

Rest

Sitting still, is hard it seems,
When no one's sure what stillness
means
To rest, its true, requires great
skill
To still the mind, and quiet the will
To rest requires great discipline
A strength, I've yet, to enter in
But in my weakness, I find joy
In daily trying to enjoy
The stillness of the Lord's embrace
The glimpses of my Saviour's face
Upon the bus, in city skies
In cups of tea, in strangers eyes
Songs, and laughter I find best
Draw me into Jesus' rest.

By Megan Howell

Photo Credit: crsan licensed CC-BY-SA

