

God's Hardtimes Poem –Nov. 1, 1981. Written for a “poverty party”

Who formed the waters and stretched out the sky?
Marked out life's day 'til the time people die –
Opened the floodgates and watched people cry-
And for every purpose determined the why-
From the beginning, surely it's I
 Watching and waiting, creating the years.

Yet now everything from under the sun
Through all the orbits where planets run
In civilized lands, where dwells everyone
All of my building is coming undone.
I'll tell you, folks, it sure isn't fun-
 Looks downright depressing from here.

I tell a man “come”, and off he goes,
Ignores my Kingdom and follows his nose.
His own common sense to the wind he throws
Till through skies of eternity senselessness blows.
And from all his toil only thorns start to grow.
 And then he blames me for hard times.

It sure isn't easy being a king
And hearing the disparaging songs people sing.
How they're blaming me for everything
And wondering why I can't seem to bring
Stars to their night and doves on the wing
 And words that will make their lives rhyme.

So I sat down and thought and I made me a plan
And asked my son if He'd come as a man
To the people condemning me for what I am
And tell them it's easy to understand-
The world can work and life can be grand
 If only they'd give me a try.

But they ganged up on Him and they killed Him, you see.
Then they proceeded to still ignore me,
While hiding in rituals that won't make them free,
And wondering why I don't seem to be
The God that He promised the kids on His knee.
 It almost makes me want to cry.

I make them a world, I send them my Son,
I give them my Spirit and tell everyone,

“You live in my Kingdom, the struggle is done!”
But they give me hard times and grief by the ton.
And all of my work, love isn't fun-
And they think I cause them their pain.

Well, if you think it's hard being poor as a man,
Think what it's like being God, if you can.
With four billion people who don't understand.
There's nothing created more frustrating than
Trying to love such an imprudent band...
So my hardtimes always remain.

After all “God doesn't feel any pain!”