

All These Moments

All these cares - my Father knows.
He welcomes my poured-out heart.
No condemnation from Him do I feel
For sharing the anxious and sad part.

All these years - my Father stays
In births, in deaths, and in goodbyes
He knows my frame - made of dust,
Yet He never wearies of me or sighs.

All these days - my Father watches
Over my loved ones and over me;
He tells me in His written Word that
Every bird He does feed and see.

All these hours - my Father cares
In the good, the hard, the in-between.
He patiently listens and never leaves;
By Him, I'm known, heard, and seen.

All these minutes - my Father gives
To breathe His air, to live, and share
All His good and perfect gifts to me -
His child; His image and name I bear.

All these moments - my Father allows:
The highs - the lows - and the ordinary-
Filtered through His sieve of eternal love
For my station on earth is temporary.

All these words - my Father helps me
Write of birth, death, and the in-between:
Gifts to me to share with fellow pilgrims
That at all times, it is our Father we need.

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