

CUP OF ANGUISH

*Sometimes it all seems too much,
This overflowing anguished cup.
I say, "I can't. I'm not this tough."
But then I see upon that tree
The Man of Sorrows slain for me –
Unshakable even to death.
And though my strength has nothing left,
I feel a deep, steadying Breath.
For a sacrifice so infinite,
May my gratitude be evident.
In Your strength, I know I can.
So, precious Lord, with all I am.
I surrender to Your perfect plan.*

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