

The Love of God (9.7.9.7D)

By Holly Boyd

When fear and doubt seem all consuming,
Sorrow's sting is mine to know.
Not wandering in dark confusion,
Faith supports my press toward
The love of God, my Father's mercy,
Blessed in ways He makes my own.
He gently sheds His brilliant glory,
Meets my faith and leads me home.

By holding fast the rod of iron,
Hands feel on to sights unseen.
It strengthens hearts inclined to tire,
Cutting through the misty scene.
The word of God, my way to Jesus,
Guides my soul to grace's tree.
Empowered by the blood He shed us,
Iron carries Christ through me.

The scar marked tree absorbs my burdens,
Exhaled as I plead relief.
Returning breath of life in pureness,
Life fills where His grace can reach.
The love of God, my breath of living,
Takes my sigh and makes it clean.
His boundless power freely heals me
As I near Him gratefully.

The Savior nourishes my hunger,
Powering with purity.
For when I eat the fruit He offers,
Wholeness fills me joyously.
The love of God, His sweet refreshment,
Joins my soul, renews throughout.
So happy are the souls who respite
Near its fruit and endless fount.

See 1 Nephi 8 and 11

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