

THAT SPECIAL ROOM OF OURS

by Robert Fitt

There's a special room in our house
Where Children never play.
It's set apart, it's sacrosanct,
It's a temple—in its way.

No clutter there, it's neat, it's clean,
No dirt, no dust, no mold.
We sometimes take our shoes off
(As Moses did of old).

So when the world's too much for me—
Frustration rules the day—
I need a peaceful quiet place
Where I can get away.

A special place to meditate
The things I'm called to bear;
To feel His presence with me
As I humbly kneel in prayer.

And when I pray, a melody
Of solace fills my mind.
I feel God's music in my soul
And sweet refreshment find.

So when my life is challenged by
Burned toast or dying flowers,
I find my godly solace in
That special room of ours.