

CAUGHT BY LOVE

Love of God, You awesome Seeker,
Searching for our straying heart,
Gaining speed as we grow weaker,
Closing in to end the chase.
Love of God, You ardent Hunter,
Waiting for our will's head start;
Watching, till our path grows bleaker,
Then begins Your steady race.

"Let me go!" screams out the quarry,
"Let go; let Me!" the Hunter calls.
So persists God's passion-story;
Stubborn Love has set the pace.
"Let me go, You ardent Hunter!"
But we fail to see the walls
Limiting our flight from glory,
As we run from Love's embrace.

Slamming into such protection,
Stopped and spared from suicide,
We are trapped by God's affection,
Forced to hear Love face to Face.
"Let go; let Me!" repeats the Hunter,
"Let Me heal the wounds you hide:
First, your sins; then hurts . . . rejection
Let Me bathe them in My grace."

Caught by Love's intent pursuing,
Captured for eternal bliss,
Fools we were to flee the wooing
Our retreat could not erase.
Let go; let God, the loving Hunter
Catch your hand and plant His kiss.
Our escape was our undoing;
His arrest, our resting-place.

— *David L. Hatton, 8/15/1998*