

Warrior?

By Miriam Thor

Small, weak, powerless
Full of self-doubt and fear
The Spirit lives inside me
Yet I don't always feel Him near

When I turn to introspection
All too often, I believe
It is not a warrior
That my searching eyes perceive

But yet God gave me armor
To give me strength to stand my ground
When temptation haunts me
And earthly help cannot be found

Belt of truth, shield of faith
And other pieces to defend
My mind from evil dwellings
My hand from ungodly end

A weapon, too, He gave me
A blade both sharp and true
At the sword of the Spirit
Demons tremble through and through

Almighty tools I have been given
That I often fail to use
So, when struggling against darkness
All too frequently I lose

Could hope rise from the rubble
Of these numerous defeats?
Can God bring victory to one
In whom so faintly courage beats?

No, my mind and heart respond
In the midst of battle long
But the Bible and Spirit tell me
That my mind and heart are wrong

God's strength is in my weakness
On this promise do I stand
For I know He holds me firmly
In the shelter of His Hand

So, Father, help me use the armor
That I feel unfit to bear
To come through all my temptation
And go forth Your love to share