

# HOPEWARD

I LAY IN A CRUMPLED HEAP  
NOT STRONG, BUT WEAK  
A PITIFUL MESS BUT BLESSED  
TO COLLAPSE AT THE MASTER'S FEET.

MY TROUBLED SOUL WAS WEARY  
MY HEART WAS COLD AND HEAVY  
"COME, RECEIVE MY REST"  
HE WHISPERED TO ME GENTLY.

HIS WORDS WERE KIND AND TRUE:  
"I KNOW WHAT YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH.  
I'VE GOT ALL THE GRACE YOU NEED  
AND I'M GIVING IT TO YOU."

SUCH MERCY IN HIS FACE  
AS HE LAVISHED ME WITH GRACE  
MY WEARY SOUL FOUND REST  
IN THE WARMTH OF HIS EMBRACE.

I FEASTED ON HIS GOSPEL  
AND WHERE BEFORE I'D CRUMPLED  
FRESH STRENGTH BEGAN TO RISE  
AS HOPEWARD FAITH WAS KINDLED.

DAI HANKEY