

MUSINGS ON "THE CHOICE"

*By Verna Kwiatkowski. Sky View. Inspired by "The Choice,"
a poem she composed in 2010, written here in abridged form:*

*Make the choice to rejoice
Every day, all the way,
'Til we rise through the skies,
Home at last, sorrows past.*

If you have made the choice to rejoice, it seems to me,
You would see the glass as half full, not as half empty.
Or if you assess the contents as being somewhat low,
You would see the possibility of making it overflow.
Then, if you found yourself confused and distressed,
You would go to the Lord, bringing him your unrest.

That's what Habakkuk did, God's prophet of long ago.
When violence surrounded him, he let the Lord know
That with injustice prevailing, it was time for God to act.
"You cannot tolerate wrong!" he said. "That's a fact!"

The Lord told Habakkuk that indeed he had a Plan.
It involved the Babylonians, a ruthless, dreadful clan
Currently sweeping across the earth, displaying wrath
By destroying the nations that came across their path.

"What!" exclaimed Habakkuk. "I can't believe my ears!
Your plan stirs up within me the WORST of my fears!
How could you let a nation more unrighteous than we
Come up against us, and give them the victory?"

"Habakkuk," said the Lord, "that's not the end of the story,
For in time the whole earth will be filled with my glory.
What will happen then to the people of the nations
Who worship idols, who trust in their own creations?
But I am in my holy temple, as you can clearly see.
And I speak! Let all the earth be silent before me."

Habakkuk prayed, "Lord, I have heard of your fame;
I stand in awe of your deeds, bless your holy name.
Renew them in our day, in our time make them known;
In your wrath, remember the mercy you have shown."

Then Habakkuk began to muse on the marvels of God.
In his mind he could see where God's armies had trod.
God's glory covered the skies, his praise filled the land,
His splendor was like the sunrise, flashing from his hand.

The more he meditated, the more excited he became.
With his thoughts upon the Lord, he'd never be the same!
How weak he was in contrast! He would leave to the Lord
The fate of the Babylonians; he had spoken his last word.

One thing remained, and Habakkuk made a good choice:
No matter what happened, in the Lord he would rejoice!
"I WILL be joyful in God my Savior," was what he said;
"The Sovereign Lord, my Strength, moves me ahead."

A happier person I cannot imagine, and the rules still apply:
Habakkuk made the CHOICE to rejoice – and so will I!
The next time I am tempted to be worried and depressed,
I will set my thoughts on God above – and be blessed.

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