

Between a Rock and a Hard Place:

Sometimes life can get you down, Events that surround us, cause us to frown.
No smile is found along the way, and the beauty that's around us, deadens the day.

We look for a meaning, for an answer to why, fruitlessly searching the leaden sky,
We reach for our dreams, and they dissolve like smoke, then we decide that this earth is no longer a joke.

We make a decision under the leaden sky, but the seagulls answer our lonely cries,
The peace we sought by the sea's rocky shore, only shatters our hopes with its angry roar.

Where is there beauty? Where is there peace? How can I make these thoughts really cease,
Where is the beauty, where is our God, Is this really the place where His footsteps trod?

I wander alone, along an empty road, how can I release this heavy load?
Then suddenly, out of the corner of my eye, I see a sight that makes my heart sigh.

The beauty I lost a moment ago, In one small minute began to glow,
There at my feet, in a crack on the road, a flower, just a pansy, but a plant that I know.

Usually this flower, in a garden is seen, edging a lawn all shiny and green,
Its little head with colours so bright, edged the lawn with luminous light.

But here it stood, all alone no grass in sight, just dust and stone,
Yet its colours are bright, it stand straight and tall, Nothing seemed to affect it at all.

If it can take the hardest of ground, If it can grow where nothing is found,
If it can stand alone, with its head held high, Then with our Lord's help so can I.

