

The Resting Place

Jesus,
Each time I sit still to be with You
I think of something else that I have to do
And if I resist the urge to get going
My mind has raced on without me knowing
Busying, doing, racing the time
To cram more in.

Jesus,
I want to sit still; to be with You,
To let my mind rest and let You do
All that You will. Please have Your way
Control my thoughts, my words, my deeds
Come and meet my inmost needs;
Fill me with You

Jesus,
To look deep into Your eyes; to know Your peace
To know You and only You can bring release
To know Your voice, to feel Your healing touch
This is what I need so much.

My child
I would reach you
I would teach you
I would heal you
I would meet your deepest need
I would meet your greatest longing.
Let Me reach you
Let Me hold you
Let Me love you
Let all your striving cease
Let Me bring you peace
Rest yourself in My strong arm
Let Me soothe you with My balm
Let Me heal you deep inside
Come stay close to me – by My side.

Is 28:12 “This is the resting place, let the weary rest”:
and “this is the place of repose...”

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