

How Can I Keep From Singing?

Sharon Betters

Today's Treasure

He put a new song in my mouth, a song of praise to our God; Many will see and fear and will trust in the Lord.

Psalm 40:3

Dear Friends,

As we wrap up this series, A Broken Hallelujah, it's my joy to introduce to you our Guest Writer for this week, Wendy VanWingerden. Wendy's life demonstrates what it means to live a life that is a broken hallelujah. In the summer of 2009, Wendy and Jake's beautiful eleven-year-old daughter, Ashley, stepped from this earth into heaven. Like a horrific, unexpected tsunami, grief shattered their hearts and family. As our son, Dan and his wife Laura drove Wendy and Jake from the accident scene to their home, Wendy began to sing hymns. To this day Dan and Laura can not find words to describe the sacredness of hearing this broken hearted mother, automatically turning toward Jesus for comfort in this tragic place. They knew they were on holy ground. This was a broken hallelujah moment. Along with others, the Lord put an old hymn, *How Can I Keep From Singing*, in Wendy's heart. By singing it, she put a flag in the ground that declared, *though He slay me, yet will I trust Him*, knowing the pathway ahead would be excruciating and impossible to walk unless what she was singing was true.

Allow the words of this old hymn to remind you of God's faithful love and ask Him to keep giving you a new song as a means of declaring to a watching world, that He is sovereign and we can trust Him.

How Can I Keep From Singing?

My life flows on in endless song;
Above earth's lamentation,
I hear the sweet, though far-off hymn
That hails a new creation
Through all the tumult and the strife,
I hear that music ringing
It finds an echo in my soul
How can I keep from singing?

What though my joys and comforts die?
I know my Savior liveth
What though the darkness gather round?
Songs in the night he giveth

No storm can shake my inmost calm
While to that refuge clinging
Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth
How can I keep from singing?

I lift my eyes, the cloud grows thin
I see the blue above it
And day by day this pathway smoothes,
Since first I learned to love it,
The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart
A fountain ever springing
For all things are mine since I am his
How can I keep from singing?

No storm can shake my inmost calm
While to that refuge clinging
Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth
How can I keep from singing?

Robert Wadsworth Lowry

Treasured by Him,
Sharon