



So Near and Dear

The soft aura of His Presence
Brings a touch of serenity;
And as I go about my day,
His Essence remains with me.

The true value of His Presence
Far beyond that of precious gold;
Comforting and reassuring,
Onto it my heartstrings hold.

With confidence I make my way,
Each step pure progress to my goal;
Comes the blight of darkness, He's there,
Nail-scarred Hands in full control.

He is my Savior . . . near and dear,
His Calm Presence awarded me;
Knowing He's present, in control,
I await my destiny.

Henry W. Gurley