



When Fear Rules

When friends may question things I do,
A tinge of doubt strikes at my heart;
Their clear judgement always valued
Seems now to give fear a new start.

Ridiculed pushed aside, or worse,
That element of fear takes hold;
Mortal being, I'm prone to ask:
'What are the next steps to unfold?'

I have the strength of God at hand;
I can give my worries to Him.
The Holy Spirit then comes forth;
The prospects of my fear grow dim.

I must remember how Christ walked
That rugged road to Calvary.
His Head held high, He showed no fear,
Giving His Life for you and me.

Fear no longer rules me each day;
God gives me raw courage and strength.
I stand tall against all my foes,
Steadier in my faith at length.

Henry W. Gurley