

Faith like Water

By Megan Wilcken

*Again, my faith like water falls.
It ebbs and flows in tides
That trap me where I stand.
It cannot hold the weight of all
My hopes and all my fears;
They slip below the surface and
Dwell in depths unseen.
My weary heart is tempted to let
Them lie, untouched, unfelt.
But seedling faith in fourth-watch prayer still
Knows, somehow, that He is there.
He knows of faith and water, and of my
Hopes and fears and depths;
I give them to His keeping,
For holding in His perfect hands.
Again upheld by Saving Grace,
I walk on faith like water.
The author lives in Oregon, USA.*