To See the Pain

A tree alone in the wind, bereft of leaves

No shade, no warmth of day

It too may wish to feel secure

Not a flower withering away.

Time often tests us

With hindrances we rue

And yet we have the strength

To show what we can do.

To see, to look straight at the pain

Hold on to life, relief

Do not give in, all will be well

That is our heart’s belief.

The Lord above sees that our hope

Is not lost in the test

Through the pain we must go on

All is for the best.

Time often tests us…