

Finding Faith

A Poem in Response to Luke 18:8

Oh Lord, earth's times of trouble press
And rob the earth of peacefulness
Both waves and men of hate do roar,
And threaten lives on every shore.

Sin's breakers dash men's calm to bits,
And shards of fear destroy men's wits.
The human ship is foundering fast,
And threatens to be sunk at last.

In these sad times we know it's true,
That hearts of saints are tempted, too.
They feel the power of the force of doubt,
And find their faith is beat about.

Tis this great trial that purges out the dross,
And shines the silver in God's host.
But times like these will try men's souls,
To prove the faith our Lord bestows.

But if we faint, our faith grows weak,
And to this fault our Lord doth speak.
For when He comes to earth again,
Will He find faith that makes us win?

Or will we miss the promise of His word,
And will our voices go unheard?
No prayers of faith to heaven ascend,
To bring the blessings down again.

But, if you but vow to our great King,
That you will stand by faith and bring,
To Him the honor that is His due,
Then when He comes, He'll find faith in you.

Robert P. Myers, 2008