

Face Into the Wind

A mighty wind is blowing, feel it blowing through the land
A wind whose name is Holiness—it's sent by God's own hand
The arm of flesh will fail, but the power of God will stand
Christian, lift your head and face into the wind

Face into the wind, feel God's holy discipline
Christian, lift your head and face into the wind

His cleansing call to righteousness will sweep across your soul
And all you've built on sands of self the storm will overthrow
Each trial He sends to purify, to make your spirit grow
Christian, lift your head and face into the wind

Face into the wind, feel God's holy discipline
Christian, lift your head and face into the wind

Another wind will follow soon, a wind whose name is Peace
And those who walk in holiness great power will release
With wisdom and authority God's kingdom will increase
Christian, lift your head and face into the wind

Face into the wind, let His kingdom come within
Christian, lift your head and face into the wind

*Diane Woerner
with Kirk Dearman
May 1989*

The Armor of God

From Ephesians 6

If you've sought after truth
And hungered for God's favor
If you've listened and followed
And eagerly obeyed
Then you've buckled His belt
Immovable about you
And His breastplate of righteousness
Is firmly in its place

When you've put on the armor
No power can stand against you
When you've put on the armor
You'll walk in peace and might
When you've put on the armor
You'll see God's strength upon you—
For you've put on the armor
When you're doing what is right

If you're always prepared
To glorify His gospel
If you're constantly ready
His victory to proclaim
Your feet will walk securely
The path of peace before you
And His mighty faith will shield you
From every evil flame

If you've chosen to acknowledge
No other lord but Jesus
If you've sacrificed your will
So His Spirit might prevail
Then on your head forever
Will rest His helmet glorious
And in your hand you'll grasp
A sword that cannot fail

*Diane Woerner
March 1990*

Time Takes Time

When the colors of your happiness suddenly turn gray
When your heart is crushed within you and the pain won't go away
When questions haunt each minute, every hour, every day
 The Savior still is with you
 This promise He will give you
 That time will bring you healing
 — But time takes time

In time you'll hear your song again
In time your sun will shine
In time your colors will return
In time your poem will rhyme
Until then look for comfort
In the presence of the Lord
For time will bring real healing
 — But time takes time

When deep sorrow overwhelms your soul, you do not grieve alone
The agony you feel inside, your God has also known
He hears the prayers you cannot speak, His tears flow with your own
 Yes, He will never leave you
 His Spirit will go with you
 And in His time He'll heal you
 — But time takes time

In time you'll hear your song again
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Until then look for comfort
In the presence of the Lord
For time will bring real healing
 — But time takes time

Diane Woerner
1992

Worship God

God is calling out a people who will worship
Who in every thought or deed will put Him first
May each moment of our lives tell our devotion
As His living water satisfies our thirst

Worship God—who alone is holy
Worship God—who alone is pure
Worship God—proclaim His grace and beauty
Worship God—in spirit and in truth

Let our consciences be quickened by His honor
Let our minds be ever nourished by His word
Let His beauty kindle pure imaginations
Oh, may all that is within us call Him Lord!

May our hearts be open vessels of His mercy
May His purposes direct our every choice
May we spend ourselves in lavish adoration
Then together earth and heaven will rejoice

*Diane Woerner
May 1992*

Adapted from the following:

“Worship is the submission of all of our nature to God. It is the quickening of conscience by His holiness, nourishment of mind by His truth, purifying of imagination by His beauty, opening of the heart to His love, and submission of will to His purpose. And all this gathered up in adoration is the greatest of human expressions of which we are capable.”

William Temple

The Season of Refreshing

The living Word of God divides our spirits from our souls
All excuses it will shatter, all our pride it will expose
But when we kneel in true repentance, godly sorrow overflows—
And the season of refreshing can begin

We'll have times of sweet refreshing
Like we've never known before
He'll pour His joy into our emptiness
From the ashes of our broken dreams
New life He will bring forth
In the presence of our Lord we will find rest

When each monument we worshipped lies in wreckage at our feet
When the victories we fought to win no longer taste so sweet
Then we'll understand that Christ alone can make our lives complete
And the season of refreshing can begin

*Diane Woerner
March 1992*

Remember

A blackened sky, a chilling wind—
But darker was the fear within
The hearts of those who loved the Man
Who hung upon that cross
Their dreams of kingdom destiny
Now fled before reality
And as His blood fell to the dust
It seemed that all was lost

They did not remember
How could they remember
His words of promise, voice of love
The power that He'd told them of
His everlasting sovereignty
Enthroned upon eternity
They did not remember

But silently the morning sun
Drove shadows from an empty tomb
And crept into the weary hearts
Of those whose hope was gone
A resurrection victory
Transforming human history
Fulfilling ancient prophecy
Through heaven's living Son

And then they remembered
Oh, how they remembered
His words of promise, voice of love
The power that He'd told them of
His everlasting sovereignty
Enthroned upon eternity
Yes, now they remembered

Two thousand years have come and gone
Each generation struggles on
Consumed with sorrow, hate and fear
Confused by endless lies
But through the agonizing noise
There whispers His compelling voice
The glory that He promised us
Will one day fill the skies

So let us remember
We've got to remember
His words of promise, voice of love
The power that He told us of
His everlasting sovereignty
Enthroned upon eternity
Yes, we must remember

Diane Woerner
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