

More Burden, More Grace

Annie Johnson Flint(1866-1932)



The most beautiful songs are distilled through long years of pain and suffering. One such song is *He Giveth More Grace when the Burdens Grow Greater* written by Annie Johnson Flint

Annie Johnson Flint who by the age of 6 had lost both her parents. She was adopted by a childless couple. By her teens she had developed arthritis and soon after lost the use of her legs. Bedridden, she was covered with sores and lost control of her hands and many of her bodily functions. During her later years her fingers became so twisted that she composed her poetry by pounding her closed hands on a type writer.

After high school, she spent one year in teacher training and had a position offered to her, but felt that she was really needed at home. Later in her second year of teaching, arthritis began to show itself. She grew steadily worse until it became difficult for her to walk at all, and she was soon obliged to give up her work, followed by three years of increasing helplessness. The death of both of her

adoptive parents within a few months of each other left Annie and her sister alone again. There was little money in the bank, and the twice-orphaned children had come to a real “Red Sea place” in their lives.

By and by her arthritic condition continued to worsen and she slowly lost her mobility. One day her doctors from the Clifton Springs Sanitarium said — that henceforth she would be a helpless invalid. Her own parents had been taken from her in childhood, and her foster parents had both passed away. Her one sister was very frail and struggling to meet her own situation bravely. In later years, she always stated that her poems were born of the needs of others and not from her own need;

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It is a great marvel how a lonely woman, with no financial support lived her whole life in a bed, yet could pen such glorious songs. Her songs had the grandeur of God’s Sovereignty. Not one word of murmur or accusation. It is always surprising that people who suffer more, love God more. It is only those who suffer very less, launch a big offensive against God, when little things go wrong.

But here Annie was bedridden for the best part of her long 66 years of life on earth. She lost both her parents at 6, then lost her foster parents. She was incontinent. Someone had to care for her all the time. Yet in all this she could look past and behold the Glory of an awesome God. She had a glimpse into heaven through different eyes.

The glory of God is revealed in lonely caves and mountain tops. How true! For more of her life, check out <http://www.homemakerscorner.com/ajf-annie.htm>

This is the text of this song.

He giveth more grace as the burdens grow greater,
He sendeth more strength as the labors increase,
To added afflictions He addeth His mercy,
To multiplied trials His multiplied peace.

Refrain:

His Love has no limit; His grace has no measure.

His pow'r has no boundary known unto men.

For out of His infinite riches in Jesus,

He giveth, and giveth, and giveth again!

When we have exhausted our store of endurance,

When our strength has failed ere the day is half done,

When we reach the end of our hoarded resources,

Our Father's full giving is only begun

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SOhFfSFK7TQ&feature=related>