

# *The Blessing (Jenny's Eyes)*

Words and Music; Pat Drummond. (4.01)

For the community of people who live and work at the N.S.W. Handicapped Children's Home.

Dateline... Revesby, NSW

*One of the greatest problems that physically handicapped Australians face, is the issue of other people's perceptions and reactions. On one level, this song attempts to address that concern. On quite another, and more intimate level, however, it chronicles my own personal struggle to reconcile a Christian faith with the apparent cruelty and chaos of the universe; a theme which has occupied much of my spiritual and intellectual life these past two years. The Shakespearian paraphrasing in the chorus is from King Lear.*

Jenny's eyes are twenty one, the rest of her is five.

Trapped inside that little one, she struggles to survive.

Although she is a woman grown, she's living in a children's home.

She reached and gently touched my hand as I stood up to play,

and my forty years could think of nothing adequate to say.

Chorus: It's now as it has ever been.

As flies to wanton schoolboys, we  
are tortured by the powers that be.

They kill us for their sport!\*

Oh I love you Lord, but at times like these

I'm crippled by that thought.

Rows and rows of innocents, like tangled 'carni' freaks,

rolled their heads from side to side and tried their best to speak.

Their twisted hands and broken feet seemed so grotesquely incomplete,

the courage bled away from me. I turned my face away.

and my forty years could think of nothing adequate to say.

Chorus.

Then it was she took my hand and looked into my face  
and somewhere deep inside of me I heard a small voice say,  
"If I can bear this malady, bear it with such dignity,  
then you can bear the sight of me!  
How dare you people always be  
so cowardly and cruel!  
If I can find the strength for this, then you can find it too!"

Startled by those angry eyes I lifted my guitar,  
and in that harsh fluorescent light I strummed a starting bar  
and line by line; then song by song; they growled and snarled and howled along;  
and I could see the joy break free from every shining face.  
Oh, and smile by smile they stripped all my deformity away.

It's now as it has ever been.  
The foolish fail to comprehend.  
We do not see the master plan.  
It's hidden from our sight.  
Oh, but every now and then we're given glimpses of the light.  
And the courage of these children was a beacon in my night;  
a lamp to travel by;  
a blessing for my life.

**\*from 'King Lear' - William Shakespeare**