



Resting In HIM

by Cornell K. Wilmoth

*My presence shall go with thee,
and I will give thee rest.*

Exodus 33:14

I do not understand dear Lord,
Why this has come, nor see
Why days are dark and nights so long,
And clouds o'ershadow me.

Dost thou not understand my child,
Why clouds o'er cast the sky?
That without rain no rainbow bright
Could be, and flow'rs would die?

So in thy life, my precious one,
Shall I send only sun
To wither, scorch what dormant lies;
And little raindrops shun?

Come lay thy weary head and rest
Upon my breast - nor pine.
This is from me; I know what's best
Thy beauty to refine.

Just trust me when through paths unknown
I lead - perchance with pain.
Lean hard, my child, take thou my hand;
Some day I'll make it plain.

There may be mountains rough and steep
There may be valleys lone,
There may be jagged rocks, or thorns.
But thou art ne'er alone.

For I'll go with thee every step;
Thy pain and grief I'll share.
So lean the harder, child of mine.
I've placed the burden there.

*Dear Lord, I may not understand
The way Thou ledest me.
Suffice to know that Thou, Oh God,
The path ahead doth see.*

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