

MY PLEA

by Robert Fitt

Oh God...
I stand not
Weak or weary as I
Pause before life's path.

I stand forth
Eager, confident and
Strong—though
Apprehensive—
For the future is unknown
And my capacity
Untried.

Thou hast
Given me my freedom,
Lord, yet how often
Bound am I; by
Bars and irons? No! By
Sinful habit chains
Sloth-forged, yet strong, that
Keep me from
Thy freedom's way.

Hear now my plea.
Oh God; for flesh is
weak....temptations
Slither silently beside.
How quickly I
Forget that Thou dost
Hold the key to life, and
Love; and
Fail to take in mine
Thine eager,
Outstretched hand.

And yet, oh God, id Thou wilt
Take my hand, and
Succor me through life's
Fragility, I cannot
Fail...

Let darkening thunderclaps
Ascend; Let lightning
Strike at Weary feet; let
Typhoon winds
Strip from me all my
Earthly goods; and
Yet will I stand, who cannot
Fail,
While Thou
Art with me!