

Ron Block

"Door Way"

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A windblown sky on a desert plain
A sea of burning sand that's never seen the rain
Stumbling along with his water gone
Dried-up tears and a longing for his home

Hands and knees on the desert floor
Pounding out a prayer to the Lover of his soul
?Jesus, save me, from this hell I'm in?
Suddenly he sees he's looking down a rocky cliff

He can't go back, he can't go through
Cries, ?My God, tell me what to do??
The answer then comes in a quiet word
?Onward, go onward? is the whisper of the Lord

In fearful desperation, in suffocating sands
We're only just a moment from the Savior's loving
hands
He sends us to the desert to make a faithful choice
We believe the fear and doubting or we trust His quiet
voice

Kneeling, then standing on the jagged edge
Echoes of the promises of God inside his head
Choosing, then stepping out on desert air
Suddenly he's by a stream, birds singing everywhere

Looking back for the place that disappeared
Sees a wooden doorway standing in the field
Through the open frame, he views the desert scene
Shuts the door and locks it, then throws away the key

In fearful desperation, in suffocating sands
We're only just a moment from the Savior's loving
hands
He sends us to the desert to make a faithful choice
We believe the fear and doubting or we trust His quiet
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