

To a Dejected Brother

by Anonymous

We are of Adam, who ate of the Tree
Curs'd us both with blindness and with sight;
You know evils that you cannot unsee.
But what of the goodness? What of the light?
We are so blind! Sin and mud cloud our eyes
and keep us from the flames of faith and hope—
We see only death, darkness, and demise.
But creation around us does not mope:
The birds still warble and gracefully fly
Oblivious to all the horror and pain.
Do robins not suffer? Do larks not die?
Yet they sing to God and do not complain.
In spite of struggle nature always cheers
Do the same and put aside all those fears!
Mighty oaks fight and win their crowns of leaves,
Suffer many winters and storms and strife.
The elm's emerald boughs shine and do not grieve;
Through little deaths it gains glory in life.
What right do we to brood and gnash our teeth
Against a loving Lord who has bless'd us so?
Rather you should gladly earn your laurel wreath
Conquering those ugly things that are below.
For Jesus has gone before us and borne
All the sin and wrath that nips at our heels.
For every loss, for every death you mourn
Christ has a grace waiting for you:
Through toil His love He does impart,
So rejoice, rejoice with all of your heart.