

By Julee Sharik

Faith enough . . .

To form molten stones of glass
Seeking the Creator's touch

Faith enough . . .
In the midst of the tempest to say,
"Take me up, and cast me forth
into the sea"

Faith enough . . .

To serve earthly royalty with hidden, burning testimony,

To recognize one sent from God

Faith enough . . .
To let go of the boat
And step out onto the billowing wave

Faith enough . . .

To follow God's newly called Moses
In wagon and handcart,
across the unknown plains

Though my story is still being written, In reading theirs I find I too have . . . Faith enough

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