

O u t s i d e Holiness

Just as a lost and thirsty deer

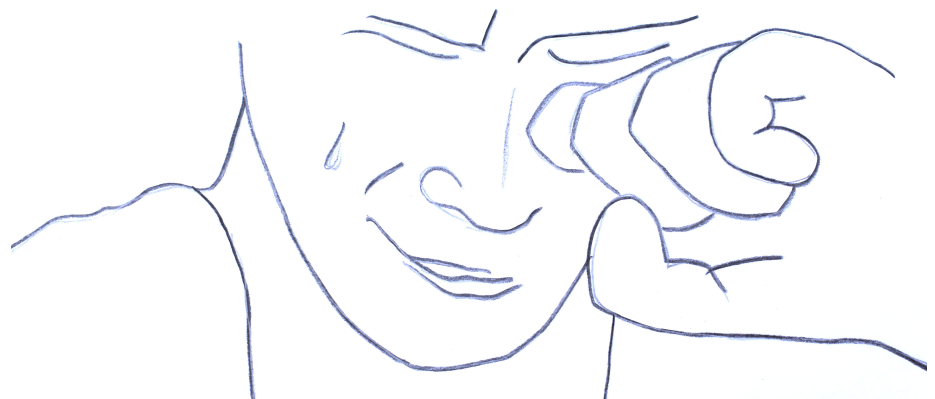
longs for a cool and running stream,
I thirst for you, the living God,
anxious to know that you are near.

Both day and night I cry aloud:
tears have become my only food
while all around cruel voices ask,
'Where is your God? Where is your God?'

Broken and hurt I call to mind
how in the past I served the Lord,
worshipped and walked with happy crowds
singing and shouting praise to God.

Why am I now so lost and low?
Why am I troubled and confused?
Given no answer, still I hope
and trust my Saviour and my God.

John L. Bell
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When finest aspirations fail

and dreams become dismay,
and all the hopes tomorrow held
lie felled by yesterday,
what can we do, where do we turn,
what can we say?

We hurt for what has happened
and we fear for what's to come;
and easy consolation leaves
us negative and numb
and wondering whether deeper depths
are yet to plumb.

Oh, Christ, you lost control,
or so it seems, when to a tree
they nailed you and regaled you
and refused to set you free;
and all because you showed how life
was meant to be.

Then must our hopes, like you
be broken down beyond repair;
must we be lost and powerless,
befriended by despair,
in order somehow to be saved
and sense God's care?

And shall our hopes, like you
arise from where they ceased to be;
and shall the spirit that was crushed
be transformed and set free?
If that's God will, then we await
what's yet to be.

John L. Bell

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