

# What Does It Mean?

Joe Wright Griggs I Peter 4: 12, 19

"It does not matter what it means, poor heart;  
The dear Lord knows, to bear it is your part;  
Nor think some strange thing happens unto you  
Which He would not allow so if He knew.

He does know. In His all-wise Fatherhood  
He knows it, and allows it for your good.  
He is not hard; you do not think He is  
When in the dark you find your hand in His;  
When it was light you tried to walk alone,  
And thought the strength He gave you all your own.  
You did not ask what that last blessing meant;  
Just smiled and took it, satisfied, content.

You did not think it strange. You thought He knew,  
And planned the sweet surprise which came to you.  
Tried one, then do you take life's sweet and good,  
Yet cannot trust that tender Fatherhood,  
But think it makes mistakes whene' er it sends  
Some hindrance which your eager haste offends?  
Or when He lets the wicked plot you harm,  
And stir a whirlwind when you seek a calm:

You think it strange, this trial swift and keen,  
And in your weakness ask, 'What does it mean?'  
I think the language of God's heart would read,  
'I love My child, I note his slightest need;  
I long to prosper him in all his ways,  
To give him quiet nights and peaceful days,  
But if I do, he'll lose himself from Me,  
My outstretched hand he will not wait to see,  
I'll place a hindering wall before his feet;  
There he will wait and there we two will meet.  
I do it not in wrath for broken laws  
Or willful disobedience, but because  
I want him nearer, and I cannot wait  
For him to come for he might wander late.  
My child will wonder, will not understand,  
Still half in doubt he'll clasp My outstretched hand;  
But when at last upon My heart he leans  
He will have ceased to wonder what it means.' "