The Value of Suffering

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2006/iss4/8
In a station, Grand Central
I was hurtin’ to escape my ache
a railway rendezvous
away from You.
My soul—in real bad shape.

Well little did I know
my train had broken down
wrecked—just like my life.
Just then the Engineer
Decided to appear
And he offered this advice:

He said: Hop on board the pain train.
Sure it hurts, but not like hell.
Ride on with Jesus,
He’ll make you well, boy
Soon it’ll be pain, plus pure joy.

What do you mean, joy
I asked him in a rage.
I’ve tried booze and women
And needles too
Cuz suffering is something I can’t do.

And now you say,
Ride some train
Towards the pain
I asked him, what good can that be?
Does God want to hurt me?

He said: Hop on board the pain train.
Sure it hurts, but not like hell.
Ride on with Jesus,
He’ll make you well, boy
Soon it’ll be pain, plus pure joy.

Then I saw the Lord
He climbed on in,
And shouted “All aboard!”
And I hopped on, too.
The pain’s not so bad
With Jesus sitting next to you.

Ride on, ride on
Jesus is gonna take it all away
Everything ya feel
He felt it too
And it did it all
To strengthen you.