

## *NIGHTMARES*

*Kansas; June 2013*



Some days seem dark, and all around is dim. Like thorns, sharp words and disappointments slash; the rains pour down with thund'rous lightning flash.

No help! Where's God? I look in vain for Him. I run but can't escapeô no place to hide, no safety.

"Help me, Lord!" I shriek in fear

And, as I gasp for breath, I seem to hear, "I'll never leave you. I'm your guard and guide."

I see the light, as waking from a dream. My circumstances haven't changed a bit, but Christ's protection grows and never quits.

My waking nightmare isn't what it seemed: My spirit's safe from cruelty and swords. No one can conquer, for I am the Lord's.