

Trusting

by James Riscinti

Now, how can I know, who I am here,
if I do not know, who I'll be there.
With all my doubts and all my fears,
I think I'll just sit, I think I'll just stare.
Then God reminds me, the One who adores me,
by grace & mercy, goes always before me.
For God has destined each step that I take,
all that is needed, all for my sake.
Yet I still tremble, yet I still fret,
prone to my sorrow, prone to regret.