

## Joy in the Mourning

By Mark Edgemon

I opened the door and there she was,  
The most beautiful woman I have ever met.  
Gushing torrents of Joy sprang up within her,  
Carrying me, lifting me up above the ground.

I am a man of sorrows, acquainted with grief,  
For I knew of my purpose and yet I hid,  
Amongst the dark images of the dank basement,  
In my soul, waiting to be ready, yet never willing.

For a reason that must only have been of God,  
She walked with me from that first meeting,  
Never leaving my side, bearing my sorrow  
And returning unto me, Joy in my mourning.

If I were going to wait, then she would wait with me,  
Replacing my daily misery, with effervescing strength,  
Which sustained me through the dark ages past.  
She was aptly named by her Creator at birth.

I know God loves me for He walks with me in her,  
For He knew I could not make it on my own.  
I have learned His Grace through me fears and torment  
By the love and strength abounding from her endless joy!

The End