

In August One Day

In August one day I wrestled with God,
A mere holy Flash, and I was undone.
A wretched man, before the Throne I trod,
Neglecting the love of His only Son.
Fearful of Judgment so righteous and true,
I bowed trembling before His Sacrifice.
The Spirit drew me, what else could I do,
But to give Him my life, bought with such Price?
Peace gushed in my soul like a mighty Stream.
Praise His name forevermore!

--Dan Fraas (14 March, 2001)