

## My Story: To God be the Glory

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Shattered skies	Fallen eyes.
Retreat and barricade	Living as a shade.
Eternal glory.	Too bright a story,
To tell to me.	How could it ever be?
Brutal work & yet still worth it.	Another fork, the path is split.
Everything & the beloved,	Or nothing and the lost dead.
How hardened my heart,	Oh lantern run dry.
Could I even start?	How I want to try.
To be yours & to be held.	Your love pours, longing for our hearts to meld.

Thanksgiving and the mission.	
Am I truly even living,	Am I truly this beloved one?
The sin & the enemy strike.	Feel I cannot win, run through with a pike.
As a tree starves for water,	in the desert,
I'm still a want-er,	full of hurt
You've paid my debt already	& my pain you've felt, still steady.
Jesus, will I ever truly be ready?	

I am yours and always have been.	Yes, now at last my doubt runs thin.
I am Good and True and Beautiful.	This race must be one that we can win.

You've knit the skies with radiant color,	my fallen eyes, you meet, seeing no other.
With patience you abide by me,	Love is your way, diplomacy.
And finally, you hold me close,	& tell me the story sweeter than any rose.

Full of hardship and of victory too.	Oh Jesus, how I need you.
We start and we sojourn on,	From now until this earth is gone.