

You Are Good

As months turn to years,
As years become decades,
The void gives way to questioning.
In the emptiness,
 You are good.

As silence pierces the air
With no first cry of life
I wonder – how long can one wait
Trusting that the One who governs the universe
And knits children in wombs
 Has not forgotten His servant?
In my disgrace,
 You are good.

As questions turn to submission,
As submission turns to listening,
My soul is quieted—
 Like a weaned child with its mother
 Though my arms remain bare.
In the silence,
 You are good.

Yet You—
 You are the God of promise,
 Of covenant,
 Of unexpected blessings
 That flow from outstretched hand,
And You bear redemption in Your time.
In the revealing,
 You are good.

As revealing turns to wonder
Unbelief lay waiting
And You hush cautious doubt.
In my distrust,
 You are good.

In the suffering,
 You are good.

In the withholding,
 You are good.

In the filling,
 You are good.

You are good.
You are good.
You are good.