



Mud In My Eyes

By Lucy Wall

The theme of this poem is trial and tribulation and was written when I was going through a season full of change, uncertainty and persecution.

One morning during this time, I was doing some Bible study and I was taken to the passage of John 9:1-11 which reads:

"As he went along, he saw a man blind from birth. His disciples asked him, "Rabbi, who sinned, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?"

"Neither this man nor his parents sinned," said Jesus, "but this happened so that the works of God might be displayed in him. As long as it is day, we must do the works of Him who sent me. Night is coming, when no one can work. While I am in the world, I am the light of the world."

After saying this, he spat on the ground, made some mud with the saliva, and put it on the man's eyes.

"Go," he told him, "wash in the Pool of Siloam." So the man went and washed, and came home seeing.

His neighbours and those who had formerly seen him begging asked, "Isn't this the same man who used to sit and beg?" Some claimed that he was. Others said, "No, he only looks like him."

But he himself insisted, "I am the man."

"How then were your eyes opened?" they asked.

He replied, "The man they call Jesus made some mud and put it on my eyes. He told me to go to Siloam and wash. So I went and washed, and then I could see."

After reading this passage I felt inspired to write a new poem entitled "Mud In My Eyes."

Whenever I read of my Saviour, I feel my heart lift, how it sings.

He displayed perfect love for His people and did truly miraculous things.

He restored crippled limbs in an instant, drove out demons by raising His hand.

He could heal every illness or defect. Even storms would obey His command.

Some were healed just by touching His clothing, He fed thousands with fish and some bread.

He could walk on tempestuous water. Brought a young girl back from the dead.

He is truly a wonderful Saviour, one like Him I never will find.

He came to give life to His people. He came to give sight to the blind.

When I read of the man at Siloam and the process of how he was cured,

I can feel how my heart is encouraged and my spirit and soul reassured.

Though Jesus could heal in a moment, He put the man's faith to the test.

He had to obey His commandment and believe in His words to be blessed.



I ponder the feelings he went through; was he fearful Christ's words could be lies?
Did he doubt in the goodness of Jesus, as he walked there with mud in his eyes?
Hesitation and doubt he discarded and decided on Christ he would lean.
He believed every word from His Saviour; from a man he had not even seen!

What a truly magnificent witness, strongest faith that no doubt could defeat.
I aspire to live with such boldness, this obedience I wish to repeat.
I will lay at God's feet in submission. With His help any trial I'll get through.
If a man blind from birth can believe Him, then I can believe in Christ too.

Though others may think that I'm foolish and fear that they'll see my demise,
I know I'm obeying my Saviour and I'm walking with mud in my eyes.
Although I can't see where I'm going, I do know this pathway is right.
He's testing my faith and obedience. In His time He'll give me my sight.

I have to be trusting in Jesus. Believe and obey His commands.
The worries that life heaps upon me, I'll pass into God's mighty hands.
He could reveal all in an instant and save me from shedding a tear.
But He's moulding and teaching me daily, to just trust in Him and persevere.

Long suffering is what I must go through if I want to be close to my King.
Through these trials I'll learn of His goodness and the joy that His comfort can bring.
In these difficult times He is with me, of this fact I can always be sure.
And I'll never go through any hardship that my Saviour did not first endure.

He isn't a God who is distant. He hears all my pitiful cries.
Understanding, He feels all my heart ache. With my anguish He can empathize.
With this knowledge I feel Him much closer. I know I'm not walking alone.
I'm trusting in Jesus to guide me. My Father still sits on His Throne.

For He is the One who is Sovereign and leads through all aspects of life.
He's there when my heart is rejoicing and there when I'm stricken through strife.
He's promised that He'll never leave me and the weight of my burdens relieve.
He created the earth and the heavens! In Jesus I choose to believe!

My life is not governed by treasures or abundance of things I possess.
I will look to my Lord for the answers for my pain I don't have to suppress.
His love is not measured by money or success in my chosen career.
If I know in His eyes I'm accepted, then it leaves me with nothing to fear.



How foolish to doubt in His goodness, He will keep me from wandering far.
Through my faith I can witness to others. With His help I can shine like a star.
So wide and so deep is God's loving. What can separate me from this love?
No trial or deep tribulation, for He's caring for me from above.

If I may be so bold as to ask you, what you're putting your trust in today?
If it's anything other than Jesus, then know it will all blow away.
Can the walls of your house withstand fire? Your possessions stay safe from a thief?
If you trust that your money will save you, then this is a foolish belief.

You can't buy your way into heaven or enter the gates by good works.
With humility, trust in our Saviour, but immune we are not to life's hurts.
Though He asks me to walk through this valley, I am blind and know not where it leads.
But according to riches in Jesus: my Father will meet all my needs!

To the secular eye it is folly. My submission seems foolish and weak.
But I know His Kingdom and Righteousness come first, and are what I must seek.
God's purpose for me is a good one, though it may seem I've taken a fall.
My vision is blurred and impaired now, but I'm walking with Him who sees all.

He's building me up to lack nothing, all these trials I must conquer and face.
Every day I'll submit to His purpose and get through it by God's saving grace.
I mustn't just think of the temporal, for this hardship I cannot compare
To the joy that awaits me in heaven. So my cross I will take up and bear.

Though this battle may seem never ending, make me feel that I want to give in:
If it means I'm drawn closer to Jesus, then I'll walk every mile next to Him.
I know in the end I'll see clearly. I'll look back at this time with surprise,
For I'll see where this journey has led me. Though I walked it with mud in my eyes.