

Surviving Life's Storms

Written by Philip C. Vinson
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The storms in my life seem so unfair, And the days that are good sure are rare.
If there is a God, He sure must not be seeing me, The things that hurt me all my life He would see.
It looks like things are going to continue this same way, Because God doesn't seem to hear what I have to say.
Every way I turn there is another dilemma I must face, Am I the only one facing this out of the whole human race?
It seems as if I have never had a friend to care,
So is there anyone with whom my troubles I can share?
Lord, if You are listening help me today,
To find a friend to walk with me along the way.
Isn't there anyone I can tell my hurts to?
Is it going to stay like this and nothing I can do?
Lord, won't you just look my way?
Isn't there a little relief from my troubles today?
I am so tired and worn.
Every way I turn, people just seem to scorn.
I have heard somewhere of Job's woes,
His pain did not last forever, but on and on mine goes.
The time will come when Jesus you will meet.
Joy will come and your despair you will defeat.
Your spirit will be renewed; it will revive, You will make it; you will survive.
I can't talk to you so this poem will have to do.
I don't know the pain you are going through,
But I do know Jesus will come; He will be there for you.
He was there for me; He will be there for you, too.