



## **“Not My Will, But Thine”**

**Life came beating at my door, it didn't even knock,  
It kicked down my door and even broke the lock.  
No welcome mat was out and for a thief I thought I had prepared,  
But this anguish came and it seemed that I had not been spared.  
I had thought life would always be good and free of trouble sore,  
But not even God's children are exempt when grief comes to the door.  
At first I cowered in fear and cries ripped from my heart,  
It seemed all things good had left and I was alone in this dark.  
But then God's gentle hand came and brought comfort back to me,  
Oh, praise our Lord, who opened my eyes and helped me plainly see,  
His great love could help me walk through this valley so very deep,  
And once again strength would return as I climbed this mountain steep.  
So now I know that even when life comes at you hard and grim,  
I can walk these valleys and mountains, but only if I have Him.  
When He hung upon that cross He prayed, “Not my will but thine.”  
That was our Savior's cross, should I complain and think that this is mine?  
We cry and grieve and think perhaps this is my cross to bear,  
No man, no matter what, has suffered like our Lord did there.  
Every sin I've committed and the whole world lay upon his back,  
How could we ever complain when his poor body with such pain did rack.  
I was ashamed I had complained and wanted pity for my plight,  
I needed to get up, think of others and go forth into their night.  
There are others out there hurting much more than you and I,  
Our hands must be the hands of Jesus and we must hear their cry.  
“In as much you have done it unto others, you have done it unto me.”  
Was what He said while here, so help me, Lord, to live like Thee.**

**By Louise Hall**