

# THE ROD OF GOD

The rod of God -  
my dearest friend, or my worst enemy?

Do I receive correction as Your bride,  
or as a foreigner far removed from Your side?

Does each wound have healing power  
causing new life to form and flower;  
or does infection grow?

Is the soil of my heart fertile to Your touch?  
Does each strike of Your plow  
speak of acceptance and love?

Or do I accuse Jesus of abuse,  
of wielding the sword in cruelty and misuse?

“The Lord is my Shepherd”, I’ve often declared,  
as I snuggled close in His green pastures there.

But now in the valley no comfort I find.  
His rod and His staff are no friend of mine.

So now I must choose, I must deeply decide...  
in which view of His rod will my heart abide?

Will I press in and find You,  
allowing Your Seed to grow too...

or will I turn from my Father  
accusing Him of abuse and cruel power?