



The Essence Of

Within the crux of who I am,
Within the very essence of
His Gift of Life awarded me . . .
These are because of His Great Love.

My very lifeblood is His Gift,
My own true nature set apart
Defining me as His Own Child . . .
These gifts instilled within my heart.

My basic substance wins the day
As concentration of His Love
That reigns supreme in my own life . . .
A touch of Him, an essence of.

And so, He knows just who I am,
He cares for me through troubles and
Restores my bearings as I go . . .
With subtle hints at His Command.

My very being longs for Him,
His Essence that I've come to know;
I'm thankful for His Gift of Life . . .
And His Great Love where're I go.

Henry W. Gurley