

THE HUSHED HEART

"Wait, my child,"

The Lord commanded me one day.
He stopped me short. I chafed at the delay.

"But Lord, there's so much to do.
To wait seems such a waste of time"

"Cease your frantic dashing to and fro
and you will see yourself and Me anew."

"Sit still, my child,"

Again my restless feet rebelled:

"How can I sit? The world
is turning fast. As it is,
I have to run to keep up.
I'll get passed by."

"You learn to walk
by sitting still,"
was His strange reply.

"Lie still, my child. I've prepared
green pastures of the spirit
for those who count the measure
of their days and accept the pleasure
of what I have planned
for the hushed heart,
Only those can hear My voice
who cease their toiling with the rowing
and in the stillness and the calm
rest on their oars
and let me impart
peace to their heart."



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