



He Giveth More Grace

*Words composed by Annie Johnson Flint, 1866--1932
& sung by our Texas Songbird, Glay Marie Posch*

He giveth more grace, when the burdens grow greater;
He sendeth more strength when the labours increase;
To added affliction, He addeth His mercy;
To multiplied trials, He multiplies Peace.

When we have exhausted our store of endurance;
When our strength has failed and our day is half done;
When we reach the end of our hoarded resources;
Our Father's giving has only begun!

His love hath no limits;
His grace has no measure;
His power knows no boundaries known unto Man.
For out of His infinite riches in Jesus
He giveth, and giveth;
He Giveth Again!!



Circumstances of life have varying affects on each individual. Sometimes, it is the most tragic situations that bring out the very best: Becoming the Lord's witness; demonstrating victory over adversity; and glorifying Him in ways that could never have been achieved.

Annie Johnson Flint is just such a person. Born on Christmas Eve in Vineland, NJ, she lost her mother following the birth of her baby sister. Her father, struck with an incurable disease, died within two years of her mother's death, all before Annie reached the age of six. The two girls were adopted by the Flints, through the gentle persuasion of a friend, "Aunt Susie." The Flints were strong Christians and brought up the girls with love and solid Christian principles. Annie accepted Christ at the tender age of eight, endorsing the words of the Lord: *You have hidden these things from the wise and intelligent and have revealed them to little children.* Luke 10:21

Annie grew spiritually, developed a love for poetry and aspired to be a composer and concert pianist. She graduated from high school and went on to pursue a career as an elementary school teacher. In her second year of teaching, she became afflicted with arthritis, while trying to care for her ailing adopted parents. Tragedy struck again when her adopted mother and father died within a few months of each other shortly thereafter. Annie's arthritis grew steadily worse to the point that she was unable to walk. She visited doctors only to receive the verdict that she would become a helpless invalid.

Later in life, she was unable to open her hands and could no longer write but continued to compose many of her poems on a typewriter, *using her knuckles!* From this grief-stricken life, one marked by great suffering and loss, was born the hymn:

"He Giveth More Grace."

Annie's biography and entire poetical works have been documented by Rowland V. Bingham, which can be found on line, and from which excerpts of the above were taken.



A similar *bitter-sweet* story is found in the:

Legend of The Thornbird

A mysterious bird who sings just once in its life; the sweetest song ever to be heard.

In fierce pursuit of the thorn tree, the Thornbird leaves its nest and does not rest until it has fulfilled its final quest. Silent its entire *life* until the final hour, its voice begins to float through the air and the whole world stops to listen to the music from the tree. Its melody, more lovely than the Nightingale, more melodious than the Lark, the very first song it sings comes flowing from the heart, before dying among the thorns.



That story may be legend, but Thornbirds do reside, mainly in South America. Pictured here are three of the species: Freckled-breasted Thornbird; Little Thornbird; and Spot-breasted Thornbird

