

## **Today is Yours, Lord**

It's Resurrection Morning,  
My Lord is risen, He's alive!  
Death was not victorious,  
Satan's scheme did not survive.

I'm thankful for this Easter,  
Yet I'm grieving in my soul.  
This earthly shell is shattered  
As humanness takes its' toll.

A 'spiritual being' faced with pain,  
A daily task it seems.  
I praise the One who saved me,  
Who has not forgotten my dreams.

My grandsons seem to be willing  
To go to your house today.  
What seems a bit of trivial news,  
Is an answer for which I've prayed.

This world and all its power,  
Is the cause for me to stumble.  
Unless I give each moment to you,  
In prayer, prostrate and humble.

Thank you, Lord for all you've done,  
I'm not worthy of your grace.  
Today, the reason for my hope,  
And with You, I have a place.

I praise you Lord with all I am,  
You are my Lord and King.  
Help me focus on your sacrifice,  
And the joy this morning brings.

Amen.

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