

Knocked Down Again

Satan thrashes me again
As I begin to stand
He knocks me over.

Pain overwhelms
Illness deprives me of strength
Fatigue collapses me.

Satan tries to trip me again
Defeat me by deception
Make me hate God.

I do hate God
Shaking uplifted fist
Raging against His providence.

Satan has knocked me off my feet
Wanting me to give up
Desert the God he despises.

Instead, I fall
Bowed, face down
Bruised by Satan's wicked schemes.

I cried out to God
Through tears and pain
I feel My Father's compassionate touch.

Though Satan connived to thwart me
Confuse and destroy men
He actually threw me before God's mercy seat.

Ha, Satan—you evil schemer—you lost!
Glory to God! He won!
Praise Him forever!

Wanda Viola
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