

The Time (To Give Thanks)

His holy light illumines sight,
My path is shown ahead.
His will is clear and presence near,
His Word my daily bread.
And when I pray in such a day
Oh may I never slack
To thank Him for what blessings pour
From bounty to my lack

Though Satan lurks with subtle works
And crashing storms of pain,
And seeks my death at every breath
With arrows hurled in vain,
Yet in the hour when evil power
Arises 'gainst my soul
With Faith my shield I'll never yield
For Christ will keep me whole.

Then through the strife and dark of life
My heartaches bow to choice.
I genuflect in due respect,
So blessed to lift my voice.
And in my need, although I bleed,
I ask not for my own
But sing to He that promised me,
Who makes His glories known.

If blessings flow, if tempests blow,
If clouds obscure my path,
If God ordains that mercy reigns,
Or ushers in His wrath,
I yet will raise my voice and praise
Until the trumpets' sound.
My thanks I give, that while I live,
I may in Him be found.

Jonathan Sanford