**I’M ANCHORED IN JESUS**

*Up on life's boundless ocean, where mighty billows roll, I've fixed my hope in Jesus; blest anchor of my soul.*

*When trials fierce assail me, as storms are gathered o'er, I rest upon His mercy and trust Him more.*

*My anchor is Jesus; the storm of life I'll brave; I've anchored in Jesus; I fear no wind or wave.*

*I'm anchored in Jesus for He has power to save, I'm anchored to the Rock of Ages*

*He keeps my soul from evil; and gives me blessed peace, His voice has stilled the waters, and bid their tumult cease.*

*My Pilot and Deliverer, in Him I all confide. For always when I need Him; He's at my side.*

*He's my Friend and Savior; in Him my anchor's cast. He drives away my sorrows, and shields me from the blast.*

*By faith I'm looking upward; beyond life's troubled sea, There I behold a haven; prepared for me.*

Ephesians 6 :14-18. As for me, God forbid that I should boast about anything Except the cross of our

Lord Jesus Christ. Because of that cross my interest in all the attractive things of the world was killed

long ago, and the world's interest in me is also long dead. It doesn't make any difference now whether we

have been circumcised or not; what counts is whether we really have been changed into new and different

people. May God's mercy and peace be upon all of you who live by this principle an upon those

everywhere who are really God's own. From now on please don't argue with me about these things, for I

carry on my body the scars of the whippings and wounds from Jesus enemies that mark me as His slave.

Dear brothers, may the Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.   Sincerely, Paul.

*I am just a lonesome traveler; through this big wild world of sin.*

*Won't you join that grand procession, when the saints go marching in?*

*Oh when the saints go marching in; when the saints go marching in.*

*Lord, I want to be in that number, when the saints go marching in.*

*All my folks have gone before me, all my friends and all my kin,*

*But I'll meet with them up yonder, when the saints go marching in.*

*Come and join me in my journey; 'cause it's time that we begin.*

*And we'll be there for that judgment, when the saints go marching in.*