

Showers in Their Season

Perhaps you've thought "How could anything good be true?"
After all, you've grown accustomed to the pitch-black night
You're used to everything good eventually falling through,
Believing that goodness happens to everyone, just not you
Yet part of you longs for that breakthrough, the sunrise of light

My child, where has your faith wandered off to?
Why do you doubt your future but hope for another?
As if He remembers everyone but has forgotten you,
As if He will not do the things He says He'll do?
Oh, the things He has in store but yet to uncover

He will send down the showers in their season
Wait, sweet soul, even if you're tattered by this world
Though the wait seems long, cruel, and without reason
When you want to forsake all you believe in
Cling to hope, like a ribbon on your finger, tightly curled

These showers shall refresh the parched lands
When you doubted that His work in your life was progressing
A mighty flood will swirl around your feet in the desert sands
In a way that you'll know it came from His mighty hands
The raindrops will fall from dark clouds, each carrying a blessing

Even in the cold, blustery winter of your soul
May you be able to remember the existence of goodness
When light fades quickly and the darkness rolls
Covering all that is familiar, taking away your control
In due time, precious one, you shall be restored to fullness

When you sit alone with your thoughts in darkness
And the night is seemingly unending, your soul so tired
Remember the Spirit has led you into this wilderness
Though you doubt His promises, sing of His faithfulness
For trusting in these moments is how His peace is acquired

A poem for the second week of Advent 2016
by Amy Miura for Eastbrook Church

