

One More Time, Lord...

One more miracle Lord is what I need. I cannot walk without you—the pitfalls and temptations are too great. The darkness looms around threatening to swallow me up. I know not the way to go—you are my only light.

Your Word gives me courage in the night watches when the darkness of the evil one sweeps over my soul. I am afraid of the darkness—it comes with memories of the past—undefined, lurking like an evil beast wanting to steal my soul. But you, oh Lord, are my strength and my protector, by thee has the darkness stayed at bay.

At night when I lay my head upon my pillow, I feel thy comforting hand deep in my heart, and a voice in my mind reminding me that I can simply rest in thee—sweetly rest. I can sleep knowing you are on watch for my family and me.

I have no answers—no courage of my own. In thee, and in thee only, can I fully trust.

You are my strength and song. You are the light of my path. You are the one who means the world to me. You are my Savior, my Lord, and my King. I worship you and praise you for your goodness is far beyond what I deserve. Your promises are true, your strength drives the shadows and darkness away, bringing in the light.

With thee I lay down in peace. Thou art the keeper of my mind, and the keeper of my soul. I have no one on earth who can fill your place.

Your love is unlike earthly love—it far surpasses our understanding. Yet it slips by the lofty, and finds its dwelling in the lowly heart.

You are great, you are powerful, you are the creator of all that we see and do not see. Yet that does not prevent you from bending low to a frail human like me.

Your love is low enough to reach everyone, and small enough to slip into the smallest cracks in our lives. It invites us into its warm embrace—it leaves us wanting more and more. It is compelling, leading us into more than we ever thought possible.

Your judgments are real, they are large and fearful, but your judgment does not surpass your love.

Your redemption is ever there for any who reaches out for it.

Your touch is gentle enough to fan the smallest spark into flame without extinguishing it. The gentle breath of your spirit fans the flame until it shines brightly, giving off warmth and light. The light shines out through the cracks of our imperfect heart and life, bringing honor to our King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

His love is peace, perfect peace. His love is warm, giving light to our path. His love is forgiving, redeeming the soul. His love is freedom from sin and dread. His love is quiet, soothing the pain and drying the tears. I cannot attain it, I cannot create it, I cannot buy it, I can only surrender my will to receive it!

Thank you, Lord, for loving me—praise your Holy Name.

Jeff Goertzen 12/1/2025