

I cannot tell why grief and sadness linger
Why jobs are lost, and people face despair;
When this will end, if vaccines come and rescue,
Why isolation stalks the earth again.
But this I know, Christ feels the hurt upon the cross;
The Spirit weaves our lives together still.
And some glad day, through Providence, the Father
May turn this wave of loss to glory by his will.

I cannot tell how we can be together
When all our ways of doing so are lost;
How we can be one body in communion
If every form of touch comes at a cost.
But this I know, we're sealed upon the heart of God
The Spirit dwells within our fearful souls.
And Christ finds ways to show his face to all of us
To lift our hopes and meet us in our mortal fears.

I cannot tell how long this time of fear will last
If there'll be months, or years of damaged lives;
When once again we'll gladly throng together,
To sit and laugh, to dance and play and kiss.
But this I know, we're finding things both good and true
About our God, each other and ourselves.
So after this we'll know we've met our darkest hour
And now there's nothing we will have to face alone

Hymn by William Fullerton written in 1929