

PART 1

Songs of Comfort

*For God alone, O my soul, wait in silence,
for my hope is from him.*

PSALM 62:5



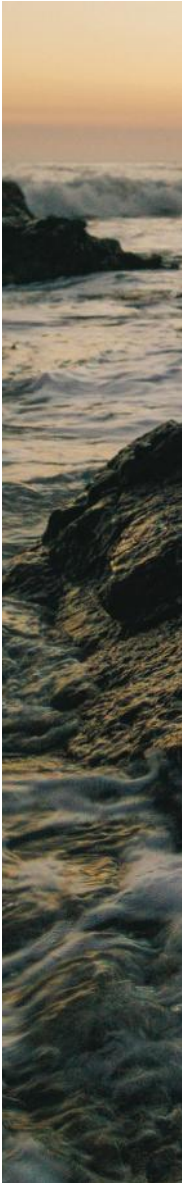
1 Be Still My Soul

Be still, my soul! for God is on your side;
Bear patiently the cross of grief or pain:
Leave to your God to order and provide,
Who through all changes faithful will remain.
Be still, my soul! your best, your heav'nly Friend
Through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

Be still, my soul! for God will undertake
To guide the future surely as the past.
Your hope, your confidence, let nothing shake;
All now mysterious shall be clear at last.
Be still, my soul! the waves and winds still know
The voice that calmed their fury long ago.

Be still, my soul! the hour is hast'ning on
When we shall be forever in God's peace;
When disappointment, grief, and fear are gone,
Love's joys restored, our strivings all shall cease.
Be still my soul! when change and tears are past,
All safe and blessed we shall meet at last.

—*Katharina von Schlegel (1752)*



Be still my soul . . . *you are building trust in God*

For God alone, O my soul, wait in silence, for my hope is from him.

—PSALM 62:5

Hedged in.

Anxious and confined. Pressed into a space so constricting that you feel like you can't even get your breath. Have you been there?

The four walls of a sick room can feel confining, and so can “sheltering in place” during the coronavirus. For most of 2020, Ken and I did okay in the restricted space of our home, but then the insidious virus somehow crept through our front door. Contracting COVID-19 felt like a death sentence for me, a quadriplegic.

With chills and a high fever, I lay flat in bed, nervous and a little fearful. The tightness and gurgling in my bronchial passages made me feel claustrophobic, for I was not able to raise myself on my elbows to cough. COVID was like an invisible hand pressing an invisible pillow over my face. It was far worse at night.

Should I go to the hospital? No, I decided, they won't allow Ken to stay and help me. And I was in big need of help. Friends who normally chip in were either out of town or afraid of catching my virus and spreading it to their families. For several days, we were on our own. In the dark, I couldn't bring myself to awaken my sick husband, who also contracted the bug. I lay motionless for hours, biting my lip, watching the digital clock on my ceiling, and trying to fight off suffocating panic and pain.

I felt like the prophet who wrote, “He has walled me about so that I cannot escape” (Lam. 3:7). There’s a lot of lament in that verse. But there is also a lot of comfort. Do you see it? Who was the stonemason who walled in Jeremiah? Whose hedge and whose walls are we speaking about here? This is God’s hedge. Those are God’s walls. And at 2:00 a.m. in the dark, I knew it was God’s virus. His providence permitted it to invade my body. It wasn’t a random circumstance. It was God’s doing. And God was on my side.

It gave me confidence to whisper-sing the same hymn that had comforted me decades earlier when I was a frightened teenager in the hospital, facing a life of paralysis:

Be still, my soul! for God is on your side;
 Bear patiently the cross of grief or pain:
 Leave to your God to order and provide,
 Who through all changes faithful will remain.
 Be still, my soul! your best, your heav’nly Friend
 Through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

Claustrophobia is not always about congested lungs. Sometimes circumstances wall us in so tightly that we feel like we’re being crushed. Although it *feels* that way, the ironclad promise in 2 Corinthians 4:8 offers great assurance: “We are afflicted in every way, *but not crushed*.” Our bodies may suffer, but God will always provide enough grace so that our souls do not suffer harm.

True, walls are cold, hard, and foreboding, and even Robert Frost wrote, “Something there is that doesn’t love a wall.”⁷ But we can be at peace with the walls and ways of our sovereign God. He has *placed* us, not *misplaced* us. The love of our God is supreme and matchless, and he only confines us ’round for a wise and timely purpose. For those who believe in the

wisdom of a sovereign God, even a heartbreaking confinement can be a place of building trust.

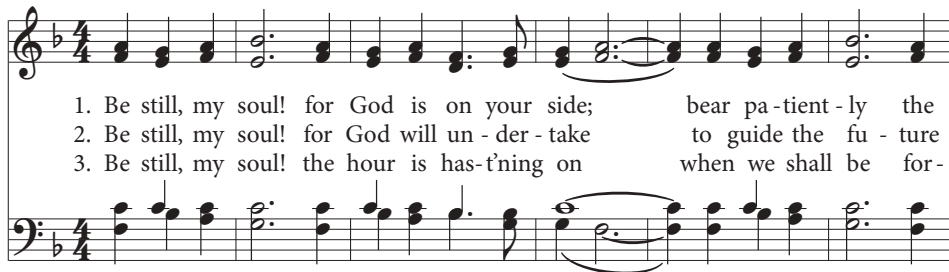
As well as a place to sing.

