



Cup of Grace

"Listen mate," he said,
"Don't you know that God is dead?
That imagination is all you have of grace?
You are finished when you die,
Not riding on some cloud on high.
Your hope should be dead," he said to me.
"Not on your lapel for all to see,
Why do you think your way?
When you know all things pass away."
"Now, you listen to me," I replied.
"It's only in man's haughty pride
That you think God has died.
Have you never seen a baby smile?
Or the colours of a butterfly?
The Creator has designed
I don't think He has resigned!
So why do I think this way?
Well, I've been down and out in my day,
Until a gentle Presence seemed to say,
'I heard your call today,
Now lift your heart and don't dismay
Just know me,
Drink of my sweet Grace's cup
And use my strength to raise yourself up.'
This is the hope I felt that day
And never will I go back to your way
Of hopes dashed, of fear and doubt,
No way to keep your troubles out.
His hand, you see, He's given to me
To walk as Brother and Friend for all to see.
So with hope on lapel, and heart on sleeve
I'll pray that someday you'll believe
That the Lord is the Way,
And His Grace you'll receive".

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