

The Holy Spirit

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I wake up in the early morn, tempted to despair
A still small voice whispers calmly, "You've no need to fear."

With tired eyes I swing my feet onto a waiting floor
Down to my knees in humble prayer I knock on heaven's door

My words are wrote, at least at first, and then *my heart is filled*
With gratitude for life and land and many blessings fulfilled.

Granted hope, I rise up, now *strengthened* to face the day
I look about me, *sensing I need to serve* in order to avoid dismay.

I then soon find my *mind engaged in help and care and love*
Revelations flow into my mind; *inspiration from God above*.

Thoughts are curbed, lessons *taught*, and *principles engraved*
Upon my heart, *power carves the faith* sufficient to be saved.

Sun rises and sets, and by the night, I find *my heart's been lifted*
A few *edges sanded*, a *bosom burning* with chaff that has been sifted.

I find my way back to my bed and bow on grateful knee
And thank my God for His Holy Spirit to *comfort and refine me*.