

Poem by Unknown Believer in Russia

My God, my God! I take pleasure only in You.
I want to love You with all my strength.
And with all my being I draw closer to You.
Then all is well, and it is a joy to live.

I sing to you my song with holy rapture.
And to be with You alone,
That is joy, that is my joy.

You, Lord, for me are the highest ideal,
The ideal of purity and a beautiful day
Your name, sweet Jesus,
I will always bear like something sacred.

O beloved Savior, You give me strength;
And You see and know how much I love You.

Written by anonymous believer in Russia
Reprinted from "Russia for Christ" newsletter, August 2008

David Benson selflessly served his Christian brothers and sisters in Russia for many, many years. I subscribed to his newsletter, "Russia for Christ," for twenty years or more. In August 2008, he shared his visit to the Red Square, in which a young man approached him, and stuffed a crumpled fistful of papers into his pocket, saying, "You will know what to do with these." When he returned to his room, he found that they were poems, one of which he shared in the newsletter. I am sharing it with you, because it so touched my heart.

The believers in Russia have gone through many periods of great persecution and suffering. The beautiful perfume of their love for their Savior that fills their lives is a gift to the entire body of Christ. I pray we will learn from them and remember them, as our brothers and sisters in Christ. ¹

*"Don't forget about those in prison.
Suffer with them as through you were there yourself.
Share the sorrow of those being mistreated,
as though you feel their pain in your own bodies." --Hebrews 13:3 NLT*

¹ See Portions for the Journey, "Praying for the Persecuted Church" (5020) by Tami Skarin www.portionsforthejourney.com