By Emily Armstrong

I stand once more below the peak, Awaiting still the rising sun, And with the quiet moment seek Assurance from the Holy One.

What with the waiting hour comes? Will light assail the darkness here? The earth unveiled, as ripened plums Drip color as the day draws near?

Sweet light in radiant softness glows, Ethereal canvas painted bright; O’er tiered horizon sunlight flows, Dismissing doubt and dark of night.

We speak of hope, of faith unmoved, And yet forget throughout the day The light revealed, the promise proved When dusk returns and dims the way.

But One true source of light remains, A single lamp, a rugged path: The Son, who suffered all our pains To give us all His Father hath.

I’ve yet a mountain peak to climb; The journey’s end is distant still; But trust in Him and in His time Renews my strength to do His will.

See Isaiah 40:31