

A Question, An Answer

Now that I'm old I ask you, Lord,
And please do tell me true,
Should I continue writing,
Is this what I should do?

Is it time to close the chapter,
On giving out your word?
Does it make a difference?
Is what is written, heard?

I wake up every morning,
Not knowing what you'll say,
I just sit down and write, Lord,
Each and every day.

Then I remember long ago,
When first you came to me,
Love encompassed everything,
God's meaning, I did see.

You told me of my mission,
And what I came to give,
That I would be of service,
In helping people live.

In helping people understand,
That You are right in Mind,
Directly there for everyone,
In peace, it's You they'll find!

As the years keep marching on,
Let questioning be gone,
Let age be not a factor,
With You, I do belong.

When energy gets low, Lord,
When tiredness I feel,
I'll turn within to you, Lord,
To *living love* so real.

Your hand outstretched will be there,
God's love will be there, too,
Healing and redeeming,
Making all things new.

Randi, let Me tell you,
Stay true to what you know,
We're in this both together,
Your gift helps others grow.

Give it, live it, love it,
Increase your zeal for Me,
Your age is not a number,
Limits not, vitality.

One last verse to share, there,
And this pertains to all.
I'm right within to guide you,
I'm waiting for your call.

8/20/2020 Feel free to share, but please acknowledge the website. Thanks.