

8b - Worrying, into Worship.

**Worrying, into Worship.**

The temptation of worry is near;

I feel suffocated,

Exceedingly overwhelmed by fear.

Gradually slipping,

Eventually I lose my grip.

The darkness of the pit is winning.

A light peaks through,

But I still ignore

What He's trying to do.

So blinding-

I can stand no longer,

To ignore the truth that's worth finding.

The darkness clings not

For I am filled with an unbearable light,

The worry will no longer cause rot.

Praise to You,

For it's all I can give.

And in return something new.

A gratifying relief

That frees my shoulders,

Peace is given through my grief.

“Take this day!”

I joyously cry out to Him,

Don't let the worry cause decay.

The burden of worry is His

And no longer mine,

But the bliss most certainly is.

Worry does not consume,

For I can worship Within my gloom.