

GRACIAS, SEÑOR!¹

*The people who walked in darkness have seen a great light;
those who dwelt in a land of deep darkness, on them has light shined.
(Isaiah 9:2)*

Trapped in darkness! Dusty air;
I languish here in deep despair.
Without a ladder, shaft or rope,
I fear the worst, I have no hope.
To help me pass the lonely hours
I dream of sunny fields with flowers,
And tell myself: "Be calm, be brave..."
And then I wake - this is my grave.

At times I dig and drill and scrape
And think perhaps that I'll escape,
By human effort, working hard
I gain a foot, perhaps a yard.
But what a fool to think that I
Could by my efforts reach the sky!
"Save me, God! Is this my fate?"
I sit back down to pray... and wait.

And then a tap above my head.
"Am I dreaming? Or am I dead?"
No, someone's digging through to me!
I hear their drilling, then I see
A light that shines into my tomb,
Erasing all despair and gloom.
My heart is filled with hope and fear
To think that rescue is so near.

And then a voice, so clear it came,
It beckoned me, it called my name!
And as I followed where it led
Like someone risen from the dead,
Ascending to the light of earth
I knew that I had found new birth.
I want to sing, I want to shout,
And tell how others got me out!

If you feel trapped in some dark place,
And feel alone, cut off from grace;
Don't give in to dark despair,
Bow your head and say this prayer:
"Lord, please come into my pit
And rescue me from out of it!"
Then pause and listen for his Voice;
He's calling you... now make your choice!

Pastor Stan

¹This poem was inspired by the dramatic rescue of 33 Chilean miners who had been trapped 2,300 feet underground for 69 days. In October 2010 the whole world watched in awe as they were hoisted to the surface in a tiny capsule, one by one.