

# 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