



## The Thief

By Lucy Wall

*One day my husband told me about an acquaintance of ours who had undergone an operation on his back and was struggling to recover. I was suddenly overwhelmed with compassion for this man and also felt quite a strong sense of sorrow and frustration for his predicament.*

*As one who has struggled with my own health issues in the past, I was surprised to find I was suddenly transported in my thoughts back to some very dark and difficult times during painful, physical trials. I began to recall how debilitating the pain was in my life and found myself thinking with anger, "Pain is such a thief! It robs you of so much!" I was soon writing down my thoughts and my poem, "The Thief" is what came from my heart.*

*My hope for the first part of this poem is that it may be able to offer an honest insight into what it can be like living with chronic, physical pain. It's a hard thing to understand until you've experienced it first hand. My words and descriptions may differ to what another person might express or feel but it's how I've felt at times in the past and so hope it can offer even just a little insight into the limitations and frustrations pain can bring.*

*My prayer for the second part of this poem though is that it can hopefully bring a message of encouragement and strength. As a Christian, I know I'm far from immune to pain and suffering in this world but I also know that whatever I face in life, I face it with Jesus. He is faithful. No matter what we go through in life He is with us and working things out for our benefit. It may not feel like it at the time but we don't go on what we "feel" in life, we go on what God has shown us and promised us through His Son Jesus Christ and by the Holy Word of God.*

*God loves us, He cares for us and is always with us, enabling us to deal with whatever trials come our way. We can have victory through Him in every circumstance we face in this life and we know we have the ultimate victory through Him in the next.*

*If there is anyone reading this poem who is perhaps suffering with chronic pain of any kind, be it physical, mental, or emotional, I'd like to encourage you today. You are not alone. There are people who understand what you're going through and Jesus understands better than anyone. He endured the worst kind of pain, more than we will ever know.*

*If you already know Jesus as your Saviour then I'd like to encourage you to keep your eyes on Him. Call out to Him, whisper His name in your heart and He will be there. He is able.*

*If you don't yet know Jesus personally then I'd like to take this moment to ask you to change this. The Bible tells us that when we seek God with our whole heart then we will find Him. Seek Him this day I urge you. Your Saviour waits for you and is more than able to help you in your time of need.*

*Not only will He give you the strength to endure and possibly overcome whatever it is you're currently going through in this life but He will cover you with His grace and seal you with the promise of eternal life. Eternal life in a place where there is no pain, no suffering, no anguish, no heartache, no tears and no more broken bodies or spirits. You have nothing to lose and everything to gain! Seek Him dear friend, He is able.*

Robbed of my freedom and robbed of my youth,  
Pleading with Heaven above.  
Asking for respite from Satan's attack;  
He'd have me believe I've been robbed of Your love.

Robbed of my livelihood, robbed of my dreams,  
Turning my memories sour.  
Slicing my flesh with invisible knives  
While making each minute feel like an hour.



Robbed of my character, robbed of my joy,  
Bidding farewell to my skill.  
Stripped of a passion I've had all my life,  
Dictated to daily and robbed of free-will.

My body complaining at every request  
As if I'm much older in age.  
No longer able to hope or to plan,  
Resigning myself to life in a cage.

Watching the colours of joy disappear,  
Replaced by the saddest of grey.  
A life that was thriving now merely exists  
As each aspiration slips further away.

So who is this thief that robs me of much?  
Should I dare mention it's name?  
Relentlessly torturing body and mind;  
My dreaded companion, the one they call pain.

A powerful monster that never needs rest,  
Whose presence is most uninvited.  
A beast that won't tire or leave me in peace,  
Whose interest in me is most unrequited.

With talons so piercing and teeth that devour  
It silently gnaws at my soul.  
Unable to picture my life before pain;  
A darkness that threatens to swallow me whole.

And yet there is One who cuts through the black  
With light that continues to shine.  
A candle that faithfully flickers away,  
A powerful source with a presence Divine.

My Sovereign Companion the Lord Jesus Christ  
Causes my spirits to lift.  
Knowing He's with me brings peace to my soul  
And soon I can feel my thoughts start to shift.

Robbed not of His mercy, robbed not of my Shield,  
Hope burns in my heart like a fire.  
For I know the One in whom I believe  
And soon He reminds me the devil's a liar!

Robbed not of my Saviour and not of His care,  
Robbed not of my vict'ry in Him!  
Robbed not of Christ's promise that *He'll* be my strength,  
Robbed not of my faith nor the love of my King.



Salvation secure in the work of the Cross,  
His counsel brings peace to my soul.  
Robbed not of eternity next to my God,  
Robbed not of the knowledge that He's in control.

Comfort and solace found only in Christ,  
His grace is sustaining my days.  
Robbed not of His help in my time of deep need,  
Knowing my God is *still* worthy of praise.

Trusting His mercies are new every morn,  
Pushing these troubles afar.  
Though my soul wishes to cry "All is well!"  
To cry "Thou art with me!" is better by far.

Close to my Saviour, relying on Him,  
Robbed not of my fervour to pray.  
Delivered through freedom found only in Christ,  
Restoring the years that were stolen away.

So much in my life the thief cannot touch,  
Things Jesus has promised to me;  
One day I'll receive my heavenly form  
And sing "Hallelujah" for then I'll be free!

**Psalm 6:6-9**

*"I am weary with my groaning; All night I make my bed swim; I drench my couch with my tears. My eye wastes away because of grief; It grows old because of my enemies. Depart from me, all you workers of iniquity; For the Lord has heard the voice of my weeping. The Lord has heard my supplication; The Lord will receive my prayer."*

**1 Peter 1:6-9**

*"In this you greatly rejoice, though now for a little while, if need be, you have been grieved by various trials, that the genuineness of your faith, being much more precious than gold that perishes, though it is tested by fire, may be found to praise, honour, and glory at the revelation of Jesus Christ, whom having not seen you love. Though now you do not see Him, yet believing, you rejoice with joy inexpressible and full of glory, receiving the end of your faith- the salvation of your souls."*

**John 14:16**

*"I will pray the Father, and He will give you another Helper, that he may abide with you forever."*

**Matthew 28:20**

*"Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the age."*

**Psalm 7:17**

*"I will praise the Lord according to His righteousness, And will sing praise to the name of the Lord Most High."*

**Joel 2:25**

*"So I will restore to you the years that the swarming locust has eaten."*