

ALL THE WAY

Jesus, I'll follow You all the way,
My heart so merrily and blithely did say.
Anything, Lord, I'm willing to take,
For the honor and glory of Your Name's sake.
And He asked, "All the way?"

Spirit of God, fill me up to the brim,
Empty me totally of sin, dark and grim,
Clean up my life and let me reflect
Your Spirit of Love; don't let me neglect.
And He asked, "Fill to the brim?"

Holy Father, make me truly like You
Holy in spirit, words, and deeds too,
Let me live daily Your praises to sing
And all my life exalt my blessed King.
And He asked, "Truly like Me?"

"My child," He replied to my questioning glance,
"Your life will be sweeter and greatly enhance
By yielding to me when the storm winds arise
And clouds at midday darken the skies."

"True strength is measured by the test of the storm,
For, lo, any tree can stand in the norm.
If it's still your desire to sell out for Me,
I'll lovingly guide you o'er life's raging sea.

"In the mountain tops, you will hear the bird's song,
In the valley below—I'll be your song,
In the thick and the thin, I'll be by your side,
If in my presence you choose to abide.

"When the going gets rough, and the valley so long,
Don't throw up your hands, but break forth in song.
My grace is sufficient to carry you through,
Just trust me and rest—I know what to do."
And I said, "Thank you, Lord."

by Carolyn Yoder
Dublin, GA