

sunday solace - after the frost

"why go i mourning? psa 42:9

canst thou answer this, believer? canst thou find any reason why thou art so often mourning instead of rejoicing? why yield to gloomy anticipations? who told thee that the night would never end in day? who told thee that the winter of thy discontent would proceed from frost to frost, from snow and ice, and hail, to deeper snow, and yet more heavy tempest of despair? knowest thou not that day follows night, that flood comes after ebb, that spring and summer succeed winter? hope thou then! hope thou ever! for God fails thee not. - c.h. spurgeon

He was better to me than all my hopes;
He was better than all my fears;
He made a bridge of my broken works,
and a rainbow of my tears.

the billows that guarded my sea-girt path,
but carried my Lord on their crest;
when i dwell on the days of my wilderness march
i can lean on His love for the rest.

He emptied my hands of my treasured store,
and His covenant love revealed,
there was not a wound in my aching heart,
but the balm of His breath hath healed.

oh, tender and true was the chastening sore,
in wisdom, that taught and tried,
till the soul that He sought was trusting in Him,

and nothing on earth beside.

He guided by paths that i could not see,
by ways that i have not known;
the crooked was straight, and the rough was plain
as i followed the Lord alone.

i praise Him still for the pleasant palms,
and the water-springs by the way,
for the glowing pillar of flame by night,
and the sheltering cloud by day.

never a watch on the dreariest halt,
but some promise of love endears;
i read from the past, that my future shall be
far better than all my fears.

like the golden pot, of the wilderness bread,
laid up with the blossoming rod,
all safe in the ark, with the law of the Lord,
is the covenant care of my God.

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by mrs. charles cowman.

poetry has always touched my heart. the way people can
put words to rhyme and cause them to pierce one's heart
as a spear pierced the side of our Lord. the first
stanza of this poem did so particularly. "He was
better to me than all my hopes; He was better than all
my fears; He made a bridge of my broken works, and a
rainbow of my tears."

Our heavenly Father knows the crosses we carry and the burdens we share. there are times in travail when i feel my tears could form a rainbow. i feel He whispered to me once that they were tears of oil, anointed to go forth. but He has said He would wipe away all our tears and i wonder what will then replace my tears of joy.

i pray the love our Lord wants to give has entered your heart though some piercing of a word read or spoken. He is so good. He is altogether lovely and there is no spot in Him.