



Sunrise

You are part of someone's sunrise,
It's the breaking of the day.
You are driving back the darkness,
By the very things you say.

Passing on the words of Jesus,
Sharing freely things that lift.
It's the prayer and Word together,
That you offer as your gift.

You are truly God's own servant,
When you speak what He would have,
Passing on His many blessings,
Like a cleansing, healing salve.

So now launch out in the darkness,
With His Word their path to light,
There's a stumbling, groping saint there
Whose blind eyes await new sight.

By Ralph E. McIntosh

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Ralph@ActsFoundation.com