

THE STEWARDSHIP PAPERS

Hide and Seek

I hold you in My arms
And lift you up, a Child of Grace.
We play a game that seems to you
As though I hide My face.

And then, when you can't see Me,
From what seems a "distant land,"
You hear a Voice that beckons you
To find Me, if you can.

I'm ALWAYS here beside you,
Though I'm sometimes out of view.
Just see? I'll open wide My arms
Like playing "peek-a-boo."

As you grow older, in the yard
We'll play a game of hide and seek.
This time, YOU'll hide and adamantly
Tell Me not to peek.

The games of all the world's young

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Are meant to teach their kind.

This game is for a Child of God:

To "Seek and ye shall find."

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