**

**IT'S WAITING AT THE DOOR**

Grace.   Where did it go?

I once was found but now am lost.

Could see, but now am blind.

What happened to the joy of the Lord I once knew?

What happened to the faith

 that once burned in my soul?

It's waiting at your door.

***"There was a rich man, who was clothed in purple and fine linen and who feasted sumptuously every day. And at his gate lay a poor man named Lazarus, full of sores, who desired to be fed with what fell from the rich man's table.***

***Luke 16:19-20***

 Grace is waiting to restore you and bless you…

…in that old man down the street who waves to you when you pass by.

… In your lazy cousin, Frank, who gets brushed aside, whenever he calls.

 … The bag lady who hangs around the bus stop.

When Grace calls you by name, all you have to do is pay attention.

And you will be restored.

*Richard Bieber: 2019*

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