

## His Servant

Weary the soul of the world's servant  
How empty the applause and fame.  
Sweet is the quiet and solitude  
To rest in His love, His mercy – not blame.

Much toil and demands of the day  
Take away the joy of life  
His beckoning gaze of hope  
Washes away all pain and strife

How do I know his will for me  
In the daily conflicts and woes  
In the many people who phone and knock  
Who are the font of the worrisome flows

Help me see Christ in them  
And hear their wants and pleas  
May I be His humble servant  
His hands to meet their needs

*Memorial of St. Martha  
July 29, 2004  
Sue Kennedy*

