

The Name of God

By Glenn Currier

You know me and you know my name
You call it and I do not hear
in a thousand ways you call,
Why do I close my ears?

I stand away from the edge
of the abyss of your great love
afraid to take the pledge
shrug off your gentle shove.

Yet how many times do I jump
ignore the hesitation in my soul
the voice that beckons me to you
to you my Lord who makes me whole.

You know the name my parents gave
you call it all the day
but what is my name in heaven
what is that name I pray?

When my name is called I hear
it rules me clear as a bell
my name says I'm a person
and you know it so very well.

Your name says you're a person too
not just a fading cloud
you've been so loyal and true
Why can't I sing you out loud?

If my name is special to me
why do I delay to proclaim
to the world that I plainly see
the power and scope of your name?

Now I speak the goodness of God
how pure his love and his grace
it is not wrong it is not odd
to shout God's name in this place.

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