



## *Context of Making Sense*

*By Marcus Lander (February 2011)*

I wrote this poem for a friend of mine on her birthday after she had been through a particularly difficult year. Sometimes the experiences we go through don't seem to make much sense to us at the time, just a random assortment of suffering and misfortunes that seem to come our way. However sometimes later in our lives we learn to build upon these painful experiences, or they can help us to empathise with and support others in similar circumstances. These experiences can sometimes help us to develop character and to learn patience and humility. We would not chose them if we had complete control over the events of our lives, but would we be the people we are today without them? If our lives were a neverending and unbroken stream of good fortune, and we were surrounded by every luxury, allowed to indulge our every whim, would we learn to appreciate what we had? Or would we take it all for granted and grew lazy and arrogant? If we never had to struggle, or make difficult decisions, what kind of priorities would we have? When we consider these things, we can perhaps see why life cannot always be happy if we are to grow into well rounded human beings.

Some people however seem to have more than their fair share of misery, and we cannot readily understand or easily rationalise everything that happens in our lives. In such times, I think it is best just to surrender the situation to God and trust that he may have plans for us that we do not see, like the pot that may feel it is getting some rather rough treatment at the hands of the potter or the tapestry that looks like a mess of loose threads on the back, when actually the ultimate purpose and design has yet to be revealed.