

# He Will Lift Up a Standard

By Mark Edgemon

The ocean is before me, a sea of problems,  
Gushing torrents with dangerous undertow,  
Waiting for me to transverse the waters,  
To attempt victory by reaching the other side.

Hateful, enemy of mine, my own soul who hates me,  
Wants me humiliated and destroyed, who can I blame?  
Maybe God, maybe others for I cannot reach the other side.  
I cannot escape the tide that is quickly rising before me.

And yet, I can surrender, not to my enemies,  
But to the One who created me for just such a purpose.  
To stand at the waters edge, seeing the vast gulf,  
That stands between me and my destiny.

I cannot overcome, so I will die in the attempt,  
To dare, to reach beyond my station,  
And reach for my inheritance from above.  
And if I die in the attempt, at least I now die with purpose.

My life is committed to Him and yet I feel no different.  
It's time to risk failure, maybe it's the end and if so, it is!  
As I took my first step, He damned the waters for my sake,  
And the ocean receded, not even reaching the sides of my shoes.

He knew this was the way it would be,  
I too walk on dry land, stretched out before me,  
As the ocean of walls press beside me,  
How too will he deal with those aligned against me!

The End