22. Given from Jesus. Sharing is encouraged and thank you for telling others of this website.