As you sing stillness into your soul above your walls that confine, you may find that hedged-in place is the widest—and most wonderful—place to build trust in Jesus Christ.

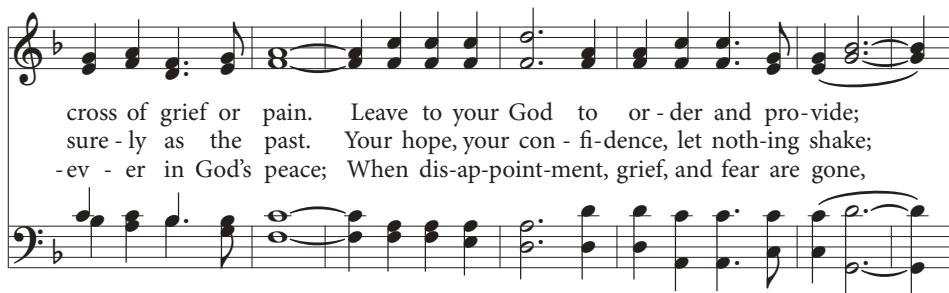
*A high hedge cannot shut out our view of the skies, nor can it prevent the soul from looking up into the face of God. Because there is so little else to see, the hedged-in Christian cannot afford to hang his head. He must look up. It is that Christian who may possibly apprehend God more fully than the disciple who moves about freely and unconfined.**

*Shannon Gallatin, Pain Pal, For more information about the Pain Pals, see the acknowledgments on p. 186.

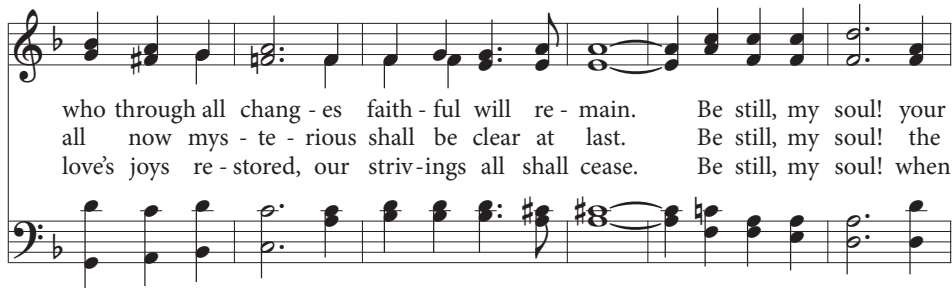
BE STILL MY SOUL



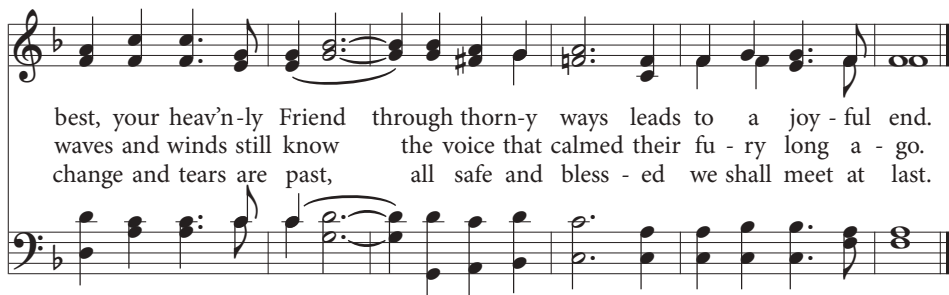
1. Be still, my soul! for God is on your side; bear pa-tient-ly the
 2. Be still, my soul! for God will un-der-take to guide the fu-ture
 3. Be still, my soul! the hour is has-t'ning on when we shall be for-



cross of grief or pain. Leave to your God to or-der and pro-vide;
 sure-ly as the past. Your hope, your con-fi-dence, let noth-ing shake;
 -ev-er in God's peace; When dis-ap-point-ment, grief, and fear are gone,



who through all chang-es faith-ful will re-main. Be still, my soul! your
 all now mys-te-rious shall be clear at last. Be still, my soul! the
 love's joys re-stored, our striv-ings all shall cease. Be still, my soul! when



best, your heav'n-ly Friend through thorn-y ways leads to a joy-ful end.
 waves and winds still know the voice that calmed their fu-ry long a-go.
 change and tears are past, all safe and bless-ed we shall meet at last.

Words: Katharina von Schlegel, 1752; trans. Jane Borthwick, 1855, alt.
 Music: Jean Sibelius, 1899

FINLANDIA
 10 10 10 10 10 10



2 Jesus, Lover of My Soul

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

—*Charles Wesley (1740)*