

## SPARROW

I sang of you three decades past  
– A song of joy that did not last –  
Indeed, the joy was rarely there,  
Was scarcely there or anywhere.

The song extolled God's tender care,  
His care through dangers...winters bare,  
Of care for one so frail, so small,  
But one on which His eye would fall.

Did I believe the same for me,  
That on my life His eye would be?  
Of course, I did, and do this day...  
Despite the sometimes deep dismay.

Then why not joy...and why despair  
If in God's love and in His care?  
Composer wrote of happiness –  
Does scripture give the same witness?

Does Paul not say, "Rejoice, Rejoice!"?  
Or psalmist give his gladness voice?  
Oh yes, the scripture notes each thing –  
These things of which the poets sing.

But what does Jesus promise me,  
Except His truth...to make me free?  
And free I am, since I believe –  
Such freedom daily I receive.

But did He promise joy extant,  
Yet that same joy for me recant?  
No, Jesus promised hardship sore...  
And on a cross His hardship bore.

What feeling must I want, therefore,  
If cross-borne joy was blood and gore;  
Was Jesus happy in His stress,  
Can joy be found in such duress?

Beyond Christ's joy for doing good,  
Was joy in knowing where He stood  
Not in His health but in His space  
With such disgusting human race?

The scripture speaks of Savior sad  
– It even speaks of Savior mad –  
No scripture notes that laughter leapt  
From Christ the Lord...but that He wept.

So...joy for some...but others, no?  
It would appear that this is so,  
And just because of who we are,  
And not of faith we bar or mar.

Quite unlike, we all are so,  
As those Christ chose so long ago;  
God may not change our inborn way,  
No matter if for change we pray.

Some feel the joy...some mostly pain,  
But dedicate with equal strain  
Their will to serve, their will to please...  
The time they spend on bended knees.

I sang of you three decades past,  
A song of joy that would not last...  
But still a song of God's great eye  
That beams on us until we die.