

OF SORROW AND JOY

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To the One Who suffered most**

**There's been so many crossroads that I've traveled through,
those times of my youthful whims when down those roads I flew,
the choices and the chances, the risks to win or lose,
the decades before kids and work held recklessness anew.**

**But now that time has flown away and my hair is gray
with newfound wisdom some will think I'm supposed to say
*"I've lived my life to the full and have no great regrets,
I've traveled 'round this great big world, there is no better set."***

**Yet truth be told within this lull there's so much sorrowed life
that bears retelling softly here within the silent strife.
I've seen that ads with all things hawked are circumstantial toys,
and read the place where Jesus said His sorrow was his joy.**

**It seems we have this awesome faith in our society
that life is fun, we won't have pain, we have such great coffee.
Yet thru the decades of my work I've seen a different thing
of how divorce with children's harm reigns with sin-filled rings.**

**Of truth it seems that every one must face so many pains
and suffer oft the choice of sin, the evil, ugly reins
of others angry selfishness, of decades filled with dust,
like Job of old when all's been lost except a simple trust.**

***"Of truth"* I think He said that day, *"Freedom isn't free"*
you have to see great sorrow comes so swift, so naturally.
You have to choose to suffer great if you want to win
the souls of all affected by your ministry to sin.**

**If I perceive His choices true it seems He's offering
to let me choose to suffer long if to Him I'll bring
the host of those who'll hear me tell of Him, the Holy King
who'll choose the freedom of His love and worshipfully sing.**

**So now it seems I have to choose to toil for future joy
along the path that I've dreaded since I was a boy,
this road named Trust that's now my task will be my offering,
the joy filled echo of His Holy love, eternity to sing.**