

## AN OVERFLOWING LIFE

*By Verna Kwiatkowski. Sky View. After a conversation with my friend, Vallie. A prayer.*

Lord, I would like to lead an overflowing life,  
One that is more than just for me.  
Fill me with your Spirit, Lord. Banish petty strife,  
And help me to see eternity, my Lord,  
Help me to see eternity.

Creatively, David was a man who overflowed.  
It began when he was tending his sheep.  
Thoughts welled up inside him until he fairly glowed,  
And he knew they were not just his to keep, my Lord,  
He knew they were not just his to keep.

So faithfully he wrote his words for all to share,  
And reviewed them to keep his mind sharp,  
As I read them today, his music fills the air,  
And I see him strumming on his harp, my Lord,  
I see him strumming on his harp.

Psalms came to him while he was hiding in a cave,  
Pursued, and weary to the bone.  
In dire circumstances he called on you to save,  
And he found his rest in you alone, my Lord,  
He found his rest in you alone.

I can see why you said he was after your own heart.  
He put you first in his life! In everything,  
He always took a lesser role, knowing well his part,  
For you were his Shepherd and his King, my Lord,  
You were his Shepherd and his King.

You taught him more than he wrote as spiritual food.  
Not one lesson he absorbed was a waste,  
For when he says "Taste and see! The Lord is good!"  
Oh, I long to have another taste, my Lord,  
I long to have another taste.

Lord, through this poem you have granted my plea.  
Oh, Lord, you are always coming through!  
Connecting me with David was a glimpse of eternity!  
All my thoughts I dedicate to you, my Lord,  
My thoughts I dedicate to you.

Amen.