**I Refuse to Complain**

**In life there often comes a time**

**When brain and body are not friends.**

**In years gone by life hummed like rhyme**

**Beginnings begat accomplished ends.**

**As birthdays mount they take their toll**

**On one’s ability to cope.**

**Ignoring that is like fool’s gold;**

**True joy is in our “blessed hope.”**

**At this point one can make the choice**

**To strain and struggle, or to think,**

**“What will I do with dampened voice?**

**It’s time to rise and not to sink!”**

**Engulfed with favor up ‘til now,**

**A fool I’d be to frown, complain.**

**Secure in knowing God knows how,**

**I opt to trust in Jesus’ name.**

**Far greater is the cross they bear,**

**Courageous friends and valiant kin.**

**One day we’ll gather in the air**

**With bodies free of death and sin.**

**So until then my goal is this:**

**To love much more and strain much less,**

**To shadow Liz with hugs and kiss,**

**To use my strength to pray, to bless.**

**George Toles**

**June 18, 2014**

**Copyright © 2014. George Toles. All Rights Reserved.**