

How Could This One He Want...?

Call it foolishness call it what you will.

I'm old tired and broken, I'm over the hill.

I am sad I am crying.

God I just feel like dying.

Here I am there is so little left of me.

I've got cuffs on my hands and feet and no longer free.

LORD I've cursed you what have I done.

I have hated your name and cursed your Son.

LORD is there any way you could still love me.

God responds I can't recall any sin for they are at the bottom of the sea.

I am the LORD your God is there anything I can't do.

While you run from me I will pursue.

But LORD all I see is pain and grief.

Son my child I love you I am your relief.

You don't know me there is blood on my hands.

Christ died for you and He understands.

LORD I love you but I am just too far gone.

My hand is stretched out still I am not withdrawn.

Jesus what do you write with your finger in the sand.

All the pursuers left and now with you I stand.

Amen

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Anonymous