

Tad's Poem

by Grace Dvorachek

I've been an orphan for most of my life.
I've seen lots of troubles, seen lots of strife.
But I've always been able to stand on my own;
I've braved some rough waters, and done it alone.

When I needed comfort, I had not one friend;
No one to help me, on whom to depend.
When I reached for something up high on a shelf,
Not one soul upheld me; I did it myself.

But don't get me wrong... I like it this way.
They'll just leave tomorrow—why trust them today?
I'm much better off without ally or kin.
The strength that I need comes right from within.

And, yet, here I am... my back to the wall,
With problems and failures that make me feel small.
I *must* fight—I *must* win—I *must* have success,
But, gath'ring my strength, it seems I have less.

I created this mess; I brought myself low;
I've no one to run to... nowhere to go.
Except, there *is* someone, or so I've been told...
That God of the Bible, that Jesus of old.

I've never once trusted a thing except me,
But He's my last hope... He's my final plea.
Will He hear a cry when life overwhelms?
Or does He help those who first help themselves?

I thought I was good; I thought I was strong;
I thought I was worthy, but I guess I'm wrong.
I'm facing the truth that I've long ignored,
And, here I am, yielding to God and to Lord.

Whatever may happen; whate'er comes my way,
I know I can trust Him; I know He will stay.
I'm ready for hardship; I'm ready for pain;
I'm ready for storm clouds, and ready for rain.

When in time of need, when in time of fear,
When He feels distant, or when He feels near...
It's not up to me; I'm no longer alone.
I'll always find mercy and grace from God's throne.