

Wouldn't I like to write of something simpler,  
Of problems with clear-cut answers

I could cleverly explain to you?

It is simpler to make pronouncements,  
Simpler to reach verdicts on.

It is infinitely more difficult to help,  
More complicated and more trying to care.

There is not a punch-line  
This is leading to.

There is real life that real love faces.

There are real limitations  
And there are real ways of facing them,

Ways that touch and feel and try,  
And in so doing, express and show

In ways that give us hope.

Passage

*n i n e t y - t h r e e*

*Through Our Efforts*

There is a love so great it cannot be told.  
There is a love so great  
It can only be expressed and shown  
In fact and in actuality.  
When all is done,  
When all has been fulfilled,  
We will then be asked,  
“Was any one forgotten?”  
“Has any prayer been left unanswered?”  
Every tongue, indeed, will then confess,  
But not as it has been made to sound,  
Not like a confession after torture,  
Not like a confession beaten out of us.  
We will then confess our love,  
And we will then confess our gratitude.  
Every knee, indeed, will then be bent,  
Not fearfully submitting to, but honoring.  
It does not matter if  
You do not know where to start or how,  
If you will simply go ahead and try.

Ask in prayer  
And then do your best.  
Most answers do not come  
While we sit and wait,  
But in the midst of  
And through our efforts.

One of Cindy's students reads very well,  
But cannot convey in writing,  
Has been emotionally traumatized by his family,  
Resists all efforts made to help him,  
Is disruptive and hurtful to others,  
Is well-aware of his problems and has given up,  
And is only thirteen.

There are adults in this boy's life  
Who want to help him and are trying,  
But they have their limits too.

This is a real-life situation,  
Not a riddle or a puzzle with an answer.

It is a tangle and a complication,  
A challenge worthy of God's attention

And frustrating to even His best efforts.