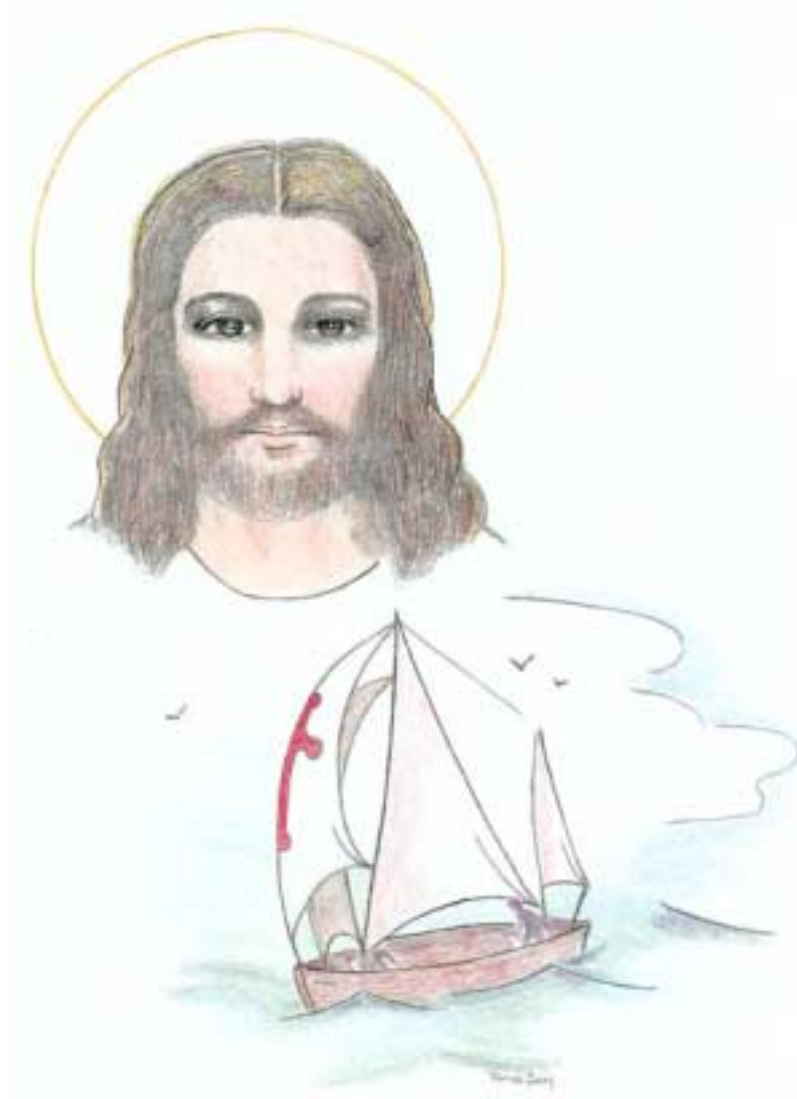


My Divine Pilot

By Dianne Gotay



You steer me through the stormy waves
As well as through the calm.
Your certainty is all I have
To pacify my qualm.

Along the way safe harbors
Provide me shelter's rest;
But tarry long I cannot,
You call me to my quest.

The wind is at my sail again;
I feel the deep seas roll.
To meet the test they're bidding me:
"Be constant in your soul."

For each today I ask for such:
To keep my rudder true
For my final destination,
The Eternal Shore with You.