



Sunday February 25
Searching for Road Signs

Glenna Holloway

Searching for Road Signs

So where are my feet going, Lord?
And what are my steps heading toward?

It's not enough to just believe:
I know I somehow have to weave
You into the pattern of my life,
This winding journey always rife
With breakdowns, burdens, sidetracks, *more,*
And vendors hawking at my door.
There's good and bad and yes and no
So deftly mixed the lines don't show.
It's not so hard to find Your way
Through white or black -- but oh, the gray!

Uncertainties mark east and west;
My wrong turn missed the right fork blessed
With footprints that have gone ahead
To mark the trail through swamping dread.

So guide me, Lord, my sense is blurred,
Distracted by each doubt incurred.
Please lend me grace and let me see
Your dusty sandals leading me.