

The Place I'm Called

What am I to do, Lord?
What shall I focus on now?
I fear to be called unworthy,
As I place my hand on the plow.

I love what lies in my hands
Some of my lovely distractions.
I place all of them on the altar,
For wisdom to take righteous actions.

Help me to hone my skills
To speak worthily of your glory.
As I discover mysteries untold
Of the most powerful love story.

Help the words I say be healing,
Let the prayers of my heart collide,
With all in me that limits your will
So this vessel will be clean inside.

Lord, when I speak, give me the courage,
When I pray, I will see your face
To move to the place, you've called me
And be filled with empowering grace.

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