

Pain, A Blessing or Curse

How kind of you to give us pain, to warn of something wrong Although we see it not that way when e're it lasts so long. Through smallness of perception, we see it as an error For could not God, if such He be, develop something better?

There's no mistake about it, for God works perfectly For pain is a great blessing and teaches sympathy. For pain is not just physical, but is emotional too It's God's loud voice of warning that all's not running true.

I'm sorry for the leper, whose body feels no pain And hastily would utter, "Oh what a blessed gain To never have a headache, or feel a broken bone" No senses or emotions, I would be like a stone.

The pain I feel so often, permitted by God's hand It tells how sin has damaged, His holy perfect plan For sin it brings in sorrow, both sufferings and distress If I could feel no suffering, would I be truly blest?

Our Lord Himself, He knew it, when there in Pilate's Hall And God was silent to Him, inactive to His call And on the cross of Calvary, what sufferings filled His soul Ah! then without those sufferings I never would be whole.

But lying in a hospital, a body cancerous torn I then begin to curse like Job, the day that I was born I hate the night, I hate the day, I'm angry God at Thee I ask you Lord beseeching, Why did this happen me?

Is it because of wrong I've done, or error in my life? For living here is very hard, a body scourged by strife Oh God I want to trust in you, believe that this is best If only all this suffering ceased, and I had little rest.

My child, my child, I feel for you, I really really do
I too have known the agony, and pain, the feeling blue
It is the path of loosening, of gaining vision clear
This is a world where nothing is worthwhile holding dear.

To live for the eternal, beyond this vale of tears
To live for everlasting, not for these few short years
To look for that new body, from sin and sorrow free
And praise my Lord in glory for the sufferings given me.

... Rowan Jennings 23rd Nov. 2001