

GLENNA HOLLOWAY
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Where the Blend Begins

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

It's not enough to just believe;
I know I somehow have to weave
You in the pattern of my life,
This thingful journey always rife
With problems, backtalk, sidetracks, more--
And at each turn another door.
There's good and bad and yes and no
So sweetly mixed the lines don't show.

It's not as hard to find Your way
In light or dark-- but oh, the gray!

--Glenna Holloway