

## OUTWARDLY



Outwardly — *outwardly* — my body is wasting away.  
Outwardly — *outwardly* — my body shows signs of decay.  
But inwardly — *inwardly* — I'm being renewed every day.  
My spirit is soaring to heights most sublime  
While my body is wasting away.

Outwardly — *outwardly* — I'm limited here in my chair.  
Outwardly — *outwardly* — you'd think I had cause for despair.  
But inwardly — *inwardly* — I'm free as a bird on the wing!  
I travel with ease; I can talk with a flair;  
And oh, how my spirit can sing!

Based on 2 Corinthians 4:16-18 and Isaiah 40:31.  
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Verna Kwiatkowski

At the writing of the above poem, my PLS has progressed to the point where I am spending most of the day sitting and moving about in my Power Chair, sometimes using a walker. Due to the deterioration of my tongue muscles, it is hard for me to talk and impossible for me to sing. I cannot laugh or cry heartily and am on a soft food diet to prevent aspiration as much as possible. My hands are affected as well. I do everything slowly.

At the same time I am content and happy in the Lord. The words of the poem express my true feelings. Over fifty years of meditating on the Scriptures and practicing them (agreeing with them) has prepared me well for my current condition. If my outlook seems desirable, please know that it is available to you, too. I am an ordinary person who has believed and experienced God and has "eaten" the Word of God so that most of what I do and think is filtered through the Scriptures.

Along with the apostle Paul (my mentor) I believe the sentiments that he expressed in the following Scriptures (set to music and included in this essay):

1. *I consider that our present sufferings are not worth comparing with the glory that will be revealed in us (Romans 8:18).*
2. *Momentary, light affliction is producing for us an eternal weight of glory far beyond all comparison (2 Corinthians 4:17).*

My soul has thrilled to these words as I've played and sung them over and over through the years. When I sing "I consider ..." I am not thinking of Paul as saying those words. The words are mine, or ours (Paul's and mine). And at the end of the second song, I picture myself holding momentary, light afflictions in one hand and an eternal weight of glory in the other. The challenge is to focus on the glory to come. After looking at both, I agree with Paul that there is NO COMPARISON!

What about you? What do you think of these verses?

Thought: *"If the Son sets you free, you will be free indeed" (John 8:36)* was not written of the body.

Romans 8:18 (NIV) *slowly* Romans 8:18 Verna Mae Kwiattkowski

I con-si-der that our pre-sent suf-f'ring's are not worth com-par-ing with the  
glo-ry that will be re-vealed in us. I con-sid-er that our us.

II Corinthians 4:17 Momentary, Light Affliction Verna Mae Kwiatkowski

The image shows a handwritten musical score on four staves. The title "Momentary, Light Affliction" is written at the top center, and the composer's name "Verna Mae Kwiatkowski" is at the top right. The first staff begins with "II Corinthians 4:17". The music is in G major, 4/4 time, and features various chords such as Dmi, C7, A7, Bb, and F. The lyrics are written below the notes, and there are several dynamic markings like "rit" (ritardando) and "Dmi" (diminuendo). The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Mo-men-tar-y, light af-flic-tion is pro-duc-ing for us an e-ter-nal weight of glo-ry  
far be-yond all com-par-i-son,- far be-yond all com-par-i-son. Mo-men-tar-y light  
af-flic-tion; an e-ter-nal weight of glo-ry - there is no com-par-i-son.  
There is no com-par-i-son!