

JULIUS BINGS

By Ashby L. Camp

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The garden teemed with living things,
none so content as Julius Bings.

He'd sing atop the willow tree
that no bird was as blessed as he.

My nest is fine, I've much to eat,
my wife and kids are safe and sweet.

Each day I wake without a care
because I'm good and life is fair.

From time to time the owl would say
that things don't always work that way.

But Julius Bings would never hear,
convinced that harm could not come near.

He thought bad things could only be
for those who were much worse than he.

One summer day a storm moved in;
thick darkness fell upon the glen.

So great the wind that blew that day
nary a tree stood in its way.

And when the storm at last did part,
none was left of Julius's heart.

For in the rubble he could see
the nest that housed his family.

Oh why, oh why he said with tears,
I have done right for all these years.

He asked the owl how this could be,
who said it was a mystery.

"The hand that gave the tree and nest,
life and family and the rest,

he who is the Ancient of Days,
is far too great to know his ways.

A piece is all that we can see;
he knows the final tapestry.

For now he lets creation bring
much heartache through this kind of thing.

And suffers with us as we cry
and hear no answer as to why.

But all is headed for a goal
where suffering will have no role.

On that day we'll finally know
the reason why so much was so.

We trust his love through all the loss
for only love would bear a cross."

Julius cried for many a day
but held to what the owl did say.

After a time he sang anew
but did so with a deeper view.

In pain he learned a lesson dear,
that through it all the Lord was near.