

FAITH

It isn't that I don't believe, I do.
My intellect's secure.
Armies of arguments guard my mind
Affirming in it what is true
And yet my faith is poor.

A fickle, wavering flame it seems that sways
Uncertain at each breath
That stirs the air; now reaching high,
Now drooping low with dampened blaze
And coming close to death.

Father, upholding all things by your might,
Give strength to one so weak.
Revive me with your living Word;
The flame of faith cannot burn bright
Unless I hear you speak.

--M. J. Stearman
Henley Baptist Church Member