

HOPE

They chain me, they mock me, they strip me of pride,
My heart aches, my body cries, i've no place to hide.

I feel I need shelter, a place to seek aid,
Where will I search? These decisions hard made.

Radiant from my soul I sense there's a place,
My minds eye depicts a humble blood stained face.

With a crown of sharp thorns upon his head,
Into focus he comes, our Savior undead.

My heart sings the song, it's clear where to go,
The home of his love he came here to show.

Now sheltered from my demons I know I can win,
What a gift my Lord gave me when he died for our sin!

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