

## Fogbound

by Cammie Corlas Quinn

O Lord, O Lamp unto my feet,  
Draw nigh when life's dread fog settles thick about my path.  
Illumine my way through unmarked halls of muffled whiteness.  
Still my thund'ring heart with an all-knowing whisper  
That parts the boding way ever before me.

And Lord,  
When the fog presses thicker and binds me captive, alone;  
When none behind can rescue at my muted call  
And the veil is closed to all I've known;  
When my well-laid plans and dreams sift as soot  
Back to earth from whence they came;  
When e'en my eyes, so long my helpmeets, fail to serve  
And level ground gives way to white abyss;  
And I am lost, cut adrift in hopeless abandon—  
Oh! May I then know that You will delight in my call  
And will answer with a love I have never understood  
Until now.

O Great Creator,  
How could I ever have known the wonder of this hour?  
Suspended with You alone in time and space,  
In quiet velvet interlude betwixt Heaven and Earth,  
Deep within the holy hush of miracles and spirit-sight  
On untilled Holy ground.

Here, O Lord,  
In hallowed loveliness, I behold Your all-embracing Love  
And know a Christ so long blighted by days of too much sight.  
Here You open my trembling palms with gentle touch  
And pour seeds of comfort gleaned from my sufferings  
And bid me forth to sow hope I never held til now.

O Lord,  
Teach me to choose the paths of thickest fog  
Where earthly eyes fail to see, and feet ne'er meet ground;  
Where encounters celestial stir the soul that longs to serve;  
Where Love o'erwhelming steals the dread from fog, imparts it as a gift;  
Where I am forever borne by Your great love,  
Forever fogbound.