

Not Ashamed to Weep

By Hazel Gay Lee © 2013

Precious Father, you're stirring my soul. My innards are soft within your hands. My soul is lifting up unto thee. Speak, my precious Father and friend, please speak to my soul. Oh God, you know you are more precious to me than life itself! Please speak to my soul.

Unto thy alter I come. I bow upon my knees unto thee and my soul blends with your soul. I listen, I speak, and I wait. I am not ashamed. I come and I come again. Yesterday I came, today I am here, and tomorrow I will come again. Each time I bow myself at your feet, I weep. Each time I am caught away in thee, oh Father, I weep. I draw to thee and I hold thee unto me. My soul is in your presence and with care you smooth me. Tears fall and I weep. I am overtaken by your being and I know nothing but thee. The Rock of my Strength, I come. I continually come. I want to come. I need to come. I must come unto thee. Today is no different. Today I bow my knees unto thee and I am drawn into your presence. Oh God, you keep drawing me. I am so unworthy of thee and still you draw me. I ask why? I cry aloud and ask why you draw me to come into your presence? I am so unworthy of thee, yet you call me unto thee. You hold me as I weep and you console me. You comfort me. You touch me. You ask that I not question your drawing. You assure me that I am loved by thee. Oh God, Oh Father, My Lover of my Soul, I love thee too!

I know you have called me into your presence once again to love and be loved. I am so touched. I cannot speak. I am beyond words. I can only weep. I sit at your feet and I can only weep.

As a child I am and yet I am not ashamed. I know that they that wait upon thee will not be ashamed, so I wait. While I wait I behold thee with love. Oh Father I am your daughter. I love thee so much I am beyond human words and human love. I am in your presence, at your feet, and I am caught away in thee. I can only weep. I am at my Father's House in sweet communion with thee. I can only weep. I weep yet I am not ashamed. Precious Father, I am not ashamed.