

ONE TRUE SOURCE OF LIGHT REMAINS

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

