

A Journey to Share

Cowering low, I shield my face,
Waiting for the storm to pass by.
Shivering cold, deep in my bones,
Longing for a break in the sky.
Finally I see, as if straight from heaven,
A beam of light piercing through.
The rain subsides, and clouds give way,
To sunlight and fresh morning dew.

I stretch my arms and gather my parcel,
My journey, still a long way to go.
My shoes and wrap, drying in the sun,
A small comfort, after feeling so low.
A hill in the distance, I measure the cost,
So I rest in the valley a while.
I want to stay, its comfortable here,
But He tells me to move on with a smile.

I've tried to argue before, but lost,
I've learned to do His will, not mine.
Reluctantly, I wipe the dust from my feet,
My will, I humbly resign.
I watch my steps, instead of the hill,
This way, much easier to bear.
I must take time and walk with patience;
Surely, I'm almost there.

But I look up, from on top of the hill,
To an even greater valley below.
Beyond it, a mountain, unsurmountable,
In despair, the tears start to flow.
Unable to breathe, I cry out,
Why? I've done what you've asked me to do!
A familiar voice I've heard so often.
My child, I'm doing this for you.

He told me gently, as I descended the hill,
Be prepared, for heartache is near.
But you will endure, it's just for a season,
Then I will lead you up here.
The hope in His words gave me new strength,
So I fearfully walk forward, prepared.
I whisper His Word as I enter the valley,
But in truth I'm terribly scared.

Heartache I've known, but somehow I knew,
This time would be much worse.
I was right, for when the storm came,
I was sure I was under a curse.
I never doubted my Lord was near,
I knew He had plans for me.
But I wasn't sure if I could withstand the pain,
And wished for death, to be free.

The spiritual battle that played with my mind,
Nearly destroyed my soul.
Then God in His goodness, breathed life into me,
And I stood once again, but now whole.
The tears came out, like flood waters rushing,
A release from all of the pain.
My heart felt lighter and I actually laughed!
I survived a tempest again.

I gather my wits, for I have no belongings,
And looked at the mountain ahead.
I'm on my way, Lord. Please guide my steps.
He's leading me, just like He said.
I'll keep my eyes on the mountain top,
Because I know my Lord is there.
I'll trip on rocks, get scrapes and cuts,
But this journey, He wants me to share.

It may, at times, seem terribly unfair,
The trials we're forced to face.
But trust that God is in the storm,
And will shield you, by His grace.