

SABRA

*Sabra lived in the Afghan hills.
In the dark of night she cried.
In the darkness of her night she cried.*

What do we say to those who ask, "Is it ever right to fight?"

*Sabra lived in the Afghan hills.
How old was she? No one ever told her.
She was only a woman of no consequence –
so they prodded and herded her with sticks.*

How dare we say that good can come when nations rain down bombs?
Can a soldier show compassion? Can the might of nations heal?

*Sabra lived in the Afghan hills.
No tenderness did she know.
She was just one, among thousands like her.
No one cared to ask her name.*

*Would she could die was her only wish,
this woman of no consequence.
To die was her only wish.*

Does God use armies to free those who mourn?
Can added sorrows bring forth joy?

*Sabra lived in the Afghan hills.
In the dark of her night she cried.
"Only a widow – wretched, forlorn –
a woman to be herded with sticks."*

There is One Who holds the answers.
One Whose love is steadfast and true.
He will use whomever He chooses.
He will answer a seeking woman's prayer.

*"Sabra, Sabra, precious lady,
I have heard your piteous cries.
You are not forsaken, dear one.
Come to Me and there abide.
Come to Me and there abide."*

By Kathie L. Derrick