

When All Is Not Well

When seasons and times
weigh heavy on mind;
When all is not well
and things are not fine;
to whom shall we go,
and where to recline?

A river there is,
the psalmist has said,
that flowing through time
can gladden the heart
by sweeping one up
and sett'ling the mind.

Recline in that now
all you in distress,
healed in those waters
one still can be blest.
Shadows are fright'ning
But light manifest.

Be calm, then, my soul,
when all else seems lean,
be carried for now
and stay in the stream,
let him guide you on
who wills to redeem.

JRH
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