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Untitled Photograph

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Carried and Committed

My King, my Lord, the Prince of Peace,
When will His mercy and overflowing love cease?
He holds me, He teaches me,
In His ever tender arms,
Soothing my fears, my mortal alarms.
He guides me through rough and rocky roads,
And carries my too-large, too-heavy loads.
I must listen to His voice,
Learn to cherish His words,
It’s all a matter of my own, pure choice.
He opens his arms, and expects me to choose.
If I don’t accept, I’ll be the one to lose.
It won’t be easy, but He’ll guide me along,
With a psalm in my heart, in my heart... a song.

My Savior, My Counselor, My Jesus, My Lord,
I give you my heart for you alone to mold.
O zealous God, take me to You,
Pierce my being, through and through.
Give me a mission, a work, a place,
So when the time comes, I will see Your face.
I’ll see Your pierced side, Your hands, and Your feet
And Face to face, together we’ll meet.
You’ve known me from the beginning, my Creator, My God.
All of You is holy, not a part is fraud.
I’ll kneel before You, I’ll Kiss Your feet,
I cannot remove Your sandals, or touch Your seat.
You’ve given me life,
You’ve breathed in my soul.
You’ve given me a heart; You’ve made me whole.

Harmony Hart Grant