There Is Only One Of Me

It doesn't surprise me that the enemy would

wait for me to be at a low point to attack.

Trying to fill my head with doubts, telling me

that confidence and courage is what I lack.

Or perhaps I don't have any talent in what I

am attempting to do, that I am a hopeless case.

That I am not quick enough

to compete in life's hectic race.

That no matter what I do nobody

is going to care if it's good or not.

So what is the point of even trying,

when what one sees, is all I've got?

Those thoughts don't come

from the Lord, they are too grim.

The enemy has tried this tactic before

and the Lord helped me deal with him.

The Lord reminds me that

there is only one of me.

Created in His image, all

that I need is what I see.

Although I am not like anybody

else, He uses me in many ways.

As I surrender to Him, He'll take what I have,

multiply it enough to be a blessing today.

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