

Rabboni

She watches and waits
and weeps awaiting.
Doesn't anyone
see and know, or care?

While it is still dark
in both night and soul
little seems worthwhile
in duty-serving.

Disappointment reigns
in scheduled events
that drain energy
more than supply it.

Outside, looking in,
she needs assurance
that what seems devoid
of meaning is not.

I've been there, like her,
full of wonderings,
ready to give up
if not yet give in.

Something rips at you
Deeper down inside,
the unending strain
of uncertainty.

But I've seen more, too,
and want to assure her
that Life is not bound
by all we assume.

He in whom we hope,
suff'ring more than we,
dead himself three days,
is risen forever!

"O let your soul now
be filled with gladness..."
He who once called you
calls your name again.

You cannot be held
captive anymore,
without or within.
Christ is ris'n for you.

JRH
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