

The King is Enthralled with Your Beauty



I look in the mirror

And I see

Wrinkles from worry

Overtaking me.

I have fewer black hairs in the way

But I certainly have more cares these days.

Just as I am beginning to feel hope-less

I am reminded of some sweet words by David
the poet.

The King is enthralled with your beauty, says
Psalm 45:11

Honor Him for He is your Lord.

My eyes perk up and swell with tears

Because I know my Lord is near.

He does not care what I think I look like

There will never come a day I am not pretty
enough to be liked

...or loved

...or used for His glory.

He sees beyond the face of my vanity

And searches my soul, my life

That's where He discovers what honors Him

It is my Light

Jesus!

Rise up, Sisters!

Rise up, and honor Him!

Because in the end, what makes us beautiful

Is loving Jesus to the full.

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