

IN THE GARDEN OF MY SOUL

In the garden of my soul there is a little postern gate
Where, when I enter, I am in the presence of God.
In a moment, in a turning of a thought,
I am where God is.
When I meet God there, all life gains a new meaning,
Small things become great, and great things small.
My troubles seem but pebbles on the road,
My joys seem like the everlasting hills,
All my fever is gone in the great peace of God,
And I pass through the door from Time into Eternity.

Walter Rauschenbusch (1861-1918).