

IT'S RIGHT TO GRIEVE

When death has lifted from life's walk
Beloved ones you hold so dear,
You're right to challenge stoic talk
Or optimists' attempts to cheer. . . .

It's very right to weep with grief
And question God, with mournful cries.
The Lord may judge your unbelief,
But never tritely treats your "Why?"s.

Your anger at the loss you feel
Is proper, for God feels it, too.
He made all worlds and choices real—
Death always hurts when love is true.

Stare up at God, O tearful eyes!
Beyond the clouds that hide His face,
Behind those darkened, stormy skies,
Behold Him weeping drops of grace.

Tears tumble down His cheeks like rain—
Stretch forth your soul and touch thereof
To sense the sting of sorrow's pain
That throbs within God's heart of love.

No—don't pretend that it's "okay,"
For it is not and never was.
But Death will meet its doom someday,
And "Why"s will hear the Lord's "Because. . . ."

— *David L. Hatton, 12/30/1998*