

The Gifts

As my eyes close, I, now ready for night,
With the day's final thoughts marching by,
I watch through the mirror, that is my soul,
At such heavenly things, yet on earth, are enthroned.

Unceasingly, they amaze me, those precious gifts,
Given purely in grace, unearned by our merit,
But undeniably needed to walk in this life,
Without them, we wander, adrift in His sight.