

## The Stranger

If I had known what he was that day when he came,  
He stood on my step and called me by name.  
I had not seen this stranger before,  
With great impoliteness he pushed through the door.  
Without a word struck a blow to my mind,  
What great confusion, no answer to find.

Where was my Father, Protector, and Friend?  
I fell to my knees, "Surely this was the end!"  
My mind so confused, I could not pray.  
I cried for a friend, but no word could I say.  
Tormented, distressed. Cried, "PEACE!", there was none.  
Then I saw that this stranger had only begun.

With a dagger in hand, he lunged for my heart.  
Piercing and ripping with that evil dart.  
Tears rushed like rivers, their hot current strong,  
"What is this meaning? I've done no wrong!"  
I've tried to be faithful, though oft I have failed,  
I've given my heart, nothing withheld.  
To work in God's kingdom was what I reached toward,  
But now this stranger had brought my reward.

"It has to be over!" my heart and mind screamed.  
I recoiled from his person, a nightmarish dream.  
But yet he still reached me with pummel and prod,  
I felt so forsaken, Where was my God?  
Buffeted, beaten, pounded. Great pain!  
Bloody and broken, I could no longer restrain.

For all of my labor, now here I lay.  
My mind in such turmoil, hope hurried away.  
I had not the strength to lift my head,  
Before the stranger, I lay as one dead.

"IT IS ENOUGH!" I heard the voice roar.  
There stood my Father just inside the door.  
The stranger stepped back and then ducked his head.  
From the face of my Father, he turned and he fled.

Ever so gently into His arms,  
My Father took me to calm my alarm.  
"Where have you been?" I cried with great grief.  
"When I needed you most, you weren't here with me."

"I knew your trial was coming today.  
During it all, I was not far away.  
Think it not strange what has happened to you.  
It's part of the process you must go through.

The pit and the prison, the accuser's reproach,  
Betrayal by ones you trust the most.  
The javelin's sting, the hatred-crazed brood,  
They mean it for evil, I intend for good."

My mind now worked clearly, my wounded heart healed,  
In my great weakness, His strength was revealed.

-HSM