

**CREATION WAITS**  
**Pastor Jim Bornzin    Romans 8:18-25**

Struggle, Christian, struggle,  
Climb that stupid mountain, life.  
Don't give up, don't lose hope,  
Face the pain and strife.

And laugh in spite of everything  
In the face of a world that cries,  
Today will be gone tomorrow,  
"Thank, God," creation sighs.

Tomorrow will be glorious  
In God's plan for creation,  
And we will see that glory  
In a sudden new revelation.

The struggles of the past will vanish,  
The present trouble melt away;  
All will someday be completed  
In what the Bible calls "that day."

Who knows how many years from now,  
How many eons may have wended,  
When God's plan is completed,  
His great creation ended.

The world is waiting eagerly  
To see what is in store.  
Attempts to tell God's future  
Are guesses, nothing more.

Why shouldn't we be eager  
If in fear and doubt we live  
To see perfected glory  
Which God alone can give.

Humankind, despite its sin,  
I'm sure will seem quite odd,  
When it is re-created  
As "adopted sons of God."

We study evolution,  
Trace life from ape to man,  
And wonder how it's all a part  
Of God's almighty plan.

Perhaps our life seem futile,  
Not as we would have it be,  
Meaningless and worthless,  
One small link in eternity.

But thus has God ordained it  
From beginning until now,  
And still he does sustain it  
Giving hope to furrowed brow.

What is this hope of Christians  
Which St. Paul writes about?  
It is freedom from decay and sin,  
From fear and pain and doubt.

The scriptures say creation  
Is in bondage to decay.  
The scientists say entropy  
Can only go one way.

Freedom is a wondrous thing  
We taste it here on earth.  
But the freedom of God's children  
Will be completely new rebirth.

Though we may try to change the earth  
With all our new inventions,  
Each person still lives on from birth  
With only good intentions.

God alone will free the earth;  
He is our freedom song.  
He will give true liberty,  
And sort the right from wrong.

The hope is in the promise,  
The promise in the Book,  
And yet the wars and deaths go on  
Everywhere we look.

A father groans in business,  
A mother groans in giving birth,  
A diesel groans and climbs the hill,  
Where is the joy and mirth?

Will humankind die of freezing cold  
When the sun has lost its glow?  
Or will we all die in a land  
Where radioactive breezes blow?

It all becomes quite real at times,  
Hits very close to home;  
We may be just as near the End  
As Paul or St. Jerome.

So we sit today and wonder  
Does it all make sense?  
Perhaps the answer should be No;  
We all are still too dense.

Yet we will be adopted  
Though God alone knows how.  
Christ may come on the wings of clouds  
Or on a lowly cow!

And in his mighty wisdom.  
According to his will,  
The plan so long ago begun,  
Our Lord will thus fulfill.

And then we shall see clearly  
Creation's groaning cease,  
If we have waited patiently  
For redemption and release. Amen.