

TILL I SEE MY FACE IN THE SILVER

2-6-12

1. He said:
“When I see My face in the silver,
My reflection, perfect and pure.
Only then and not till that crux in the flux
do I know you’re perfected for sure.”
2. These words vibrated from heaven,
as the suffering exacted its toll,
when about to expire, from “just too much!” fire —
The Father’s WORD reached to my soul... —as he said:

“Till I see My face in the silver,
until the reflection is pure,
I’ll not take My eyes off My cherished, dear prize,
Hold steady, My child, endure.”

3. He said:
“I don’t take My eyes off the silver!
By My Name, the flame won’t consume.
But I must hold my power, for the perfected hour;
not too late, and not a moment too soon.”
4. The dross, oh!, the dross how it lingers.
And oh!, the cost of this stain.
But for the promise, of His eyes upon us,
I could not endure through the pain. [But]... He said:

“Till I see My face in the silver,
until the reflection is pure,
I’ll not take My eyes off My cherished, dear prize,
Hold steady, My child, endure.”

5. He said:
“Till I see My face in the silver,
and the faces I look on are two:
The Father’s perfection, burned in the reflection
—perfect image, My child, is you.”

“Till I see My face in the silver...”

[etc. to fadeout]

Written: February 6, 2012