

I See Everything

La Dispute

Like any morning of my junior year I stumble in the classroom late but this day I see
Faces, I feel an air like a funeral, like a wake, as I sit down
My teacher speaking, somewhat somberly, but still confident and calm
Part eulogy, her speech, and part poem, part celebration song
Her warmth and smile, she passes photocopies out to us of entries from a journal
Kept so long ago. She starts to read and suddenly it's 1980

March 5-The cancer is furious but our son is resilient
We have all the faith we'll get through this no matter what the end
Treatments are violent but he keeps on smiling
It's amazing finding joy in the little things

April 12-Andrew's appetites improved and we thank God everyday
But still it's hard sometimes to see him in that scarecrow frame

July 9-There's a suffering when I look in his eyes. He's been through so much
We've all been through so much but what incredible resolve our little boy shows
Only 7, standing face to face with death
He said it's easy to find people who have suffered worse than him
"Like Jesus, suffered worse than anyone," he told me last night, "when God abandoned him"

September 20-We've been playing in the yard lately and spirits are high
Although his blood counts aren't

October 14-He feels tired all the time

November 30-At the hospital again. It feels like home when we're here

December 8-He's getting worse

January 19-We buried our son today, our youngest child
And while his death was ugly we must not let it scare us from God
Abundant grace has restored him. A brand new body
And set him free from the torture, finally rid of the cancer
Before the moment he left he briefly wrested from death, suddenly opened his eyes said
"I SEE EVERYTHING. I SEE EVERYTHING"

And I will never forget it, the peace and the comfort you displayed through a pain
That I can only imagine. The loss of a child to the torture of cancer. Help me
Because I can only imagine how you recovered
Kept your faith and held the brightness of life inside the smile of a child you had to bury
And I will never forget him or your steadfast faith

No, I will never forget you. Now six or seven years later, I'm devoid
of all faith

I am empty of comfort and I am weary of waiting

Though I've felt nowhere what you have, I see nothing at all

Though I've felt nowhere what he did, my eyes are closed