

Snuggle Down

Oh, my God ... Your order is beautiful,
is holy, is precise, is ever in place.

It sparkles through time.
It lies hidden beneath its working
bringing all things to completeness in You.

Your order is good, is ever moving forward
even in times of supposed stillness.
It hastens toward the mark You have set.

My glimpsing of it in retrospect brings
a hush, wonder, joy, security in knowing that
You are in control and You are working ...
especially when I am not, when I cannot.

But You are working all things together.
You are "folding within the wet wings
of Your dove," * even in flight.
Only You could do that! You are God.

How dear it is that You are my God!

* reference is made to the final lines of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese*,
"XXXV If I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange..." <http://www.bartleby.com/360/2/269.html>