

ROMANIAN TEARS

I came to a far off place
reluctant to heed your call.
Not knowing what could possibly be
east of this old crumbled wall.

A place of many struggles
where many are hungry and tired.
Wounded and worn and abused
by a dictator's evil desire.

He told them their God had no power
that he should be worshipped instead.
After 24 years of his terror
the vision and tyrant were dead.

Now land lay barren and wasted
orphans and poor wait for bread.
Searching for answers from others
and anxious to believe what is said.

So how can I find you here, Lord?
Surely this must be a mistake.
But I come, my heart openly searching
this journey one I must take.

Before light we arrived in the village
to a home only God could design.
Filled with love for their Savior
laughing children and heavenly wine.

Selfishly I had come looking
for my own special space.
Selfish and moody and jealous
of my own dear brother's place.

An angel looked up and took my hand
gentle, innocent and sweet.
Showing me a view of his world
from this quiet village street.

We walked and played and laughed
the children and I and my friends.
And soon other things didn't matter so much
my heart was warming to them.

We ate, sang, played, ate, swam, prayed,
giggled and wiggled and talked.
New brothers and sisters came calling
and all of their children they brought.

They shared their faith in a Savior
A sweet simplicity to their love.
Not tainted by things of this world
depending only on Him from above.

Then fever came over this body
answer to an arrogant man's claim.
Suddenly I was not so strong
so sure of myself and vain.

Laboring with weakness, fever and sweat
I felt your soft cleansing inside.
You burned away my soul's impurities
until nothing was left to hide.

You brought me an angel, one of many I think
to wash my hands and head.
"As a slave is not greater than his master"
I remember this was what you said.

We celebrated the birth of a union
two families united in Christ's love.
One rich in things, but needy in spirit
one with nothing but treasures from above.

Then something happened to my heart one clear night
as we worshipped and praised and sang songs.
Your Spirit descended,
my heart opened wide
and I cried
and I cried
all night long.

Your love burned away my insecurities
fears, confusion and pride.
Replaced with thankfulness and wonder
in your glorious grace I now hide.

you melted my heart, in your arms like a child
Your peace dear Father I yearn.
To trust you completely and rest in your love
to praise you each day I will learn.

I need you sweet Jesus, I love you my Lord
by your grace I am covered and warm.
Like a child in your arms
I'm accepted,
secure
like a child I will cling,
evermore.

(Written on the return flight from my visit to Romania, where I helped deliver a shipment of books of Trian Dorz's poems, that he wrote while in imprisoned for his faith. The books went to members of The Lord's Army, a group of believers within the Romanian Orthodox Church. This was my first short-term mission trip, and first attempt at a poem.)

Edwin Folsom
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