

Kerith Brook – a Song of Thanks to our Supporters

By Susan K Hawthorne

Elijah boldly served the Lord,
Obeyed His ways, pronounced His word,
When judgment came to the land around,
No drop of rain fell on the ground.

And God sent him to a ravine
To live alone with Him unseen,
To eat the bread and the meat that came,
From the God of love on raven wings.

Chorus 1 & 2:

**Come with me to Kerith Brook
Where the water's sweet,
And the Lord's the cook.
Where little offerings on the wing
Provide the best of everything.**

2. Now the ravens come, and the ravens go;
They meet my needs, but they don't know
Each provides my daily bread—
And I thank the Lord that I'm raven-fed,

So at Kerith Brook I'll stay,
And accept my portion every day.
In a desert land, He shows His hand
Though the famine spreads, yet His feast is grand.

CHORUS

3. Now those who look to God for bread
Will also have their spirits fed.
Sweet offerings His servants bring
Come flying in on willing wings.

And some of them are widow's mites,
Which are so precious in His sight,
And some have come from fortunes great,
But all have filled my plate.

Chorus 3:

**Come with me to Kerith brook.
Slow down and take a second look
At the God who sees the sparrow through
And who feeds His servants too.**

As the ravens took their simple road
Each one had carried a prophet's load.
And you have carried His holy Word
To waiting souls who have never heard.

Little flock of friends, so kind and true,
How we thank the Lord of Lights for you,
For the many things you pray and do,
And His Word is getting through.
And His Word is getting through.

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