WHEN JOY CAME QUIETLY






I. The Rain

The rain had stopped on an Irish hill,
The clouds moved on, the world grew still.
A golden light touched fields of green,
And something stirred in the space between.
For joy, it seemed, was always near,
Just waiting for a heart to hear.



II. The Presence

Yet joy is more than skies of blue,
Or lovely things that come in view.
For God is present through the rain,
Through broken dreams and hidden pain.
His love remains when pleasures cease,
And in His presence, joy finds peace.



III. The Invitation

Then came a thought, both warm and clear,
If God is love, and God is near,
Why keep that treasure to ourselves,
Like precious books upon our shelves?
For joy grows deeper when we give,
And love becomes the way we live.








IV. The Journey

Along the roads where ancestors trod,
Through fields of green and sacred sod,
Their lives held sorrow, hope, and tears,
Their courage echoed through the years.
Yet even in the darkest night,
They carried faith toward morning light.



V. The Discovery

And joy, unlike the passing sun,
Is not a prize that must be won.
It does not wait for pain to end,
Or every broken heart to mend.
It rises from a deeper place,
A quiet trust in God's embrace.



VI. The Seed

Then let us plant what we have found,
In every heart, on common ground.
A gentle word, a helping hand,
Small seeds of love across the land.
For joy takes root where kindness grows,
And blooms in ways nobody knows.





VII. The Understanding



One voice found wonder in the day,
In rain-washed stones along the way.
One found the Lord in every hour,
In quiet prayer and sacred power.
One found that love, when freely sown,
Returns as joy we've never known.

VIII. The Harvest



And when the years have come and gone,
And other hearts must carry on,
May they remember what we knew,
That joy was never ours to pursue.
It came through grace, it grew through love,
A gift bestowed from God above.

IX. The Joy



So when the clouds return someday,
And sunlight seems so far away,
Remember what the three hearts knew:
That joy is deeper than skies of blue.

Notice the wonder. Seek God's face.
Sow seeds of love in every place.
Keep going when the road is long,
Keep loving, and let joy be your song.

For happiness may come and go,
Like passing clouds or melting snow.
But joy, when rooted in God's love,
Can weather every storm above.

And somewhere on that Irish plain,
The clouds rolled in. It began to rain.

And still, there was joy.

An original poem inspired by three perspectives: finding wonder in ordinary life, discovering God’s abiding presence, and turning faith into acts of love.